

"WHO'S HERE?" by Ed Sullivan

See Page 22

Silver Screen

March

0c



COLDS are dangerous infections - *give them* *Antiseptic Treatment!*

• **Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.**

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean



cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine

- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢



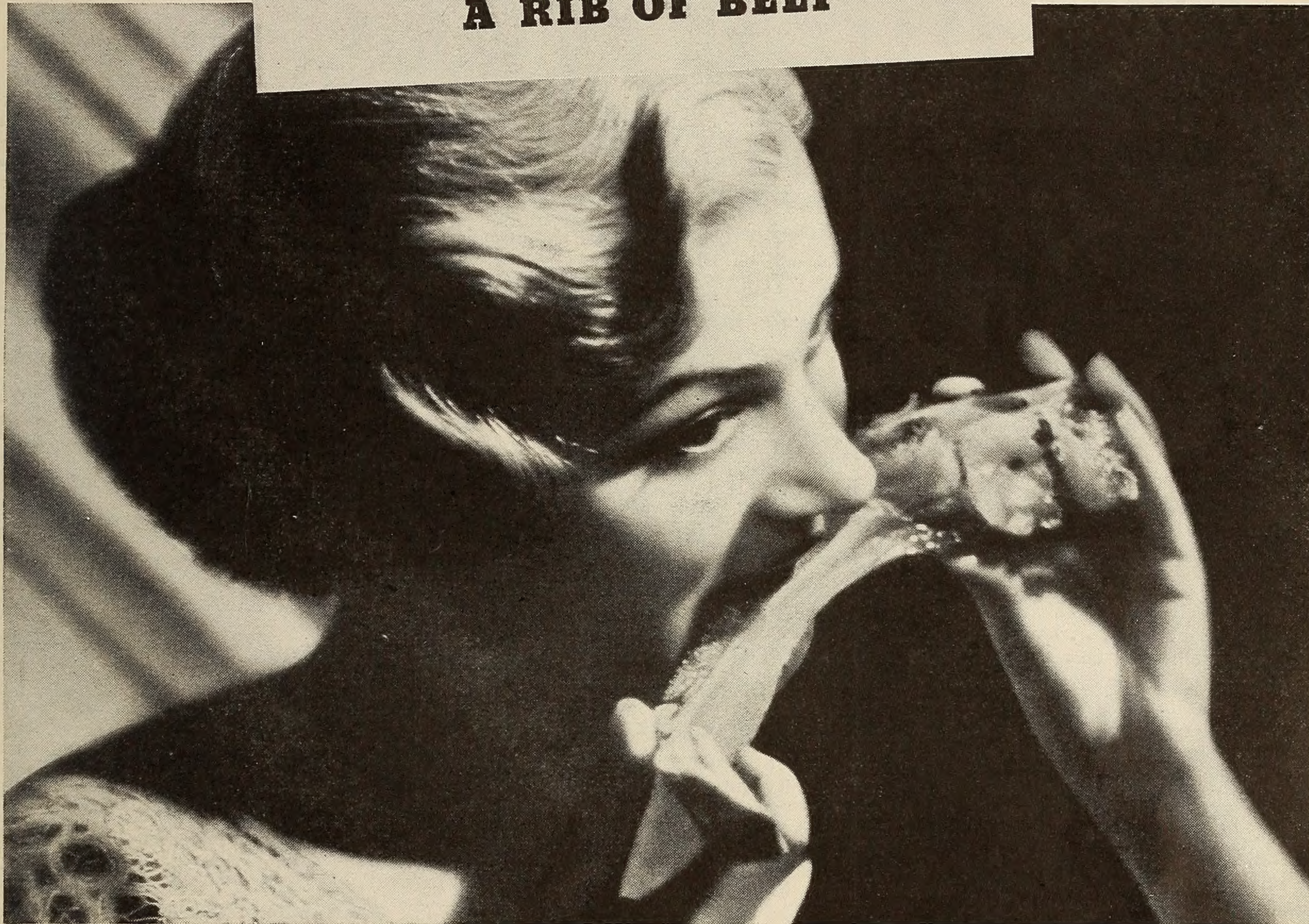
SAYS
DEBUTANTE

Savage!

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!

SAYS
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally,

gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

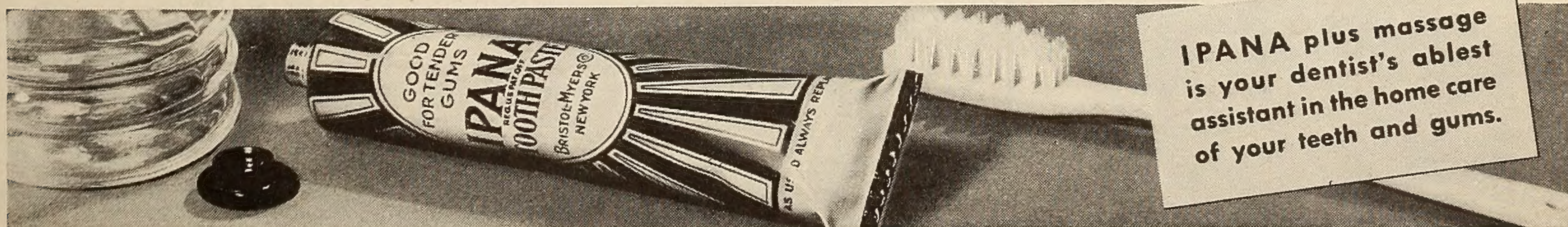
"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a

little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.



IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

Star
Bright
hair!



See IDA LUPINO
in Paramount's
"ANYTHING GOES"

MAKE YOUR HAIR LIKE HERS

● Those jewelled lights which gleam in the screen star's hair . . . how did they get there? Hollywood knows the answer. The hairdresser knows it. And now it is flashed to the millions of women who pack the movies and wonder what priceless lotion the stars use on their hair!

The Soapless Oil Treatment! For your hair as well as theirs. Use Admiracion Soapless Shampoo Treatment—right in your own home. It brings beauty by conditioning the hair and scalp. Capture that glorious sheen and lasting youth. Unmask the hidden beauty of your hair.

Admiracion Soapless Shampoo Treatment does things the finest soaps cannot do. Because it is a *treatment*, not just a wash. Softens and loosens film and dry skin-cells so magically that warm water alone washes them completely away, leaving your hair aglow with new luster and life. Try Admiracion—leading toiletry counters U. S. and Canada—and watch the stars come out in *your* hair.



ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, INC., HARRISON, N. J.

Enclosed find 10c for generous trial bottle of Admiracion: () Olive Oil, or () Pine Tar. (20c for both.) Offer expires March 31st.

Name.....

Address.....

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
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CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

	PAGE
HOW HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR GIRLS ENTERTAIN... MARK DOWLING	20
<i>Being Social Though Single</i>	
"WHO'S HERE?".....ED SULLIVAN	22
<i>Checking Up on the Stars at Play in New York City</i>	
THE BUSIEST GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD.....RUTH RANKIN	24
<i>The Reason Time Flies Is to Keep Up with Claudette Colbert</i>	
"THEY OUGHT TO SHOOT ACTORS WHO MUG!"...LENORE SAMUELS	26
<i>Henry Fonda Explains</i>	
"LA HOP".....LIZA	27
<i>Miriam Hopkins Entertains</i>	
"24 AND VERY FICKLE!".....LEON SURMELIAN	29
<i>Bob Taylor Postpones the Day for the Ball and Chain</i>	
BEATING ABOUT SHEPHERD'S BUSH.....ELIZABETH WILSON	30
<i>Innocents Abroad</i>	
THEY'RE OFF TO THE RACES.....BEN MADDOX	32
<i>Great Days for the Stars at the Santa Anita Track</i>	
A STIRRING TALE OF THE SEA.....JACK BECHDOLT	34
<i>Fictionized from the Columbia Picture "Hellship Morgan"</i>	
STARS IN THE ASCENDANT.....MAUDE CHEATHAM	53
<i>Roy Del Ruth Scans the Hollywood Horizon</i>	
GRATEFUL!.....GORDON R. SILVER	54
<i>The Four Women in the Life of John Boles</i>	
HITCHING THE STARS TO THEIR WAGONS.....MYRTLE GEBHART	56
<i>Personalities in Automobiles</i>	
"IT COMES OUT HERE".....JULIA GWIN	58
<i>Patsy Kelly, Comedienne</i>	

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	6
REVIEWS IN BRIEF: TIPS ON PICTURES.....	10
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	12
<i>Letters That Win a Real Photo, Autograph, Frame and All</i>	
APPETIZING!.....RUTH CORBIN	14
<i>Mrs. Joe Penner Tells Her Duckiest Recipes</i>	
STUDIO NEWS.....S. R. MOOK	16
<i>A Survey of the Busy Sets and Sound Stages</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	19
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....	60
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....CHARLOTTE HERBERT	86
THE FINAL FLING.....ELIOT KEEN	86

ART SECTION

THEIR LOVABLE MOODS.....	37
<i>Three at their Best</i>	
PROVOCATIVE!.....	38-39
<i>The Essential Quality of Beauty</i>	
WITH THE HELP OF THE PROPERTY MAN.....	40-41
<i>The Task of an Actor is to Make Every Scene Look Real</i>	
HOLD TIGHT—THE PICTURE IS COMING TO THE PLOT.....	42-43
<i>Lovers in Trouble—That's Drama</i>	
THAT INDEFINABLE CHARM!.....	44-45
<i>The Most Elusive Characteristic of the Players</i>	
AND TAKEN ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D.....	46-47
<i>Nature Smiles Upon the City-in-the-Spotlight</i>	
"WORKING UP THE AGONY".....	48-49
<i>Suspense is the Salt of Pictures</i>	
"LOOKOUT, MR. GABLE!".....	52
<i>Introducing Some Gentlemen to Clark Gable, the No. 1 Box Office Man</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

*Again they thrill you
with Glorious Melody!*

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" ... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

Jeanette
M^{AC}DONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with

REGINALD OWEN •

ALLAN JONES

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke •

Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!'
300 rugged male voices led
by Nelson Eddy in the most
stirring song of our time!



Lovely hands

**DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL**



**GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER**

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.



GLAZO

... The Smart Manicure

The Opening Chorus

A Letter From Liza



"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was atmospheric, dramatic, picturesque and enthralling.

DEAR BOSS:—

Well, now that the New York Press and practically every one else has decided to thumb his nose at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences this year, and choose his own best performances and pictures, I might just as well horn in and do likewise, which must be a great surprise to you as you thought I was the fluttery type, but I'll have you know that even a fan writer must have a serious moment or two.

In about a month now the Academy will be ready to parcel out the little gold statuettes (just plated gold) for the year that has passed, good old 1935, and a lot of people are going to be awful mad, including myself, if my candidates don't win. The best male performance of 1935 was undoubtedly that of Victor McLaglen in "The Informer"—I hate to agree with the New York Press on this but there seems to be nothing I can do about it. But when it comes to the best female performance we definitely part company. They give it to Garbo in "Anna Karenina" but I give it to Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams," though it certainly grieves me to give it to her, I assure you, after seeing "Sylvia Scarlett," but I suppose we all make mistakes sometime, but not such big mistakes.

The best picture, if you want my opinion, and you're going to get it anyway, was "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (I saw it four times and still enjoyed it, and that's the acid test) and the best director, quite naturally, was he who directed the Bengal Lancers, Henry Hathaway—and I'm right glad for Henry, for only two years ago he

was only a "horse opera" director and kicked about and sneered at by all the big shots in the business. Now he can snub them any time he pleases.

The best camera work I think was done by Hal Mohr on "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Captain Blood." Have you ever seen anything so beautiful as the former and thrilling as the latter, as far as photography is concerned?

Runner-ups for the best male performance are Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on



Katharine Hepburn, in her performance of "Alice Adams," gave life to a figure of indefinable characteristics.

the Bounty" (though I hope to goodness he doesn't do "Mr. Chips") and Franchot Tone for "Mutiny" or "Bengal Lancers"; he was so perfect in both it really is a toss up.

Runner-ups for the best female performances are Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss" and Edna May Oliver in "David Copperfield." The most romantic picture was "Captain Blood," the most thrilling "Mutiny on the Bounty," the most classical "David Copperfield" and the most delightful comedy "Hands Across the Table," which contains my favorite comedy scene of all times—the scene where Lombard and MacMurray pretend to make a long distance call from Bermuda. Well, now that's settled. . . .



Victor McLaglen, in "The Informer," has surprised those who remember the inanities of "The Cock-Eyed World."

Liza

One woman gave him the thrill of reckless kisses. The other gave him the glow of a deathless love. And in the burning crucible of three souls in conflict is born this triumphant heart song of a million wives and sweethearts.



ANN HARDING *and*
HERBERT MARSHALL
in "The
LADY CONSENTS"

with
MARGARET LINDSAY
WALTER ABEL • EDWARD ELLIS
HOBART CAVANAUGH • ILKA CHASE

Directed by Stephen Roberts



AN RKO—RADIO
PICTURE

"You are the best I could get. And now I've got you — she'll never be able to win you back again!"

EXCITEMENT RIDES
THE *Hollywood*
RANGE . . . AS THE
"TRADE" CRITICS
Preview



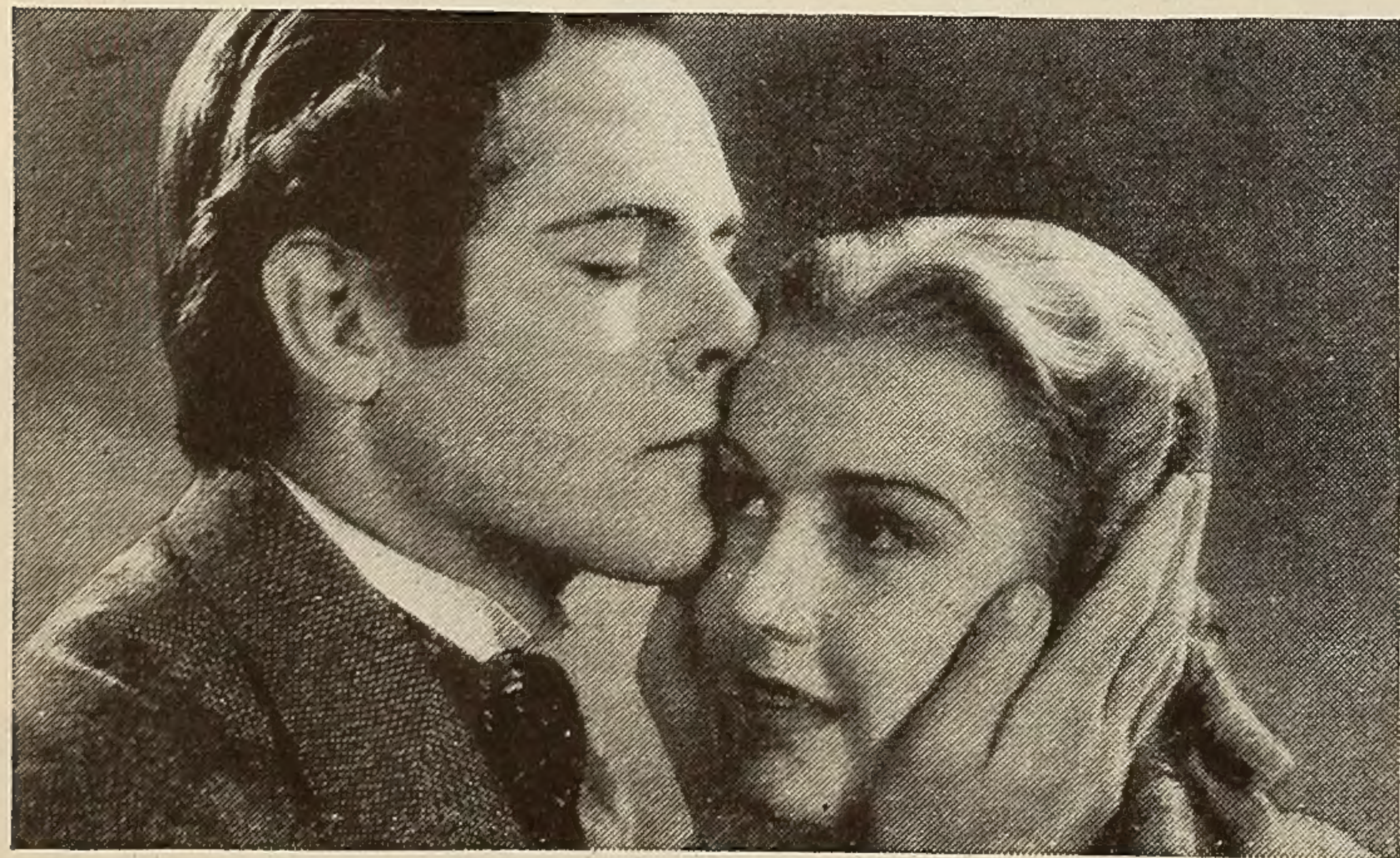
*"THE
LOUIS



PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success
throws the spotlight on some important
personalities you never knew till now.



The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*.

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali-coate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that "*The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*



STORY OF PASTEUR"

Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live



JACK
ALICOATE

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula.... There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality.... Expertly acted and directed, ... its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. ... Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."



MARTIN
QUIGLEY

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."



MAURICE
KANN

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. ... It stands among the significant works of the screen. ... Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. ... Muni is superb. ... Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers

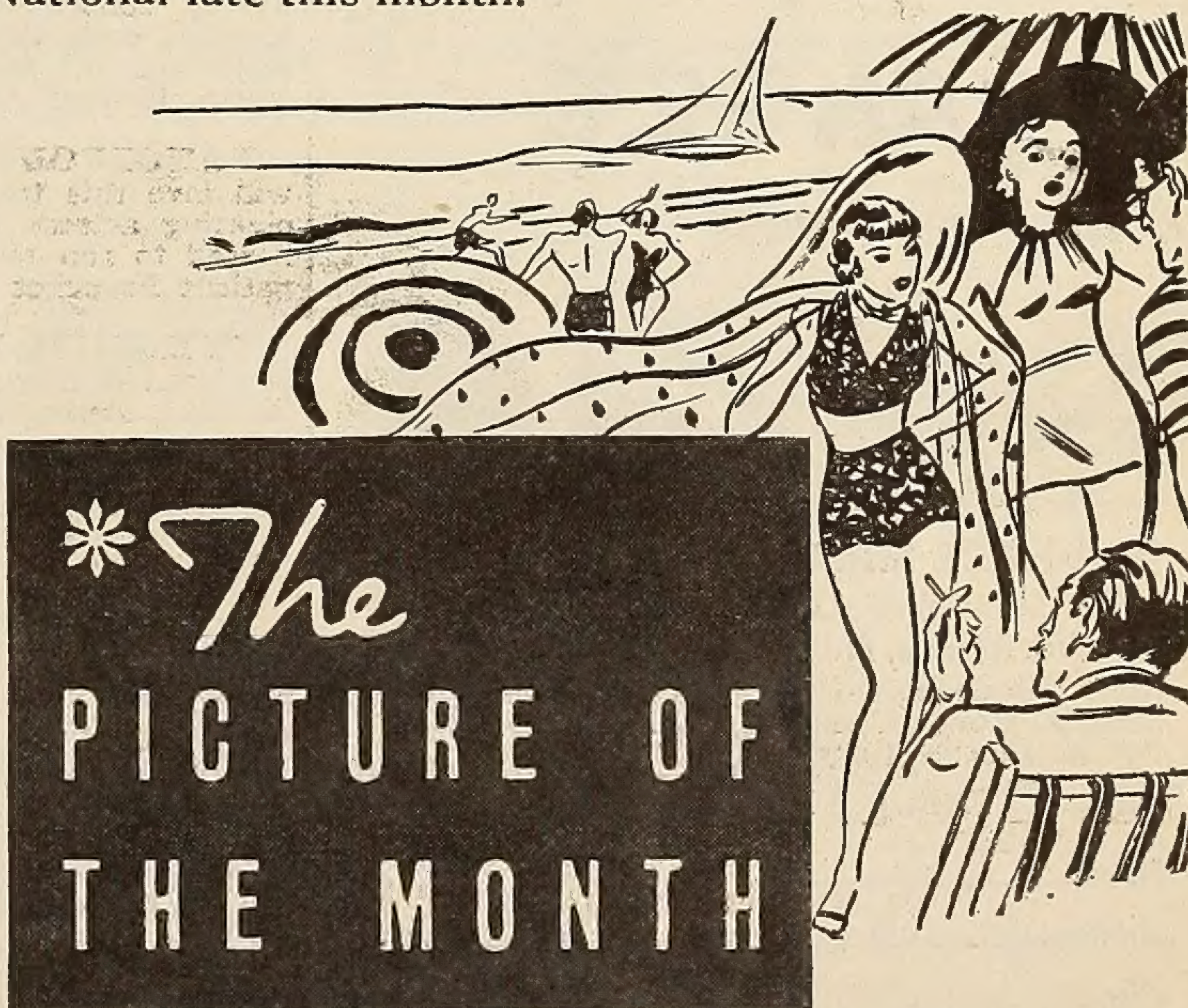


"CHICK"
LEWIS

that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal."

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The
PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

"SHE HAD THE KIND
OF LIPS MEN LIKE
TO KISS"



SAID
**GARY
COOPER**



**Popular male
star gives his
reasons for
choosing the
Tangee Girl**



● We presented
three lovely girls
to Gary Cooper.
One wore the *ordinary lipstick*...one, no lip-
stick...the third, Tangee.

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire",
a Paramount Picture, picks the
most kissable lips in lipstick test.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing
the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss
lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much
in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow
with natural color, but it avoids "that painted
look," because *Tangee isn't paint*. If you prefer
more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical.
Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for
a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece
Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy.
Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imi-
tation...there's only one Tangee.



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee
Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face
Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check
Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

TIPS ON PICTURES

Pictures of the
glamorous West,
he-men and the lust
for gold, have been
unfairly grouped
with horse operas.
Chester Morris,
Walter Brennan
and Lewis Stone
in "Three God-
fathers."



AH, WILDERNESS—Excellent. You'll be sur-
prised to learn that Eugene O'Neill authored this
gentle, homey yarn concerned with life and young
love back in the early nineteen hundreds. (Eric
Linden, Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker,
Wallace Beery.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—Most amusing.
With those mad, dizzy Marx Brothers taking
charge of the proceedings, what would you ex-
pect? A riot of fun! And you get it, plus some
swelegant singing by Kitty Carlisle and Walter
King.

ANNIE OAKLEY—Fine. Barbara Stanwyck
as the vivid Annie Oakley, crack rifle shot in
Buffalo Bill Cody's famous circus several decades
ago. This film should please all types—it has
color, action, romance and some historical interest.
(Melvyn Douglas.)

ANOTHER FACE—Fair. A gangster has his
face lifted and then tries to make good in Holly-
wood. The situation offers several amusing and
several melodramatic moments and ought to hold
your interest for an hour or so. (Brian Donlevy,
Alan Hale, Wallace Ford, Phyllis Brooks.)

BRIDE COMES HOME, THE—Good. A gay
little farce, sparkling with sophisticated wise-
cracks and with such clever performers as
Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray holding your
complete attention.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Splendid. A swaggering
tale of adventure in the West Indies during the
17th Century, with Errol Flynn giving a remark-
ably fine characterization as the glamorous phys-
ician who turns pirate.

THE CHATTERBOX—Good. As a naïve
stage-mad youngster, Anne Shirley treats us to a
character reminiscent of the delightful "Merton
of the Movies." (Philips Holmes.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Fine. Josef
Von Sternberg turns in an interesting production
of this famous Dostoevsky study of a man tortured
by his conscience after deliberately committing
murder, even though the characterization hardly
penetrates the possibilities of the original. (Peter
Lorre, Edward Arnold, Marian Marsh.)

DANGEROUS—Good. Women, in particular,
will love this turbulent drama concerning a fas-
cinating actress (Bette Davis) who has allowed
herself to run to seed and is regenerated by the
patient Franchot Tone.

THE DRIFT FENCE—Fair. An intelligently
produced Western, with Buster Crabbe, Katharine
DeMille, Benny Baker & Tom Keene in the cast.

FIRST A GIRL—Amusing. An English com-
edy with music, with lovely Jessie Matthews as a
clever impersonator, and Sonnie Hale as her light-
hearted manager. It is really quite entertaining.

FORCED LANDING—Good. A murder takes
place on an airplane and by the time it is landed
every passenger is considered a suspicious char-
acter. If you like mysteries of this kind, this won't
let you down except at the end—and by that time
you will have had your fun. (Toby Wing, Onslow
Stevens, Sidney Blackmer.)

FRISCO WATERFRONT—Good. Ben Lyon
as a candidate for governor of his state meets with
an accident, and during his time under an anes-
thetic relives his entire past life. A story told
backwards, as it were, but interesting nevertheless.
(Helen Twelvetrees.)

GHOST GOES WEST, THE—Fine. Rene
Clair, the famous French director, went to Eng-
land to film this satirical yarn about the ghost of
an ancestral Scotch castle, and they thought so
highly of it in London that Queen Mary attended
the premiere. (Robert Donat, Jean Parker.)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Fair.
E. Phillips Oppenheim authored this thriller which
takes us back to East Africa in 1914, with a Ger-
man and an Englishman resembling each other so
closely that it gives one of them—the villain—an
astounding idea! Edmund Lowe plays the dual
role.

GUN PLAY—Fair. A Western that will offer
thrills to all lovers of horse play as well as gun
play. Big Boy Williams has the lead and Marion
Schilling is the heart interest.

I DREAM TOO MUCH—Fine. Fans, meet
Lily Pons, a famous Metropolitan diva who sur-
prises us by becoming an equally charming cinema
comedienne in a cream-puff of a story all dished
up quite delectably. (Henry Fonda.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Fine.
Everybody should enjoy this droll comedy con-
cerning a charming couple who hire out as servants
in the home of a wealthy racketeer. (Jean Arthur,
Herb. Marshall, Leo Carrillo.)

KIND LADY—Good. All soft-hearted women
may profit from the experience of Aline Mac-
Mahon, a highborn English lady, whose extremely
good manners are the cause of her being taken
advantage of by an ingenious band of crooks.
Basil Rathbone is excellent as the head crook.

LAST OF THE PAGANS—Good. If your ap-
petite hasn't become jaded with a repetition of
South Sea Island tales, this may prove colorful
entertainment for you. The film relies for its plot
upon Herman Melville's romance, "Typee," and
the actors are Mala and Lotus Long (of "Eskimo"
fame).

LADY CONSENTS, THE—Fine. Marriage
and easy divorce is the theme of this story of the
social Westchester set, which combines a modicum
of tender romance with its brittle sophistication.
Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall are charming
in the principal roles.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Fair. Glenda Far-
rell and Joan Blondell teamed up as stranded
chorus girls, with the entire Pacific Fleet at their
service. (Allen Jenkins, Hugh Herbert.)

MISTER HOBO—Good. If you expect this to
be just another suave George Arliss picture, you'll
be mistaken, for the dignified Arliss evidently en-
joyed the role of a vagabond and gives it all he's
got—which is *somepin*.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Fine. You
who go in for sentiment in a big way will enjoy
a Roman Holiday when seeing this drama of
human faith and charity as characterized, quite
beautifully, too, by Irene Dunne & Bob Taylor.

MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL—Fair. With
three murders committed even those wisecracks who
know "whodunnit" from the very start will be
properly baffled. John Miljan is the clever de-
tective, and Irene Hervey & Barry Norton the
young lovers.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—Excellent.
Here's a film you can't afford to miss. Based on
an actual sea voyage, during the 18th Century,
that ended most disastrously, it is chock full of
drama and action, with just a soupçon of romance
on the side. (Chas. Laughton, Clark Gable, Fran-
chot Tone.)

PACE THAT KILLS, THE—Pretty morbid. The plot has to do with the dope traffic and how it menaces innocent children. It might be a good idea to keep your young hopefuls at home with a good book when this plays your town. (Noel Madison, Lois January).

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—Amusing. Ah, here we have a mythical kingdom once again, with little Freddie Bartholomew as the King who is kidnapped by Professional Soldier Victor McLaglen. Played lightly against a colorful background, it is sure to capture your interest & merriment.

PAYOFF, THE—Fair. Here we have Jimmie Dunn cast as an honest sports writer who is forced by a wealthy racketeer (Alan Dinehart) to go crooked in order to save his wife's (Claire Dodd) reputation. In the end the wife and the racketeer get their just deserts.

PERFECT GENTLEMEN, THE—Good. Frank Morgan gives an amusing character study of an elderly Britisher whose son, a vicar, and his sister, a shrew, disapprove of him heartily when he learns about life from Cicely Courtneidge, a music hall favorite. (Henry Stephenson, Una O'Connor.)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—Fair. A romance of California when it was settled by the Spanish way back in the 1850's, with lovely Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan warbling delightfully and looking so pretty poor John Boles, of the Vigilantes, can't get her out of his mind.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—Fine. Another exciting G-men picture which will keep you tense in your seats until every kidnapper and gangster is either dead or behind bars. (Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot, Cesar Romero.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Excellent. An extraordinarily moving tale of the old South just before and during the Civil War, and the war's effect upon an aristocratic old family. The cast is headed by Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher.

SONG OF THE SADDLE—Good. There are some westerns that the grown-ups, just children at heart after all, enjoy, and this is one of them. The story has plenty of romance, heart-touching cowboy songs and drama. In the cast you'll find Dick Foran, Kenneth Harlan, Alma Lloyd.

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE—Splendid. Paul Muni is superb as the famous French doctor whose scientific research work was such a boon to mankind. A gripping story that will hold you tight in your seats.

STRIKE ME PINK—Excellent. This newest Eddie Cantor film is simply teeming with grand comedy situations, side-splitting wisecracks, catchy music and beautiful girls—including Sally Eilers and Ethel Merman. An amusement park is the setting, and with Eddie at the helm, ousting desperate gangsters one moment and riding the roller coaster the next, you can just imagine how funny it all is. We'd say—don't miss it!

SWEET SURRENDER—Fine. A sumptuous musical *pot pourri* that presents for your entertainment such sumptuous settings as the Normandie, with a lavish style show and masquerade aboard ship, and such personalities as Frank Parker of the radio, Tamara the dancer, and Abe Lyman's band.

SYLVIA SCARLETT—Interesting. Katharine Hepburn disguises herself as a boy during the greater part of this amusing tale about a troupe of travelling players which seems to excite adventure wherever it turns. (Cary Grant, Brian Aherne.)

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A—Excellent. A truly magnificent adaptation of Charles Dickens' story laid in Paris and London during the French Revolution. (Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Isabel Jewel.)

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—Good. A British-made picture featuring our own Bernice Claire as an ex-cabaret singer who turns governess in the home of George Curzon, a peer of the realm. There's plenty of tuneful melodies and some good comedy situations.

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—Fair. Remember the game of cops & robbers? Here it's played by grownups in more melodramatic fashion and with a sprinkling of love's young dream. (Preston Foster, Mischa Auer, Jane Wyatt.)

WESTERN FRONTIER—Good. A rousing western action plot which should please the children. Ken Maynard, ably supported by his magnificent horse, Tarzan, has the lead, and the women in the case are Lucille Brown and Nora Lane.

WHIPSAW—Fine. Myrna Loy's first picture since her vacation, and an exciting event not alone because of its plot—concerned with expert jewel thieves—but because Myrna and Spencer Tracy, a G-man, are a most effective team.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—Amusing. Edward Everett Horton is cast in the title role of this comedy about a poor sap who finally turns the tables most successfully on all those who laughed *too soon*. Cast includes Lois Wilson, Marjorie Gateson and John McGuire.



A beauty bath like
unbelievable magic!

✿ The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate*, and it is amazingly economical.

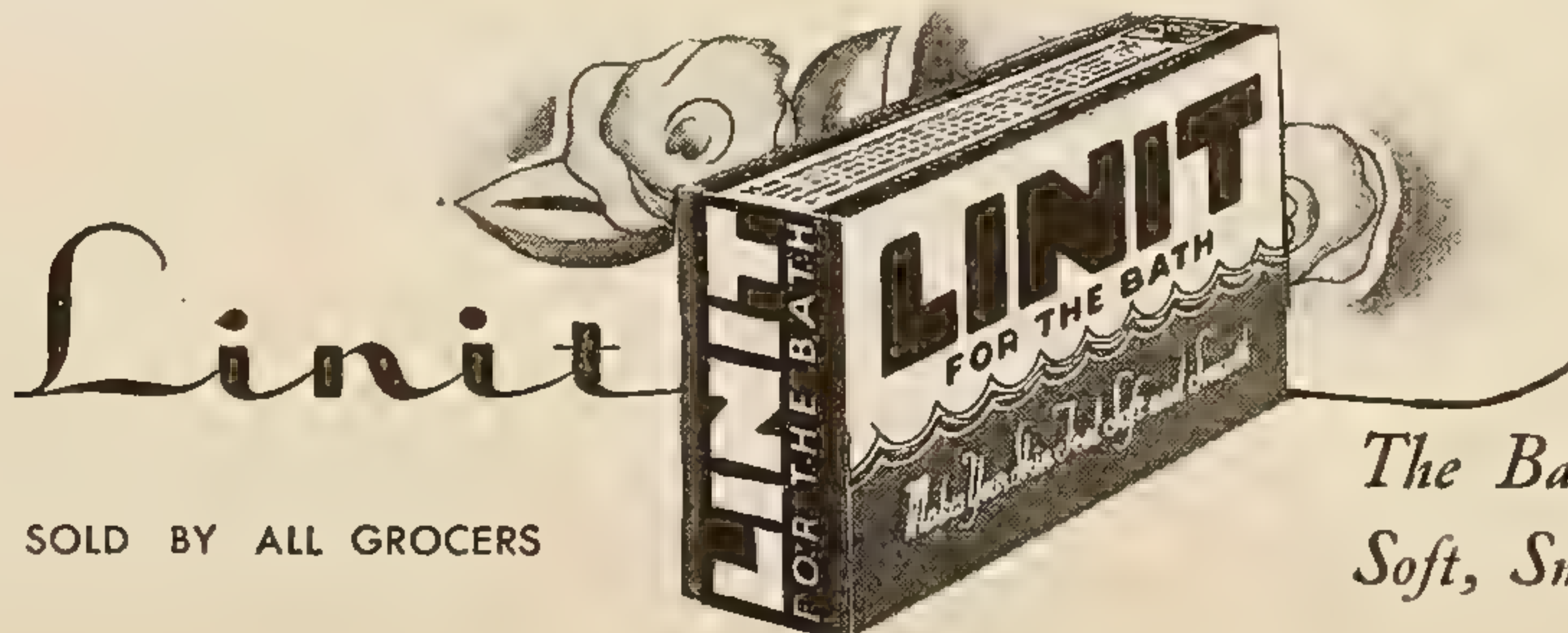
✿ Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

✿ Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin*. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

✿ And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



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YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
or no cost!



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Takes away
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Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Perfolastic Not Only Confines . . it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing — and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

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SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks — safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

"You're Telling Me?"



The framed photograph inscribed to Alfred Diller and signed by Merle Oberon. His letter was selected as one of the fifty best received this month.

Merle Oberon signing photo for a Silver Screen reader who won a prize for his movie letter.

"CLARK GABLE has certainly reached his goal in acting. He is one of Hollywood's most famous players," writes Margaret K. Corona of Eastman Ave., Oakland, Calif.

"The play 'Mutiny on the Bounty' has certainly broken records for the theatre in Oakland, Calif. When Clark Gable took over the ship in the picture, he received marvelous applause. The picture was wonderful. How could I get some pictures of Clark Gable?"

You'll receive one in about three weeks.

ANNA GORMLEY of Texas Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., writes: "My dream for an ideal motion picture would include: Katharine Hepburn for a good emotional scene, Dick Powell to sing, Ruby Keeler for

Write A Letter. Win A Real Photo, Auto- graph, Frame And All.

some super-tap dancing, Eleanor Powell with her swell impersonations, Jean Harlow for some beauty, and plenty of laughs supplied by ZaSu Pitts, Edna May Oliver, Stan Laurel and Ted Healy and his irresistibly funny stooges."

What, no lover?

"I WAS instantly attracted by that indescribable 'something' in Bing Crosby's voice when I first heard him about four years ago," writes Lala Dergins of High St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. "Needless to say, I have been his loyal fan since then. He came through with flying colors in all his pictures and proved to be a swell comedian as well. The name of Bing Crosby to me will always mean a swell singer and actor and I imagine he is a grand person to

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after March 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in December have been notified by mail.

know. With me he'll always be tops."

We'll ask him for a photo for you.

"AH, ME! what must a person write about their favorite star to win a coveted photograph? I've written so many times about my favorite, but haven't won that photo—and no one could possibly admire Jean Parker more than I. But one thing is wrong—she needs a really good part—don't you think so?" asks Madelyne Demico of N. Main St., Pocatello, Idaho.

We thought "Sequoia" was wonderful.

"I THINK Nelson Eddy should have a large bouquet of red roses and some of the sweet red roses should go to Jeanette MacDonald. What a charming couple they make," writes Mrs. E. Schaufelberger of W. Center St., Fostoria, Ohio. "I can imagine the thrill I will get when I see 'Rose Marie' with all that beautiful mountain scenery and those grand voices to sing 'The Indian Love Call.'"

Anticipation of pictures is the joy that only fan magazine readers know.

STEPHANIE KECK of Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Give me Bob Taylor any day and you can have Clark Gable, Bing Crosby and even Dick Powell. Reason: He's all these rolled into one and if you don't believe me ask any girl who knows who he is. The trouble is he doesn't get enough publicity. Every time I buy a magazine I either see that one and this one but never Taylor. How about it Silver Screen? Give Taylor a break!"

In this issue.

"WAKE UP, folks, this is little me speaking, straight from my heart, about a certain male star in Hollywood. This glamorous, superb, lovable actor is none other than Fred MacMurray, 'the world's favorite.' His great performances in 'Cargy,' 'Alice Adams,' and 'Hands Across The Table' make the fans want to see more of him," writes Mary Janet Poloway of Edward St., Detroit, Mich. "The one who discovered Fred MacMurray sure found a treasure. Keep up the good work, Mr. MacMurray."

Thank you, Mary. The photograph is on its way.

GUESS AGAIN!

*Titles Of Pictures Are As Changeable
As The Weather*

"The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot" (Ann Harding) has been changed to "The Lady Consents"
"Black Gang" (Paul Kelly) has been changed to "Here Comes Trouble"
"Red Apples" (Ross Alexander) has been changed to "Brides Are Like That"
"Backfire" (Patricia Ellis) has been changed to "Boulder Dam"
"Panic on the Air" (Ann Sothern) has been changed to "You May Be Next!"
"Invitation to Happiness" (Charles Boyer) has been changed to "I Loved a Soldier"
"Klondike Lou" (Mae West) has been changed to "Klondike Annie"
"Don't Bet on Love" (Gene Raymond) has been changed to "Love on a Bet"
"No More Yesterdays" (Ruth Chatterton) has been changed to "Lady of Secrets"
"Rolling Along" (Harry Richman) has been changed to "The Music Goes 'Round and Around"

Doctor's Report proves
Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Remarkable results obtained in two
winters' test on 774 Illinois people

*They lived together, worked together, ate the same
kind of food*

Half gargled twice a day; the other
half did not



*To keep from catching cold
here's the help you may expect from*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

A DOCTOR made this famous Illinois test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had

60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

THE DRAMA OF
A MAN who changed
the map of the world!

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bid for wives in
matrimonial auction

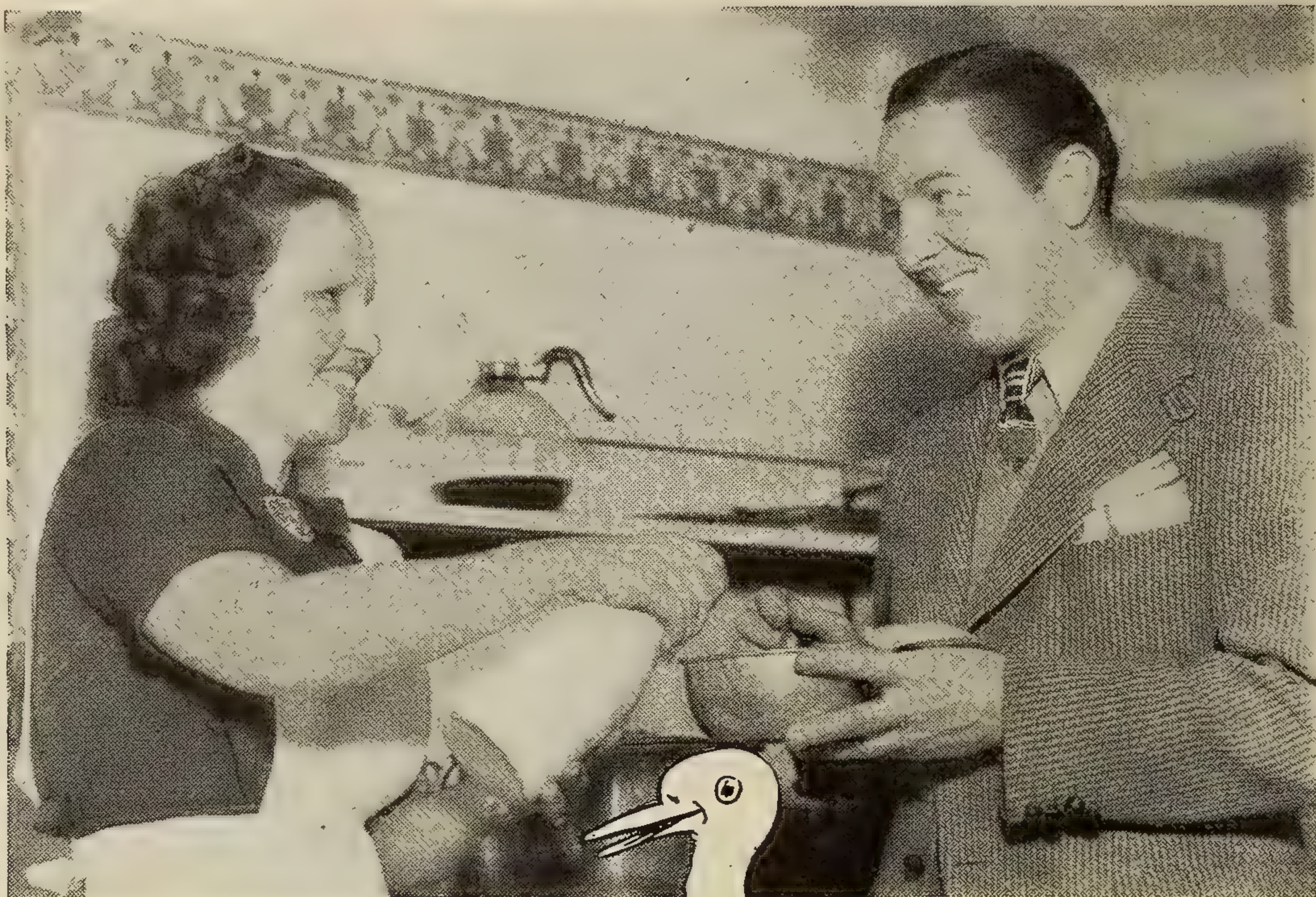
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seventeen
an invalid with
one year to live...
In South Africa he con-
quered death...Wrested
wealth from the diamond
fields...Made himself Diamond
King of the world...Conquered
savage Zulus and Matabeles...
Brought civilization to the jung-
le... And a great new romance
to adventure and buried treasure.

WALTER
HUSTON
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"RHODES,
the
EMPIRE
BUILDER"

Coming soon
to your favorite
theatre



APPETIZING!



A Recipe That Comes
From A Famous Actor
Has A Sauce Of Glam-
our And A Fascinat-
ing Taste.



Mrs. Penner can
bake the duckiest
gold cake with
caramel chocolate
frosting—and does
Joe help!

By Ruth Corbin

MOST girls, these days, with beauty and personality would give an occasional thought to acting in the movies. Not Mrs. Joe Penner, however. She has beauty and charm and all kinds of "it" but she prefers helping Joe with his career to having one of her own. Eleanor and Joe fell in love, while she was a member of the Greenwich Follies and he was headlining with the same troupe.

I had dinner with them the other evening at their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills and heard all about their romance from the beginning.

Fortune smiled on young Mr. and Mrs. Penner from the first, and Joe always had a good job. For nearly two years, radio sponsors were after him to appear on the air, but Joe didn't think he would be any good. Finally, Eleanor, who privately believes that Joe can do anything any other man can do, arranged for an audition and practically dragged him down to the studio for it. Joe had not prepared anything and he used one of his oldest routines for the test and it went over big. That is how Joe and his duck came to fame.

In the beginning, Joe's duck was an elephant. It became a duck down in Birmingham. Before this, Joe would slip out and ask the master of ceremonies "Do you wanna buy an elephant?" but down in Birmingham he said duck, just to vary the line. That evening, after the show, while they were sitting back-stage in Joe's dressing room, young Mr. and Mrs. Penner heard any number of people pass by and ask each other "Do you wanna buy a duck?" so they decided it was a "hit" line and kept it from then on.

Eleanor insists that Joe is the best husband in the world, and never complains or finds fault with anything. Not even

with her cooking, when anything goes wrong with it. At her first home-cooked meal, she attempted to serve Joe breaded veal cutlets. She floured them, rolled them in bread crumbs and cooked them until they were brown. She served them on her best dinner plates and Joe started eating them without a murmur. When she cut into her own portion, the awful truth came out. She had merely cooked the flour and bread crumbs. The veal was as fresh and rare as when it was brought home. Joe's willingness to be a domestic martyr brought real dividends, for she says she will never forget how sweet he was about it. She made him go out to dinner with her that night and she learned how to cook cutlets properly before she served them to him again. Joe's appetite is a nice one to have around the house for he has few likes and dislikes and will eat practically anything that is put before him. He has only one real favorite dish and that is chicken paprikash. Here is Eleanor's method of preparing it:

First, she boils the chicken until it is tender. Then she strips the leg and thigh bones of meat, breaks them and returns them to the pot and lets them simmer in the broth, as this makes its flavor richer and more appetizing. Now, for the dish itself. She puts enough fat in a frying pan to make a depth of about half an inch. Then puts in two medium-sized green peppers, two medium-sized Bermuda onions, a small bit of garlic, and two white stalks of celery, all of which has been finely chopped and mixed together. She lets these ingredients simmer in the fat until the onion is a golden-brown color. Then, she puts in the meat of the chicken and, for seasoning, adds one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of black pepper

and four teaspoons of paprika and lets the entire mixture cook for three quarters of an hour. The paprika will color the dish red, of course. After it is thoroughly cooked together, she heats the broth again, thickens it with flour and adds to the chicken and onion mixture. That is all there is to it and it is really delicious.

Joe's favorite dessert is gold cake with caramel chocolate frosting. Eleanor makes the ordinary two-egg plain cake and fixes what she labels a fool-proof frosting. She says that any young bride can make a good cake frosting with it. Her recipe follows:

Caramel Chocolate Frosting

- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk (caramelized)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add caramelized sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Cool, spread on cake. This makes enough frosting to cover tops of two 9-inch layers, or about 24 cup cakes.

To caramelize sweetened condensed milk, place unopened cans in kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point 3 hours. Be sure to keep the cans covered with water during the process.

Joe is fond of cheese in every form, especially nippy and limburger cheeses. So his wife often serves macaroni and cheese en casserole. She boils the macaroni first, of course, then drains off the water, puts a layer of it in the casserole then a layer of New York snappy Eastern cheese, then another layer of macaroni and a top layer of cheese. Then, she takes a cup of milk and beats into it a teaspoon of Colman's dry mustard and a teaspoon of salt and pours the mixture over the macaroni and cheese. She bakes it in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Some of her other favorite recipes follow.

Scalloped Potatoes

- 1 cup white sauce
- 1 tablesp. fine chopped Onion juice, few drops
- 3 cups raw potatoes sliced thin
- 1 tablesp. chopped parsley
- 1 tablesp. fine chopped celery
- Salt
- Pepper
- 1/4 cup crumbs

Place layer of potatoes in bottom of buttered baking dish, sprinkle with pepper, salt and onion juice, dot lightly with butter and cover with layer of white sauce. Continue in alternate layers, sprinkling white sauce with parsley and celery. Cover last layer thickly with crumbs and grated cheese and bake in moderate oven until brown—about 35 minutes. If cooked potatoes are used, baking time is reduced to about 12 minutes.

Baked Salmon

Clean and wipe, and lay in baking pan with enough hot water to prevent scorching. Bake slowly, basting often with butter and water. When done, serve with following sauce on a hot dish:

- 1 cup hot melted butter in which the juice of 1 lemon and 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley have been mixed. Garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs.

I was not surprised to learn that Joe is more than fond of dumplings served with roast chicken. Mrs. Penner is proficient in the art of making them. And dumpling-making is an art. Here is her recipe:

Dumplings

- 2 cups flour
- Pinch of salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 4 teaspoons baking powder

Mix together until smooth, not too stiff, and toss on floured board, pat out slightly more than 1/2 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter. Place in buttered steamer, cover and steam 12 minutes. Or drop into liquid of stew and cook on top of meat and vegetables until done. Do not let the dumplings settle down into the liquid. Keep kettle covered while they cook.

CHAPPED HANDS ARE COLD COMPANY



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FREE dispenser cap with each 50c size.
It fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM
Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

BRUSH EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath



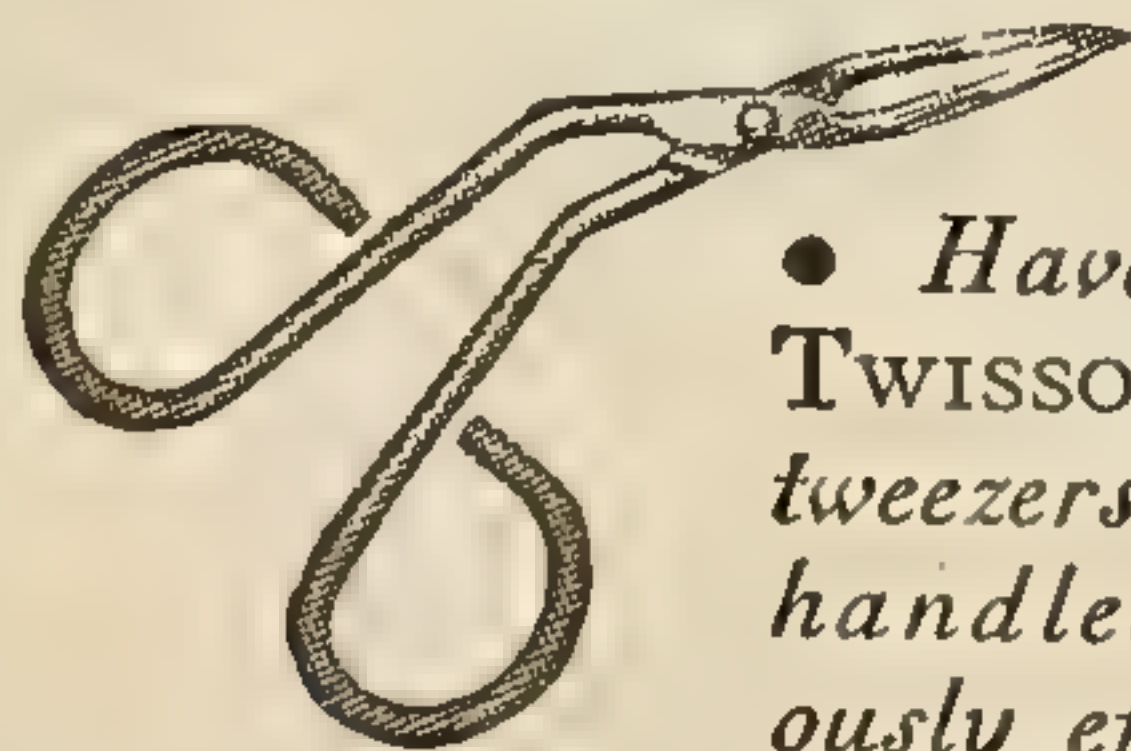
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHALETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. (\$1 at good stores.)



At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. \$1, also. And the same holds true of SHALETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SS-3.

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A Survey Of The Busy Sets And Sound Stages

By Our Special Surveyor

S. R. Mook

At the United Artists Studio

THIS month, good people, I have the pleasure of introducing to you the new film company known as Selznick International Pictures, which is headed by David Selznick who produced "Dinner at Eight," "David Copperfield," and scores of other spectacularly successful pictures. The publicity brigade is headed by Joe Shea, who, for years, was the guiding hand in the Fox publicity department.

The first production to get under way is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Freddie Bartholomew in the title role, C. Aubrey Smith in the part of the old Earl and Dolores Costello as *Dearest*.

They have erected some of the most massive sets imaginable for this picture. The library, instead of being built of the usual cardboard and plaster has real wood paneling and boasts the largest collection of books ever assembled for a library in a picture—over 5,000 volumes!

But the scene they're shooting today is in the dining room where the old Lord and Freddie are at dinner. Freddie comes in, glances apprehensively at the footman, who pulls his chair back for him, and sits down. He almost immediately pulls out a black and white checked silk handkerchief that is almost large enough for a table cloth, and starts mopping his brow with it.

"Bless my soul," ejaculates Mr. Smith. "Where'd you get that?"

"It's a present from Dick," Freddie replies. "Isn't it beautiful?" And then he starts quoting the card that evidently came with it: "When this I see,"—he pauses, unable to remember and finally finishes in desperation, "I shall always remember Dick."



"Yes," says Mr. Smith, "I should think you would. Who's Dick?"

"He's a professional bootblack," Freddie informs his grandfather. "You'd like him. He's so square."

"Square?" Smith asks in puzzlement.

"Yes," Freddie explains. "He wouldn't cheat anyone or hit a boy under his size."

There's a lot more to the scene. In fact, it's almost as long as those Spencer Tracy plays but it's all in the same vein. And, I might add, that vein is enough to send the blood coursing through my own veins and take me back to the days when my own mother used to dress me up in those cursed Little Lord Fauntleroy blouses and take me to see him on the stage.

Also shooting on the United Artists lot this month is a picture called "These Three" which was freely—oh, very freely—adapted from a successful stage play called "The Children's Hour." I can remember reading once when Marguerite Clarke was on the stage, under Winthrop Ames' direction, "Mr. Ames presents Miss Clarke as 'Snow White' in the afternoon, and as something quite different in 'The Affairs of Anatole' at night."

And so it is with "The Children's Hour." It was one thing on the stage and something quite different in the movies. The movies are getting the "Snow White" version.

Anyhow, Merle Oberon and Miriam Hop-



Etienne Girardot, Rochelle Hudson, Walter Kingsford and Harry Richman in "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." If Harry can stampede the microphone now the way he does audiences in New York, he will soon be around plenty himself.

kins have been chums all through school and college (but I can't help wondering if they're going to be chums all through this picture) and when college is over they decide to take a place in the country and start a school of their own.

So they do and they're just moving in, with Joel McCrea (who is la Oberon's fiance) helping. Right in the midst of things that old Catharine Doucet (Miriam's aunt) arrives, quite uninvited. She's an antiquated Shakespearean actress.

"Martha!" she beams to Merle, "I'm so glad to see you."

"Hello, Aunt Lily," says Merle restraining her enthusiasm admirably.

"How well you look," Doucet goes on. "Almost pretty. And Karen! (speaking of Miriam) prettier than ever!"

Well, all the airy persiflage on this set is all very distressing to me because I saw the play in New York last year and I know just what all these tried and true people are in for. Their lives are to be wrecked, I tell you—absolutely wrecked.

I'd be the worst sort of a hypocrite if I stayed here and exchanged idle banter with them when worse than the shadow of death is hanging over them. So I just smile bravely and tell them I'll see them next month—or the month after when things will be better (we hope) and saunter over to—

Columbia

MORE fun on *this* lot today. Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson are making a picture called "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." Harry, it seems, is a musical comedy star who is sick of New York and all his sycophants so he goes down South to get away from it all. And the first thing you know he runs into a showboat on the Mississippi, and the sheriff is just about to take it over, and Harry falls in love with the captain's beautiful daughter—Rochelle, of course—and through some skull-duggery gets them out of their difficulties and gets himself a small job without divulging who he is.

Everyone is all assembled when in walks Mr. Richman showing very decidedly the Hollywood influence on him in comparison to when he was out here five years ago making "Puttin' on the Ritz" (which I'm quite sure he has forgotten and wishes I had, too). He has on a camel's hair coat and a silk scarf (white for purity) knotted about his neck.

"How do you do, Mr. Richman?" inquires Director Victor Schertzinger politely.

"How do I know?" Mr. Richman parries, "so why should I answer?"

"There you go again," wails Schertzinger in a despairing tone, to the tune of "Marcheta" (which he wrote). "No co-operation at all! Oh, well. Quiet, everybody."

So the assistant blows the whistle for quiet and everybody settles down, except a prop boy who didn't hear the whistle and who drops a load of apples.

"Hey, you!" bellows the assistant. "Whassa matter with you? Can't you hear the whistle?"

"Yeah," Harry chimes in in mock seriousness, "Gee whiz, fellers!"

So they finally get into the scene where Rochelle is chatting with him before the curtain goes up on the evening performance. "What sort of work did you do before you came here?" she asks.

"Oh, a little of everything and not much of anything," Harry explains. "Think there's a future for me here?" he goes on after a pause.

"Well," Rochelle considers, "if you're willing to settle down and work hard, why not? I want you to feel free to come to me whenever you need help."

Big-hearted. That's Rochelle for you every time, and don't think Harry's not

[Continued on page 76]



draw
me!

COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. **Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)**

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

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RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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The Honorable Lady Clifford

Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleansing and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans... how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your druggist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

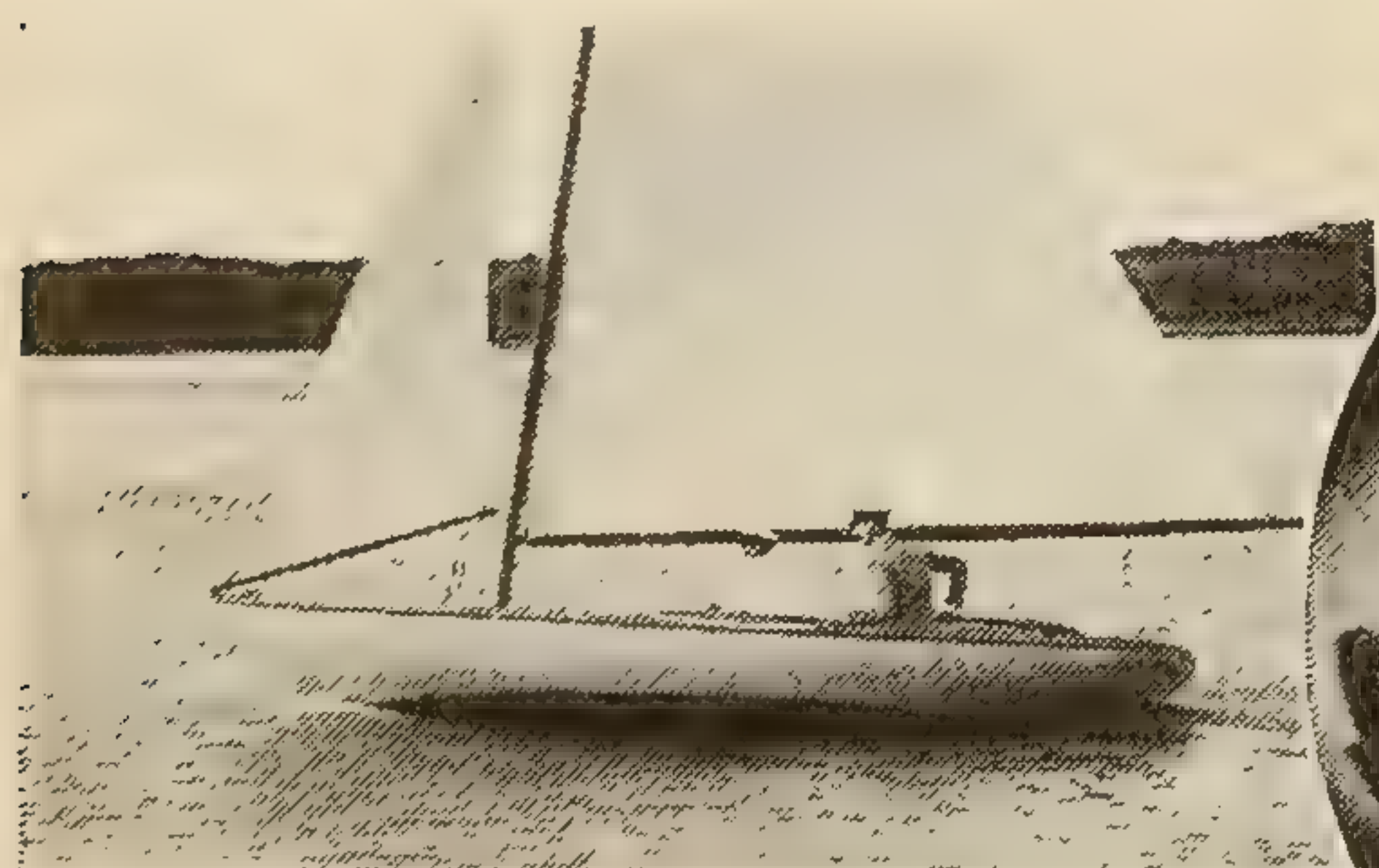
Lady Clifford's cabana on the shores of Nassau's Cable Beach, where much informal entertaining of the world's notables is done.



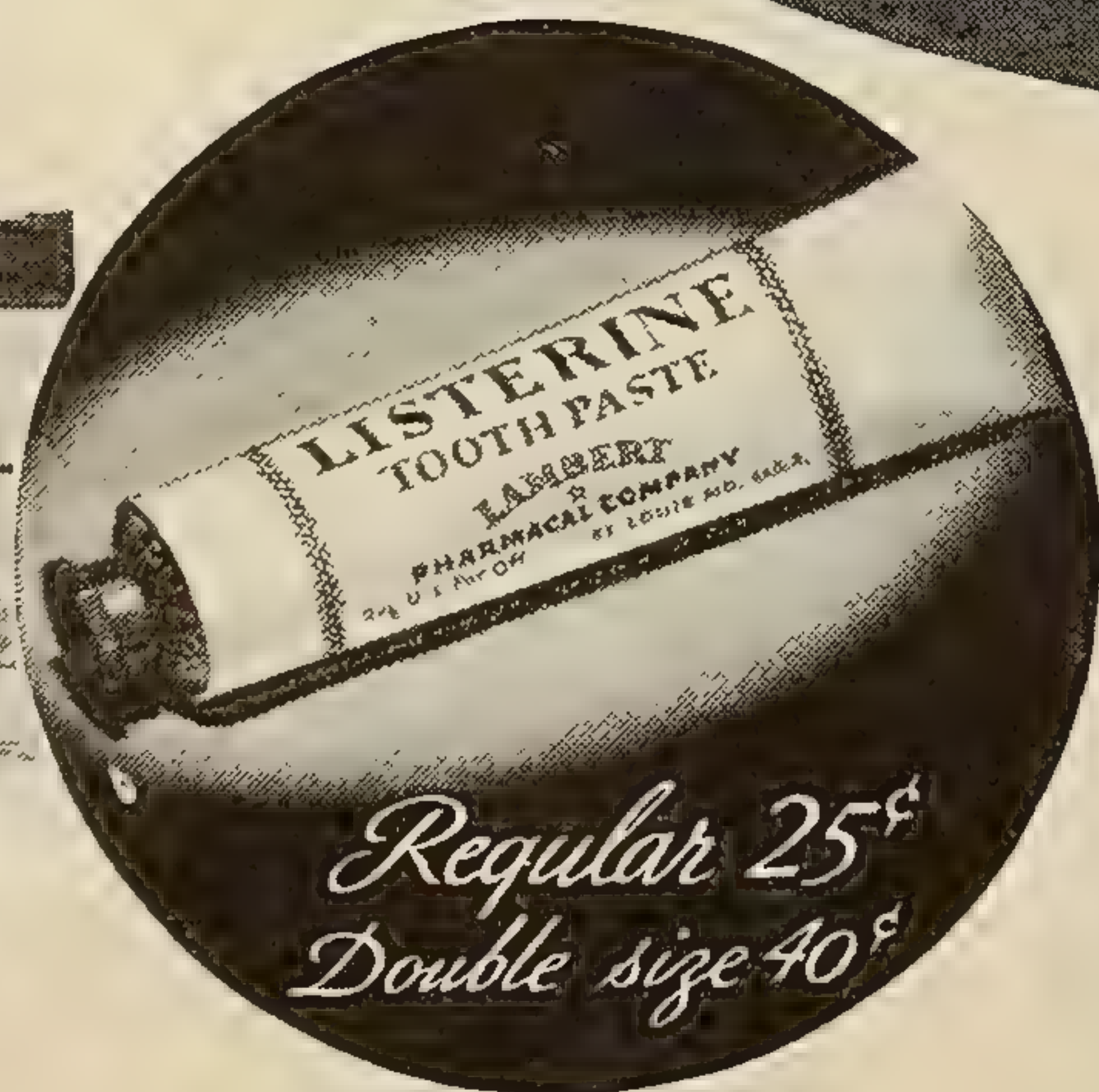
American born, known internationally for her beauty and charm, Lady Clifford is the youthful mother of three charming daughters. Her life as the wife of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of the Bahamas, is as varied as it is interesting. She is shown here in Court dress, displaying the famous Clifford heirlooms, earrings given to an early Lord Clifford by Queen Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second. These earrings were part of Queen Catherine's dowry. The stones are large pear-shaped diamonds, set in smaller diamonds.



Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Devonshire, English home of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. This noble castle is situated on the Clifford estates, which have been in the family since 1100.



"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.



Listerine Tooth Paste

SILVER SCREEN

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

*Chatter Of The
Movie Stars And
The Gay Lives They
Lead In The Spot-
light.*

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has offered a thousand dollars to any horticulturist in Los Angeles who can develop an avocado tree that will stand a winter in New York state. Bob is planning to spend that "old age" on his farm in northern New York state and he just can't bear the idea of being three thousand miles away from his favorite food.

THE largest star sapphire in Hollywood now belongs to Mae West—it's 175 carats, just a mere bauble.

IF YOU'VE wanted your own projection machine all your life, so you could see movies right in your own playroom, and suddenly you got your own projection machine what movies would you first choose to see? Claudette Colbert officially opened her playroom a few Sunday nights back and christened the projection machine (a Christmas present) with "Betty Boop," "I Dream Too Much" and "Jealousy."

"Betty Boop" was not by request, the operator brought that along himself, he's probably a dyed-in-the-wool Betty Boop fan. Claudette was very eager to hear Lily Pons as she is quite a fan of Miss Pons', and very, very eager to see Jeanne Eagels' last picture, having missed it in New York five (or was it six?) years ago. As you recall, Jeanne Eagels died before this picture was released. Like all young actresses just starting out at that time Claudette considered Jeanne Eagels, the pampered, darling of Broadway and the sensational star of "Rain," the Greatest Actress in the World, and was one of her staunchest admirers. And Claudette had another reason for adoring Jeanne Eagels, for it was Miss Eagels who really got her launched on her theatrical career. With Al Woods, the great actress dropped in to see a rehearsal of "A Kiss in the Taxi" one afternoon. Claudette was playing the ingenue lead and Mr. Woods said that she was terrible and that he would have to take her out of the cast immediately. "Don't be silly," Miss Eagels interrupted, "that girl has something. She's going to be famous, you mark my word." Whatever the great Eagels said went in those days—Claudette kept the part—was a success in the play—and was in demand by all the producers on Broadway.

We regret to say that "Jealousy" was a bad picture five years ago (or was it six?) and is still a bad picture.

JOAN CRAWFORD went on a shopping tour the other day and, looking up from some scarfs she was buying, saw a mob of little children with their noses pressed against the plate glass window watching her in sacred awe. Joan, who never refuses an autograph, took off her gloves and prepared to autograph when she left the shop, but, strange to say, not a child budged, they were simply too awed to speak. Joan was quite impressed by so much reverence and politeness (fans have a habit of tearing her to pieces) so she rose to the occasion and said, "I wonder if any of you little girls and boys would like an ice cream soda?" Well, it seems they all did.

JOAN BENNETT is one of those people who never writes an address down. When she goes to a party she knows practically, but not accurately, where the person lives so she just drives in the general neighborhood and picks out a house that has a lot of cars around it. This method has always worked (Joan never being among the first to arrive) until several Saturday nights ago she and her writer husband, Gene Markey, were invited to the Franchot Tones for dinner. She and Gene stopped at the first house in Brentwood that had a line-up of cars in front of it, but were greatly dismayed when they were shown into the living room to find Mrs. Rhea Gable and not Joan and Franchot. "Why, Joan," gasped Mrs. Gable, a bit dismayed herself, "I didn't expect you until next Saturday night."

Joan and Gene got back into their coats and climbed back into their car and drove two blocks further, and arrived at the Tones, a little late—with Joan making a mental note never to trust a line-up of cars again.

MRS. RHEA GABLE has gone more social than ever since she and Clark officially separated and Rhea is now runner-up to Countess di Frasso as the biggest party thrower in Hollywood. And what does social-minded Hollywood do about the Gables? Well, the Countess di Frasso has solved the situation neatly by alternating parties, one party Rhea is invited to, the next party Clark is invited to. Other hostesses use the "Rhea dear, I must tell you that Clark has accepted" plan and vice versa, but it was Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer's wife, who really tried something original. At her last big party she invited Mrs. Gable for the first part of the evening, and Clark for the last. At twelve o'clock, like Cinderella, Mrs. Gable drew on her sables and disappeared into the night. Soon after her departure Clark arrived—alone. It could only happen in Hollywood.

WHAT with Metro casually announcing that Jean Harlow's natural brown hair will replace her former platinum locks (and after telling us all these years that



Bill Gargan never liked that little curly kink in his hair and so-o-o he got his friend Grant Withers to fix it.

Jean was naturally tow-headed) there are quite a few of us old-timers who can't help but chuckle once more over the classic remark that Jean's mother, Mrs. Bello, once made to an interviewer. Said Mrs. Bello anent the malicious rumors that were flying about: "The rumor that makes me maddest of all is that Baby's blonde hair isn't natural."

GEORGE RAFT swears that he will never dance on the screen again. His decision was made for the simple reason that Fred Astaire is tops in this line of endeavor and that he doesn't want anybody to think that he is competing, even though their styles are much different. In his mind Fred Astaire is the finest dancer who ever worked on stage or screen, land or sea, and a dancer like himself just might as well give up. Fred, I do believe, gets more admiration from those he-men boys than he does from the ladies. No matter how hard he's working Jimmy Cagney wouldn't miss an Astaire preview for anything. Then as soon as the picture is released he goes to see it again—he saw "Top Hat" three times.

HOW



The atmosphere of New York City and Broadway clings to Mae West even in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD bachelors, according to the girls of the town, are spoiled. And no wonder!

For every day in the week, the eligible young man of the movie colony can find a completely different type of feminine companion, each one the very tops in her own special brand of appeal!

Comparing notes with the handsome blades of the town, we discovered just how you would regard Jean Harlow, Mae West, Carole Lombard, and others if they were the bachelor girls of your own town.

Jean Harlow, for instance. Here's a blow for you! Jean is "athletic and informal—a sense of humor—nutty about sports, both indoor and outdoor."

Jean, you see, refuses to be a "wrong side of the tracks lady" in her private life, no matter what she plays on the screen. The gentleman calling on Jean is apt to be impressed by the fact that her hillside home is reached by a private driveway. This, and the colored butler who peers at you through a small aperture in the front door, leads you to expect a visit of the formidable, ritzy type.

Then you're shown into an all-white living room, casually spotted

with bowls of gay flowers, pictures of Jean and her mother, and open magazines and books.

Beautiful Myrna Loy enjoys an atmosphere of refinement and music—where's that Five Foot Shelf?



Hollywood

When A Bachelor Calls On
One Of These Bachelor
Girls He'd Better Be Ready For Golf
Or Chekhov, The Pool Or Proust

By Mark Dowling

BACHELOR GIRLS ENTERTAIN



In a few moments — (Jean usually keeps you waiting for a bit)

—she comes running down the stairs, calling out, "Where are you?" No attempt, you see, to "make an entrance." Before you know it, you'll be playing tennis, golf, or swimming—the last in Jean's private pool, while you fervently hope the borrowed trunks aren't too big or small to ruin the good impression you hoped to make.

Jean, we warn you, is one of those dynamic girls. Just sitting around is never permitted in the Harlow ménage. She loves all kinds of indoor amusements from ping pong to a kind of parlor golf.

People drop in casually. Her luncheons

How Carole Lombard does love originality. Bring your mouth-organ.



Jean Harlow never just sits around. Indoor games delight her. How is your ping pong?

are nearly all served buffet style. Even if there are just two of you, you'll be fed on individual trays in the all-white, sunny, room that Jean calls the Playroom.

The food is superior at this bachelor girl's home, and so are the refreshments. Even more important is the atmosphere of genuine companionship and friendliness, so rare in Hollywood. You'll like Jean's mother, too, who is considered by many to be even more beautiful than her famous daughter.

So eat your spinach, doctor up your fallen arches, go to bed early the night before, and you'll RATE—if Bill Powell doesn't catch you!

Myrna Loy comes in handy when you're feeling formal. Her apartment is one of the swankiest in Hollywood.

Great windows reach from floor to ceiling. There are etchings, soft lights, first editions. Nothing harum-scarum in the life of this popular actress!

"Formal dress. Small exclusive restaurants for dinner dates. Beware of Arthur Hornblow." Put these notes opposite Myrna's name in your address book!

Subtly fascinating, a woman of the world, she sincerely enjoys rare books and fine paintings. She dislikes noisy restaurants, and as she seldom dines at home, it's up to the gentleman to discover those small exclusive hideaways so dear to the true cosmopolite.

Myrna, the bachelors frankly admit, is somewhat of a mystery woman. Some people will tell you that she's just a typical American girl off the screen. "Myrna Loy has freckles!" some chap is always muttering in a disillusioned manner.

Just the same, we'd advise you to investigate the doings of Los Angeles' musical group before asking la Loy for a date. She adores concert music. You'll find, too, that she's one of those girls who take a lot of knowing. She does everything in a quiet, well-ordered manner, and keeps her social engagements, her business affairs, and even her thoughts neatly pigeon-holed.

And you'll find yourself hunting under the bureau for a lost stud, putting the Philharmonic tickets in your waistcoat pocket, and making sure you can cover the check at that very exclusive restaurant—as you start off for an evening of "Loy and Larnin'!"

Just for contrast, a bachelor might call next on Carole Lombard. "Very gay intelligentsia," he'll discover her to be, ready for anything from hamburgers to crepe suzettes!

Carole, you see, frankly admits that she's just a leetle bit insane. But divinely so, her friends insist. Remember, originality is the keynote of this beautiful girl's personality. Adapt yourself to the circumstances, or you'll be the victim.

Probably you'll find Carole in her playroom, which itself expresses her craving for the unusual. The bar and piano are done in blue and pink plaid. If you wear a dinner jacket, don't be surprised to find yourself changing a tire half way to Palm Springs—just because the lady decided to drop in at the Dunes for a midnight sandwich and a spin at roulette.

You can't put your finger on this tantalizing star, and that's why [Continued on page 72]

“WHO’S HERE?”



Photos by Jerome Zerbe

Madame Francis, the dressmaker, and Mary Pickford on the famous zebra seat at the El Morocco.



Raquel Torres celebrates a birthday with vegetables.

ZEBRA-STRIPED cushions and backrests distinguish the famous El Morocco Club, one of the favorite haunts of the celluloid celebs when they come to Broadway, and perhaps you'd like to know more about this spot and others like it, where the cinema stars relax between flickers. Although the Third Avenue Elevated trains are within a stone's throw of El Morocco, on East 54th Street, this is one of the town's swankier spots. Unless you are a movie star, a millionaire's son or a Broadway columnist, it is doubtful that you will even get past the argus-eyed doorman, and it is 100 to 1 that the headwaiter will seat you in the kitchen, in the improbable event that the doorman lets you get past him.

Dolores Del Rio, Clark Gable, Max Baer, Loretta Young, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Lawrence and every other celebrity you can mention has ringside-tabled at this spot. Sooner or later, every Page 1 figure in the country passes through the doorway, for El Morocco has a certain tone and air to it that commands the illustrious.

Perona, the owner, is a magnificent showman. He is the Ernst Lubitsch of supper club operators, as subtle in achieving his effect as the great German. Italian by birth, and temperament, he offers excellent liquor and a room that is atmospheric, and commands fabulous prices. It is the only supper club in New York that does not offer a floor show. There are two bands, an American band and a rhumba band, the strip of dance floor is often blotted out entirely by the encroachments of tables but the celebs beg and barter with the headwaiter to gain admission. So I say that this Italian-born operator of El Morocco is a genius.

Into this long narrow room, lined with its zebra-striped cushions and lounges, and Moroccan to the additional extent of the palm trees that line the walls, come Countess Barbara Hutton Reventlow, the Woolworth Donahue crowd of youngsters, Mae Murray, Lili Damita, Harold Shattuck, of the Schrafft millions, Countess Dorothy di Frasso, Cary Grant, Jack Dempsey, Rudy Vallee, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond and hundreds of others. It is the focal point of all the South American millionaires and Cuban millionaires, for Perona speaks their language. When Michael Farmer was laid up in the American Hospital at Paris, it was to El Morocco that he first cabled, for he knew that was the quickest way to broadcast his message to the world.

It is an exciting, exhilaratingly smart atmosphere that attracts all of us stay-up-at-laters to this Chateau Zebra. Here you will find the town's greatest beauties and the town's finest rhumba dancers. Young Mary Rogers, Betty Furness, Jayne Shaddock Topping, Anita Couston and Mary Kirk Brown toss the rhumba here with a suavity that beggars description. Here will be found the town's prettiest girls, and perhaps that's the answer to its success, for it is legend that if the women want to go to a certain club, their escorts will go along with them, willingly or not. Certain it is that the subdued, almost bluish light which Perona has perfected finds favor with the women. Movie stars love that soft lighting which colors their orchids a purplish hue, removes the lines from under their eyes, brings out the throbbing color of their lipsticks and makes their jewels gleam as though they'd been ignited by a thousand fires.

Not, mind you, that El Morocco is always in soft, purplish mood. It was here one night, before Max Baer lost his champion-



Clark Gable always visits El Morocco when in New York City.

ship, that Eddie McCarthy, New York A. C. heavyweight boxer, dared Baer to step outside with him and trade right hand punches. It was here too that Herbert Marshall equalled Paddock's sprinting records in chasing a cameraman who had sneaked in and grabbed a flash-light picture of Marshall and Gloria Swanson sitting with "Sport" Ward. It was here one night that a Cuban señorita, burned up at Mary Kirk Brown, deliberately danced into her and knocked her into the ringside tables. Like Grand Hotel, the Perona club offers excitement and adventure of an evening, for where you have wine, gorgeous women and youthful escorts, you also have jealousies and left hooks.

The club owes its astounding popularity to Perona, of course. But a society lad, Bill Plankinton, who brought his millions and an enthusiasm for amateur photography to New York from Milwaukee, has been as much responsible as the Broadway columns and the society columns. Wealthy and social, he used to take pictures of his society pals in El Morocco for his own amusement and theirs. Some enterprising city editor, learning of this, commissioned him to make some pictures for him. As a result, the club got tremendous publicity, and because of Plankinton's connections, he got pictures that no other cameraman could rival. He not only aided Perona tremendously; he also did more than any one person to break down the unwritten law against photographers in the smarter spots. Today there is no novelty to a photog exploding a flashlight in any of the night clubs, but when the Milwaukee youngster started it, it was an unheard-of thing.

Famous "21," on West 52d Street, is another favorite rendezvous of the movie colony when it migrates east. This spot takes its

ASKS Ed Sullivan

Checking Up On The Stars
At Play In New York City



At left, Lily Damita and her husband, Errol (Captain Blood) Flynn.

Billy Riviere, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller seeing and being seen.



Beneath the synthetic palms at El Morocco is Rudy Vallee, Marilyn Miller and Adrienne Ames.



Acme

At Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, Jack and Mrs. Dempsey entertain Pat O'Brien.



At the Savoy Plaza Lounge, Mary Boland, Hassard Short and Dwight Fiske.



A candid camera shot of Jeanette MacDonald at the Central Park Casino.

attractive name from the street address, and it is partially screened by high, iron fences. Three steps, leading down from the sidewalk, bring you to the entrance of a typical old-fashioned New York residence. A narrow foyer leads into a hallway, and to the left are the winding stairs that carry you upstairs to the dining rooms.

Like Perona, the proprietors of "21" flourished during prohibition, and because of strong protection from the Federal

agents, developed a class speakeasy into an institution. Jack and Charlie are the guiding spirits, and by out-snobbing the snobs, and serving fine food and liquor, they built up an aura of exclusiveness that was just too, too devious in its effect on the gate receipts. It was this place that outsmarted the prohibition agents by floating their liquor from floor to floor in secret elevators on the infrequent occasions of raids. By anchoring the elevators between floors, Jack and Charlie outwitted the Feds completely. The last night that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were in town, I had dinner with them here. Near us sat Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, across the room were Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur and Gene Fowler. Downstairs were Joe Schenck, Lewis Milestone and other cinema notables. This is the favorite meeting place of Jack Warner, Ann Alvarado Warner and other couples, for it is exclusive.

The Versailles, the House of Morgan, [Continued on page 73]

The BUSIEST GIRL IN Hollywood

It Turns Out That The Reason
Time Flies Is To Keep Up With
Claudette Colbert

By Ruth
Rankin



She takes an interest in her new garden and selects the trees.



Just because Charlie Ruggles' white champion poodle matches her black one, Claudette poses for a publicity still.



At work, the waking scene in "The Bride Comes Home."



"THE more you have to do, the more you can do." That might be Claudette Colbert's motto—if she has ever stopped long enough to think up one. I have an idea she would rather live a motto than put it in words.

There is always a temptation to lapse into platitudes and mention "the pace that kills" in any story about persons who live at concert pitch—but it wouldn't work here. Claudette looks too healthy. She is a vital young woman who keeps all her minutes filled and would pine away with boredom at inactivity.

Take our recent holiday season, now happily over. The frenzy was rather intense in all quarters. Checking up on addresses for your Christmas cards (funny how you never know your best friend's street

number, isn't it?) and shopping like a mad-woman, not to mention all the family coming for dinner, probably had you in a pretty fancy dither . . . But these simple little trials were not enough for la Colbert. Oh no, too easy—she could go to the head of the class on these with one hand tied behind her, blind-folded.

She went out and got married, too. Topping Santa Claus, you might say. And that isn't all. She moved into a new house on Christmas eve with her new husband, all in one fell swoop.

And within the same twenty four hours that all this happened, she also had a story conference on her new picture, handled dozens of clamoring reporters with neatness and dispatch—and bought a new hat.

Picture yourself on the evening of the twenty-third of December, with hundreds of Christmas presents which you insist upon wrapping, personally. And Claudette does wrap a beautiful package. There, striding about the place with a look of grim determination, is the handsome doctor

you have promised to marry any minute—and he takes it literally.

It occurs to you suddenly—the best things always occur suddenly—how charming it would be to enter your new house as a bride! And have Christmas dinner there!

The fact that the new house has no furniture in it as yet scarcely slows you up at all. An enchanting picture—but all in two days? Can it be done? Certainly it can be—by Claudette.

To complicate matters a bit more, a local paper came out on the twenty-third with the news that Claudette and Dr. Pressman were going to be married *that* day, so she put in quite a lot of time denying it over the telephone to millions of reporters and people who were just interested. But it gave her an idea . . .

She decided the *next* day was a fine time to be married since everybody seemed to be in the mood anyway, and it would be Christmas, and she could be carried over the threshold of her new house, a bride.

Everything was going to work out just dandy, only she had to have a new hat.

Immediately, no doubt sensing her plans, a delegation arrived from the studio for a story conference. These things never

stop for a mere wedding. And Claudette is enormously concerned about the story because she doesn't want to play another frivolous rôle right away. She feels she shouldn't be typed and is anxious to make a serious picture. The story under consideration was Booth Tarkington's "Turmoil," really a man's story. The idea was to change the action to center about a woman, and make her the principal character. After considerable discussion pro and con, they decided it wouldn't work. The delegates returned to the studio to think up something else and there was Claudette, with two hours of her day gone and no hat . . .

Meantime feverish activity was taking place at the new house. Claudette was still in the old Roxbury Drive address, being set on crossing the new steps as a bride. But a bride has to have something new, you know, or it isn't legal, or, anyway, that's how brides seem to feel about it. Hence the hat. She was all set to break away in the town car—when a frantic message arrived from Holmby Hills. The plumbing leaked!

What to do, what to do. Claudette did it. She sent out S.O.S.'s for plumbers, and all the tile had to be ripped up from her mother's beautiful bathroom—news which might have dampened the ardor of a lot of women, but not our heroine.

She was half a block away, millinery-bent, when a frantic servant waved her back screaming, "the boiler, madame, the boiler." Uh huh, it was the boiler.

It seems a very modest contractor had caused to be placed in the new house a hot-water boiler of the capacity to accommodate *two* baths. Two, count 'em. In going over the family census, it had at that moment been discovered that four family members and four servants were to live in the house, and all of them enjoyed bathing.

Claudette connected with the contractor and we now hit a lapse of ten minutes during which she explained to him in simple elemental words just what she thought of a boiler built for two . . .

To resume the story again, after this interval, Claudette walked out and got into



Claudette and Fred MacMurray have a bite of lunch on the set.



A birthday, a cake and time out for a photograph.

Rehearsing a song with Sam Coslow, composer.

her car and drove to town and bought a hat. She actually did. She also bought ten more Christmas presents with lightning decision, on her way to and from the millinery department—and arrived back in the Roxbury house within an hour.

There she wrapped presents, had her hair and nails done, and talked to fourteen more reporters. A major casualty came in from the new house—her pet oak tree, the beautiful one, had failed to take root and survive. She called several nurseries before she located one which had a similar tree, and made a note to go out and see it later in the week.

Every tree and every bit of shrubbery for the new landscaping has been selected personally. And she has found the time,

somehow, to make a study of various kinds of trees and to visit dozens of nurseries, some distance outside of town.

By this time she had all the presents for the family and immediate friends wrapped and tagged. Things were going very smoothly, too smoothly. She wanted action.

No definite time to be married had been decided upon until now, and at midnight Claudette thought it would be a nice idea to be married on the following day. At one A.M. she notified the press to that effect. She had the hat, so why not?

Claudette makes instantaneous decisions—and to be married in California with the three-day law would hold up the ceremony until after Christmas. And after her recent flying experiences to San Francisco, when she was mobbed by reporters, flying was out. They would drive!

By this time she was a trifle edgy and beginning to stammer, that being what happens when she is excited. So she refused to talk with anyone else on the telephone since they couldn't understand her anyway. She packed a small bag to take on the trip—and went to bed at two A.M. She got up at four thirty, still A.M., and started at five on what turned out to be a fifteen-hour trip.

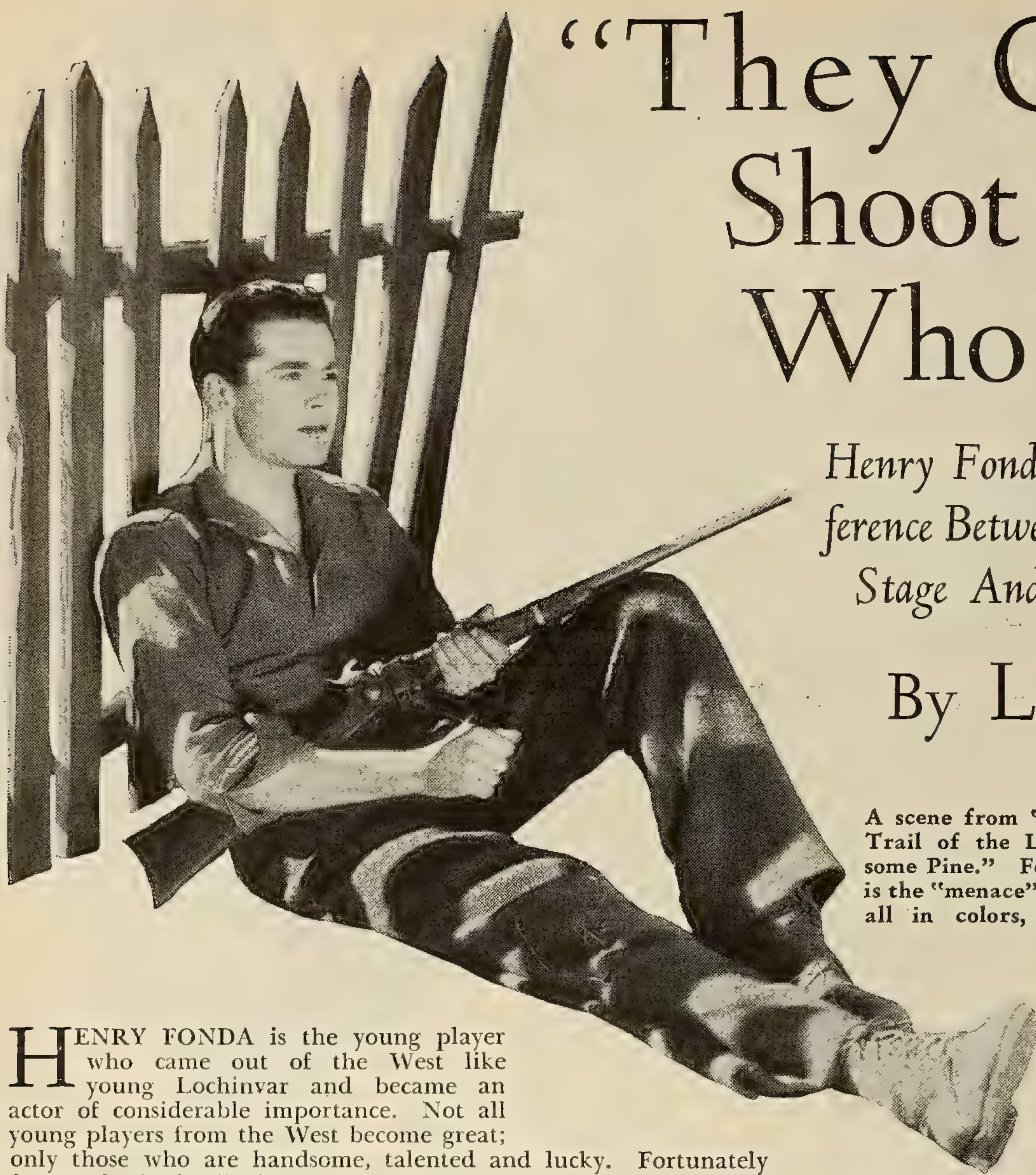
And so she became Mrs. Joel Pressman.

Christmas dinner took place in the Colbert-Pressman ménage on Christmas evening just as scheduled, and everyone had a chair to sit on. Don't ask me how it was done. It was simply one of those major miracles that can be accomplished only by screen stars who have so much to do they get it all done.

On usual days, when Claudette is making a picture, she gets up at six-thirty or

(Continued on page 59)

A Travis Banton costume requires that she pose for a fashion still. The dress is light blue crepe, two-piece, kerchief at shoulder and a pert pancake hat.



"They Ought To Shoot Actors Who Mug!"

Henry Fonda Tells The Difference Between Acting For The Stage And For The Screen

By Lenore Samuels

A scene from "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Fonda is the "menace" and all in colors, too.

And the critics even mentioned me in their reviews. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. . . . I sent all the reviews home to my people, in Omaha. You see, when I first came to New York I would wire them every time I thought I had a break. And every time I did this something would happen and the thing would fall through. I got tired of disappointing them so I stopped mentioning any of my assignments until they actually existed. They were tickled pink to read the reviews that mentioned me. But they were swell about my bad

HENRY FONDA is the young player who came out of the West like young Lochinvar and became an actor of considerable importance. Not all young players from the West become great; only those who are handsome, talented and lucky. Fortunately for Fonda, he is all of these.

In his luxurious apartment at the Hotel Gotham in New York, he sat back comfortably, cigarette held between long slim fingers, and pondered upon the fate which shapes a man's destiny. "It didn't happen over night," he assured me, "this luck that I'm enjoying now. Oh-h, no! Not by a long shot. It took eight years in New York before I even got my name on a Broadway program. I understudied or simply played walk-on parts so frequently that as time went on I began to feel like a ghost. I was nobody. Not even a name.

"Of course, in the summer, it was different. Then I played in summer stock, first at Dennis, Mass., and then at Falmouth. It was great fun, and great experience, too. A number of the boys from Yale and Harvard who were taking up play-writing and acting as a profession would come over to these summer stock companies to gain actual knowledge of the theatre and we all had a marvellous time. Three of the fellows I knew then are out in Hollywood with me now. We share a house together. They're getting along fine, too."

The telephone interrupted him. It was Robert Milton calling. He wanted Fonda to have a cocktail with him at the Lotus Club and talk over a play about Abraham Lincoln in which he was interested. Fonda graciously accepted the invitation, but when he hung up he turned to me and said: "Who's Milton? And what's the Lotus Club?"

I felt like shouting: "You innocent!" but I caught myself just in time and explained that Robert Milton was one of the more important of our highbrow producers and that the Lotus Club was one of the most exclusive rendezvous of the cultured aristocrats of this our humble city.

"Whew-w!" came from Mr. Fonda's awe-struck lips but I could see that he wasn't impressed at all.

After another telephone call concerning his radio broadcast for the following evening, he was free to reminisce once more.

"The first time I got my name on any program was in 'New Faces,' a musical revue."

"Do you sing?" I queried in surprise.

"No. And I don't dance either. I just played a stooge. You know . . . ?"

I assured him that I did. I hadn't been listening religiously to Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor programs for years without knowing what a stooge was. But it struck me a little queer just how Fonda fitted the role, and I said so.

Fonda smiled. "I must have made a pretty good stooge because they put my name on the program. I was no longer a ghost.

breaks, too."

After "New Faces" Fonda apparently went into obscurity again, an obscurity that appeared darker than it had before because he had now tasted, for only a brief moment, to be sure, the fruits of a minor success. Back to stock he went, this time to Mt. Kisco where he played the handsome young tutor in Molnar's "The Swan." Geoffrey Kerr played the Prince in this charming royal comedy, and it so happened that Kerr's wife, June Walker, sat in the audience on opening night. And she was tremendously impressed with Fonda's interpretation of the gentle, repressed young tutor. By some curious mental trick she pictured this same young actor in a role almost directly opposite from the one he was now playing so smoothly—a role in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," a rough and ready play of the Erie Canal region during the eighteen-fifties, in which she had already been cast as the wife.

"It's odd, but it was in this very room—and mind you, I had not asked for this suite when I came here last week—that Marc Connelly first read to me the script of 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.' He not only read it to me, he acted out all the parts himself. Really he should have been an actor, not a playwright or producer. I was so thrilled. . . . I still am whenever I think about it."

All of you who have followed the Broadway theatre remember that Fonda made an instantaneous hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and his name was not only in newspapers every day but was also on the lips of all those who love good acting.

Katharine Hepburn, who does a little something of her own out Hollywood way, was so impressed with Fonda as the farmer who took a wife that she completely sold him to her friend (some say he is her husband) Leland Heyward, who is a prominent theatrical agent. And Heyward lost no time in selling him in turn to Walter Wanger, one of Paramount's ace free lance producers.

"I really felt sorry for Wanger," Fonda confided. "He took me sight and sound unseen and unheard, just on the strength of Heyward's flattering recommendation. But I had already been tested by Paramount in New York, and had seen the results. They were terrible. I was so self-conscious, it was positively embarrassing.

"When I got out to Hollywood Wanger had nothing ready for me, so he loaned me to Fox when they decided to do 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.' Janet Gaynor was cast in the June Walker part, but June came out to Hollywood just to show her how the part was done on the stage. June even played with me in the tests made before the actual picture [Continued on page 66]

By
Liza



Miriam, remembering her success as *Lysistrata*, and believing that the Greeks had a style for it, too, drapes herself gracefully into this evening frock of shirred chiffon, copied from an old Grecian pattern.

“LA HOP”

*Miriam Hopkins Entertains The Intelligentsia, Our Interviewer
And Plans For Escape, All At The Same Time.*

A MIRIAM HOPKINS interview, dear ladies of the Wednesday afternoon club, is nothing more nor less than a social whirl. For those of you who have that craving for gay people who are here today and gone to the South of France tomorrow, for brilliant repartee about Elsa Maxwell and Gertrude Stein, for champagne and caviar, and for madness—oh utter delightful madness—I heartily recommend an interview with Miriam Hopkins.

Ah me, I can remember when there wasn't a Miriam Hopkins interview in my life—things were pretty dull then with nothing better than a chicken dinner as a *pièce de resistance*. It all started one September morning (whatever became of September Morn?) of the late 1935 when I contemplated with dour sorrow a drab fall and winter of commonplaceness, little reckoning that Fate was about to take a hand and transform me, the Mouse, into a gay party girl, with vine leaves in my hair.

The hand that Fate took was in the form of an assignment from my New York editor, requesting a story on Miriam Hopkins wherein she should talk freely about men and marriage, and love and life, and glamour and goo, with anecdotes. And just to show you how dumb I am about opportunity, when I read that assignment I said, “Oh, hell.” In fact my entire outlook on Miriam Hopkins had been one of oh hell.

I had heard that La Hop was “difficult,” that she was terrifically arty, that she wanted no truck with interviewers and their truck, and that she considered fan writers something considerably less than the dust beneath the feet of Wheeler and Woolsey. I was

so scared at the very idea of interviewing Miriam Hopkins that I put it off for two weeks, thereby delaying my social whirl for a fortnight, and practically getting fired, which has nothing to do with my social whirl but was because a deadline passed.

Suffering with the worst case of star-fright I have ever had I finally found myself in the Hopkins living room at Santa Monica wiggling my finger in the cushions and wondering whether Miriam would hurl the Rodin statue or the Ming vase at me when I asked her, “Who are the men in your life?” But I never got a chance to ask that question—or any question—for suddenly Miriam popped into the room with Ben Wasson, writer, Jean Negulesco, artist, Jack Kirkland, playwright, and the fun began.

“You two girls ought to like each other,” Ben began after the introductions, “you are both from Georgia, you are both little Southern gals. Liza owns a mountain in Georgia near Tallulah Falls.” (It's only a slug of a mountain but far be it from me not to take credit for the entire mountain.)

“My grandmother's name was Tallulah,” said Miriam giving me the most cordial handshake I have ever had. “It was formerly an Indian name, wasn't it, but more recently has been usurped by the Bankheads of Alabama. What are you doing for Thanksgiving? I'm having a few people in for dinner, would you like to come?”

The invitation was somewhat of a shock, coming as it did from the “difficult” La Hop who wanted no truck with interviewers, and I had barely recovered my sense of speech before merry people

just crammed with smart talk started popping in for tea and cocktails and I suddenly found myself in the midst of a gay cocktail hour. Merle Oberon drank tea and was sweet and gracious, while her fiance and faithful follower, David Niven, took up with a scotch and soda and told wonderful cockney stories. Rouben Mamoulian, the director and he who went to Arizona with Garbo, discussed "Porgy and Bess." Max Ree, designer, discussed costume designing with Richard Day, art director, and Walter Wanger, producer, discussed "Wuthering Heights" with Austin Parker, author, who used to be Miriam's husband. Countess di Frasso went into raves over her new masseuse and Salka Viertel waxed enthusiastic over a new treatment of "Camille." And everywhere, the gayest of the gay, the maddest of the mad, showing her adopted son Michael's latest pictures one minute and imitating Major Bowes introducing Susan Sickenbill of Newark the next minute, was Miriam.

"I'm so afraid you didn't get a story," said Miriam oh so impishly contrite as she showed me to the door, "I had no idea all these people would drop in. Though I must have invited them, oh I am sure I invited them. Let's see what's today? Tuesday? I tell you what you do, darling, you have breakfast with me Sunday morning. We'll eat scrambled eggs and drink coffee, oh cups and cups of black coffee, and we can talk and I'll answer all your questions. Goodbye, it was so sweet of you to come."

Sunday morning I ate Miss Hopkins' scrambled eggs and drank cups and cups of black coffee—along with dozens of other people. But along about four o'clock, with another mad cocktail hour staring me in the face, my conscience began to hurt, and I managed to corner the volatile Miriam for just a fraction of a second. "What do you think of a star marrying—" I began.

"It's all right if she doesn't marry in Yuma," Miriam said. "Yuma marriages and Hollywood funerals are the things I loathe most. I've always wanted to be quoted as saying that."

"It's a cinch," I said. "Would you marry again if—"

"There's James Hilton," Miriam interrupted, "Have you met James Hilton? Really, you must meet James Hilton. Oh, yes—about the interview—" and Miriam gave me a satirical smile which I simply adored—"I tell you what you do, darling, you come early Thanksgiving, before anybody gets here, and I'll tell you everything I know about marriage. Now come meet James Hilton."

We won't go in to Thanksgiving. We'll just skip it. Omigosh, why did I have to bring that up. With five bucks of my money on his nose *Skip It* played a perfect game of follow the leader at the Santa Anita track last week.

By this time you may be sure that the Goldwyn publicity office was getting a bit annoyed by it all. It was their business to "sell" Hopkins. Hopkins was "sold" as far as I was concerned, but how could I write a story when she had never actually given me an interview (that's my story and I'm stuck with it.) So, said the Goldwyn publicity department, we'll arrange for you to have lunch with Miriam in her dressing room next week. (At that time Miriam was playing *Martha Dobie* in "These Three" at the Goldwyn studio where she is under contract.) I arrived at Miriam's dressing room—a beautiful apartment no less—on the appointed day and at the appointed hour, and wasn't a bit surprised when I found a young writer sitting on Miriam's couch, sipping Miriam's sherry and waiting to have lunch with Miriam. No, I wasn't surprised at finding him, what really surprised me was the fact that there weren't six others.

"Oh, I hope you don't mind Ben being here," Miriam said dashing in from the set, "I started to call you and ask you if you minded Ben and then I forgot it. What are you doing for Christmas, darling? I'm having a few friends in for dinner and

I do wish you would drop in? Did Ben tell you what Michael said yesterday? He's too young to know about Santa Claus yet, he's still only a baby, but everyone has been asking him lately, 'Michael, what's Santa Claus going to bring you for Christmas?' so yesterday he grabbed me around the neck with his chubby little arms, the darling, and said, 'Mummy, who is Sammy Krauss?' See, that's what you get for bringing your child up in Hollywood. Michael thinks Santa Claus is only another producer." I doubled with laughter. Little Michael confusing Santa Claus with Sam Goldwyn seemed just awfully funny to me.

Well, my dear, you have no idea how furious the publicity department was when they walked in and found Miriam and Ben and me simply convulsed over something that would never rate space in a fan magazine. In feigned sorrow I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, "No interview," I sighed.

"H'mmmmm," they h'mmmmed, "Suppose then you come over to the set with Miss Hopkins and perhaps between scenes you will be able to interview her."

Well, I knew Miriam well enough to know that this was safe. Miriam would never be able to give me an interview on the set because when Miriam works she works, she puts her whole mind and soul and body into the character she is playing, and there's no foolin'. I couldn't possibly get an interview and thereby end my social season (gosh, I'm no fool) and besides I was sort of eager to see what Mr. Goldwyn's little boys and girls were making out of Lillian Hellman's famous "Children's Hour," the most sensational play on Broadway last year, and, incidentally closed in Boston by the Purity League only a month ago.

On the set were Merle Oberon, who plays *Karen Wright*, and the ever faithful David Niven who also has a Goldwyn contract after his good work in "Splendor." Funny thing about Merle and David. When cute little Miss Oberon landed in Hollywood it was decided at once that she must have a "heart interest" so one of the smart boys of the press or the publicity department picked out David simply because he was English and eligible. Merle and David didn't know each other but they kept reading in the newspapers that they were madly in love with each other. Eventually they met—and now they are madly in love with each other—and I don't think

it's just to keep from making liars out of the gossip columnists. Oh no.

Of course the talk of the studio, indeed, the talk of the town, has been the continued friendship between Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon. Both Miriam and Merle are big stars and when both of them, at their own request, were cast for the same picture the studio went into a fine case of the jitters. There'll be fireworks, they prophesied, Miriam will upstage Merle, and Merle will demand more close-ups than Miriam, and hell will pop loose. Two famous women stars just can't co-star in the same picture. It just isn't natural. They'll fight like cats. Oh me, oh my! Thus spake the studio.

But the picture is practically finished now, and not once has there been the slightest dissension between the two stars. Miriam and Merle are just as friendly today as they were when Miriam met Merle at the boat in New York and threw a party for her just in case she might be home-sick. And of course to make it all the harder there are rumors going around town that Merle and Miriam will both be candidates for the Academy Award this year—Merle for her role in "The Dark Angel" and Miriam for "Barbary Coast"—and if that can't bring out a bit of jealousy I don't know what can.

Also on the set was Joel McCrea who is one swell guy and still, despite all nasty rumors to the contrary, most happily married to Frances Dee. The second McCrea heir arrived early in December and is named David and looks [Continued on page 75]



Joel McCrea is the man in "These Three," and at home his three are happy little Frances Dee and two of the better type babies.

"24 AND VERY FICKLE!"

Bob Taylor Postpones The Day
For The Ball And Chain.

By Leon Surmelian

"THE BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936" and "The Magnificent Obsession" shot Robert Taylor to the front rank of the romantic brigade. His reputation is certain to increase with "Small Town Girl," in which he plays opposite Janet Gaynor. Bob is getting more fan mail than any other player at M-G-M—an astounding record. He is tops with an ever-increasing number of feminine fans, and his employers consider him their next Clark Gable.

This Pomona lad who made good in the fillums is perilously good looking—a superbly tailored regular guy. He carries himself with the same naturalness and dignity that characterize his screen rôles. Long legged, vital and vibrant, he has the thoroughbred quality of a race horse. He has the eternal appeal of youth, still fresh and blooming, his spreading wings untouched by the tempests of life. Bob was born under a lucky star, and has no story of starvation and the other traditional terrors of the theatrical profession behind him.

His father, Dr. S. A. Brugh, was a physician. He died three months before Bob entered pictures. The Brughs belonged to the plutocracy of the Nebraska hinterlands. They moved to California a few years ago, and Bob completed his college course at Pomona, an institution noted for its scholastic and other standards, and commonly referred to as the Oxford of the West. He distinguished himself in tennis and dramatics, and I suppose, in the art of breaking hearts. Music is one of his passions. He sings, plays the cello, and can bang the piano with a flourish. His hobby is collecting sweaters of various styles and colors, and he owns enough of them to open a sweater shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

Bob landed a studio contract while he was still in college. He was spotted by a movie scout in a student production, "Journey's End," to be exact, and rushed to Hollywood for a screen test. He returned to college to complete the remaining months of his course, after which Oliver Hindsell, M-G-M dramatic coach, took charge of him.

"My contract wasn't anything to rave about so far as the money side was concerned," he said, as we retired to a quiet office at M-G-M for this interview. "But it offered me every opportunity in the world if I made good. 'Handy Andy' was the first picture I played in. I had the juvenile lead opposite Mary Carlisle. 'Society Doctor' gave me my first real chance before the camera. It brought me favorable notices and boosted me from a salary of \$35 a week to—well, several times that figure.

"Of course, when

Bob Taylor and
Janet Gaynor in
"Small Town Girl."



Blue eyes, brown hair, a gay smile and a lot of luck—that's Bob Taylor.

I first came to the studio I was greatly excited. It had an air of immense power, magic and mystery about it.

Uniformed policemen stood at the gates, and in the front office quiet-voiced, athletic young men handled a battery of telephones. But today, this same studio is very much like a college campus to me, and I can't honestly say that I feel any different than I did at Pomona. A new picture is just like taking an examination in college.

"I feel as if I am taking a post graduate course in Hollywood. A post-graduate course not only in my own profession, but the greater school of life. The studio is a combination of school and factory to me. And in Hollywood I have been able to observe, if I may say so, life in the raw. I have seen what lies behind its coating of tinsel. I am just finding my way around and have a lot to learn yet, but I know a thing or two about Hollywood I didn't know when I first came here.

"There are many pitfalls in this profession: Overconfidence, dissipation, too many pictures in rapid succession, unnecessary extravagance, bad advice, bad publicity.

"Success came to me overnight. In any other business it would have taken me from ten to fifteen years to get anywhere. I have a feeling of financial security much earlier in life than I could have had otherwise. I have had my share of fame. The temptation of developing an exaggerated opinion of one's own merits, powers and endowments is too great. We actors are notoriously vain. But actor as I am, I like to view things objectively, and try to maintain that same objective attitude toward myself. I don't think I am very conceited. I feel quite confident about the present, but not about the future. There is always the possibility of somebody stepping into my shoes before I realize it.

"Picture work makes terrific demands on one's physical endurance and nervous stability. Any dissipation on top of that is sure to have disastrous results.

"The mistake of too many pictures in rapid succession is obvious. It takes time and preparation to play a part well. And no matter how good an actor is, people will get tired of him if they see him too often.

"I have a natural weakness for extravagance. I buy a lot of things I don't need. I have a huge wardrobe, and keep buying clothes I'll never wear. I'm afraid I have never learned the value of money. I haven't had many tough breaks in my life. In college, while my dad was alive, I had, for a student, plenty of money to spend, and drove my own car. [Continued on page 66]

BEATING ABOUT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

*And A Spot Of Tea,
Old Fellow—Dash It All!*

"The Ghost Goes West" called Jean Parker to England, and Jean thoroughly enjoyed her trip.

WELL, now that hi de ho Hollywood has gone heigh-ho for Merrie England and every boat leaving New York takes a fresh batch of movie stars to King George's Shepherd's Bush (and Queen Mary's, too, I guess), I think it behooves us Yankee fans to get hep to the quaint goings-on in those British studios—why the first thing we know we'll be embarrassingly "dated." Just the other day I heard that the English fans are fairly dancing rings around us in the art of snaring star autographs. Our own racket, too.

Of course, ever since the sensational success of "Henry the Eighth," "Catherine of Russia," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "39 Steps" and "Transatlantic Tunnel" we have been frightfully English cinema-conscious, so much so in fact that we are practically on pins and needles to see the latest London Films production, "The Ghost Goes West." That picture starring Robert Donat (and please don't say Dough-nut for I really couldn't stand it) and our own cute little Jean Parker is being anticipated in Hollywood with just as much eagerness and curiosity as a Garbo picture, and I, who have always considered a Garbo premiere as being synonymous with Christmas, never thought I would live to see that happen.

Yes, definitely, now is the time to look into this situation. Do our stars like London better than Hollywood? What's the difference in working in studios there and here? How do the British fans react to our stars, or do they? Well, I always say when you've got questions to ask you might as well ask them and get them off your chest, so I left my cozy fireside one day recently and ambled through a low fog (rain to you, but not to California) over to the Columbia studios where Mr. Richard Dix was giving his all to the airmail in a little number called "Devil's Squadron." Dix was borrowed from R-K-O last summer by Gaumont-British to star in the highly successful "Transatlantic Tunnel" and Dix should know a thing or two about English film making and autograph seekers. Dix did. Jumping in and out of the cockpit of his plane, which never really took off, and ducking propellers Richard Dix gave me his most winning smile (I love his smile, don't you?) and between jumpings and duckings tossed me a gay but disjointed account of his trip to Merrie England.

"The studios in England work without hurry," Dix said, making a face at the director (who had just snapped at him, "Faster this time, Dix. Get the lead out of your pants.") "There's never any feeling of being high-pressured. They are after results and if it takes two hours instead of the scheduled five minutes, that's okay with them. All the time I was in England I never once heard an assistant director yap, 'You're holding up production. Every minute you're late costs the company five thousand dollars.' Minutes aren't so expensive in England it seems—"

"Hey, Dix," yelled the assistant director with a glare at me, "You're holding up production. Every minute costs—"

"Yeah, I know," said Dix and began ducking the propeller again, and again, and, honey, again while the camera shot it from every angle. "See what I mean," he said to me as he flopped down beside me on a mail bag full of letters that would never get any place, "if this had been England that young man would have said very sweetly and very politely, 'Shall we start this scene, Mr. Dix?' Not only are they polite to the stars but they are just as careful of the feelings of the electricians. In England it's 'Would you mind moving that lamp, old boy?' And 'old boy' would say, 'Certainly, sir' all very casual-like. I also noticed the class distinctions, even on the set. A man may be only an assistant to the assistant director, but if he is 'to the manor born' he is



treated with great deference—his opinions are most important. He may be just a worker but he's a gentleman and consequently entitled to the utmost respect. Imagine that on our sets. Why over here no one gets any respect—certainly not the star," Dix added as an impetuous young prop man yanked the mail bag from under us and we went into a nose dive.

"I was also interested in the time taken off for tea and refreshments," Dix continued. "Every afternoon at four huge trays were wheeled in with tea, cakes and small English pastries, and everyone from the director down to the most insignificant workman would help themselves. Being an American I



Madge Evans was recognized in the streets of London and pursued by girls on bicycles. Topping, what!

found it most amusing the way they'd call the big huskies on the crew from the catwalks and parallels: 'Tea, Hugh—Tea, Horace—Tea, Nelson' and the big bruisers who looked like they'd never go for anything less than a straight slug of gin would come scam-

pering down and make a fuss over their tea, and gracefully balance their cups just like a scene in a Noel Coward comedy."

Another thing that impressed Dix was the autograph seekers. He says that the American variety are just a bunch of amateurs compared with their English cousins. The fans would gather at the gates of the studio in huge mobs and he couldn't get in or out without wading through them by the hundreds. The first Sunday he was in England he left his hotel for a ride in the country and he hadn't gone more than two blocks when he noticed that his taxi was being followed by two hundred or more people. "Where's the fire?" he shouted to the driver. "My word, sir, hit's no fire, sir. Hit's you sir," responded the driver. Dix is most enthusiastic about English films. He thinks the crew and the technical staff are not what they eventually will be, but they are working in the right direction, with steady improvement,

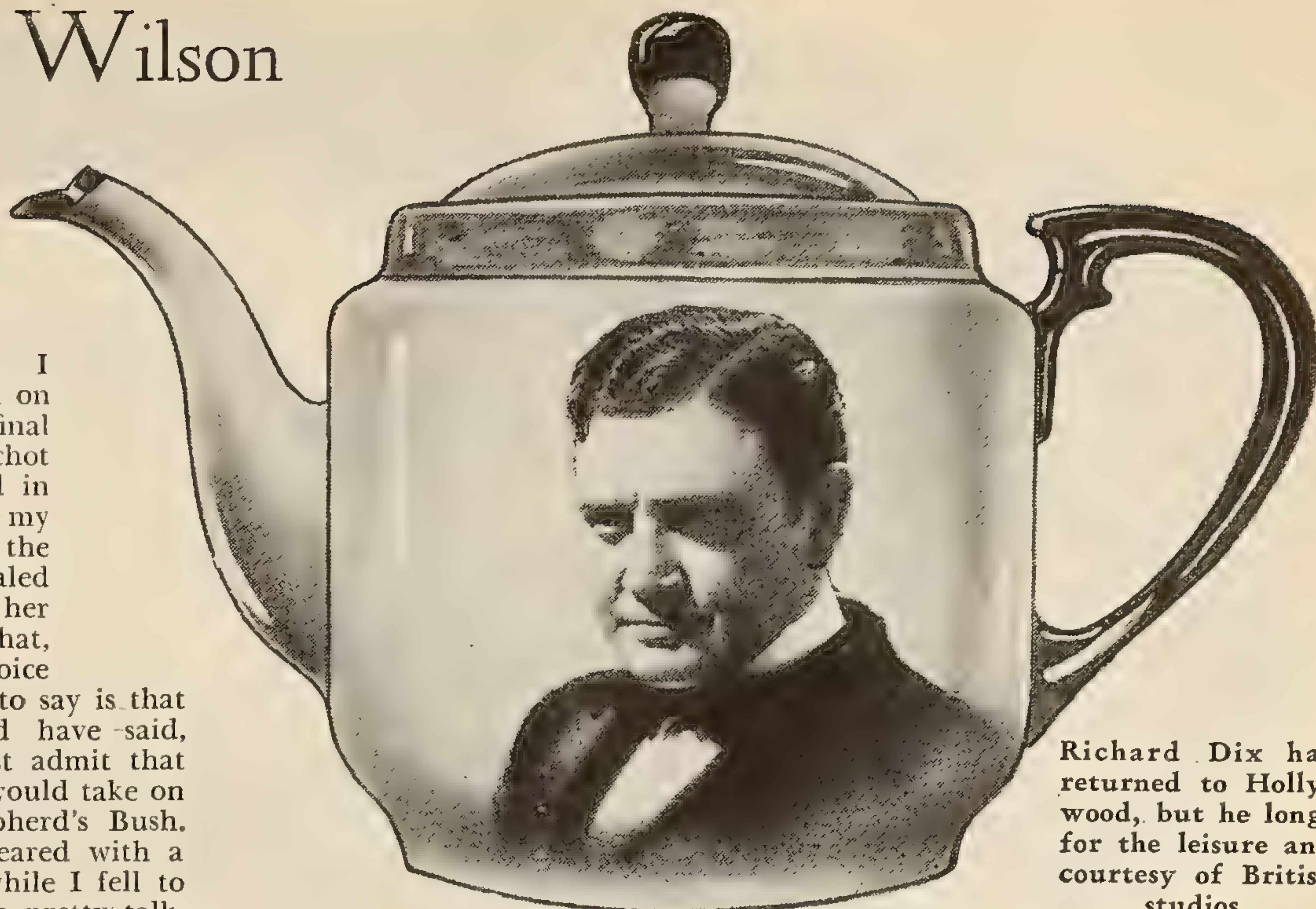
By Elizabeth Wilson

toward the making of increasingly fine pictures.

Madge Evans, who was borrowed from Metro for "Transatlantic Tunnel" also, was my second victim. I found her lunching in her dressing room on the Metro lot, where she was in the final throes of "Exclusive Story" with Franchot Tone and Stu Erwin and an awful cold in her head. As soon as Madge heard my shuffling—I have feet that shuffle—in the corridor, she picked up the phone and dialed the commissary. "Charlie," she said to her favorite waiter, "Miss Wilson's here." "What, again?" I distinctly heard Charlie's voice echo over the phone. Well, all I've got to say is that if it had been England Charlie would have said, "Quite so. How charming," and I must admit that there are times when I wish Culver City would take on a bit of the old world courtesy of Shepherd's Bush. With good American haste Charlie appeared with a chicken sandwich and a coco cola, and while I fell to Madge decided to be a hostess and make pretty talk.

"If you were in England," Madge began, "—and thank heavens you aren't because it would be very lonely in my dressing room without you dropping in for lunch every day"—(Madge's graciousness I fear me was tinged with a bit of sarcasm) "if you were in England and ordered a chicken sandwich, you'd starve. I ordered one the first day I had lunch at the Gaumont studio and when it arrived it was the size of a monocle. I managed to make it last for three bites, but I had to be awfully dainty. The second day, inasmuch as it was terrifically hot and the middle of summer, I ordered a salad and iced tea just as I always do at home. That threw the waiter into a perfect dither. He looked at me as if I were the most insane young woman he had ever seen and then began to mumble that it would take several hours to prepare a salad, but maybe they could manage the iced tea.

"It seems that the English simply do not go in for cold things at noon and they have no idea of letting American movie stars upset their sacred customs. The iced tea arrived—quite hot. Quite disdainfully he poured it from the little teapot into a glass and then proceeded to set the glass in a bowl of ice and twirl it around like champagne in a wine



Richard Dix has returned to Hollywood, but he longs for the leisure and courtesy of British studios.



Jean Parker and Robert Donat, who were directed by the great Rene Clair in "The Ghost Goes West."

Helen Vinson is a favorite with the English as well as the American fans.

cooler. After a half hour of twirling it was still lukewarm. Later on, when I grew more courageous, I offered to show them in the studio restaurant how to make iced tea, so I had the waiter bring a pot of hot tea and a glass filled with ice and proceeded to pour the hot tea into the glass of ice with the most superior sneer on my face—when suddenly the glass cracked and hot tea and ice mingled clubbily in my lap. After that we just called the whole thing off.

"Well, the third day at the studio I decided to do as the English do and ordered one of their regular luncheons which consisted of barley broth, boiled mutton with caper sauce and boiled plum pudding. (Continued on page 68)





Wide World
(At top) Carole Lombard and Patsy Ruth Miller, who was in the money once upon a time.

Wide World

Joe E. Brown and Mrs. Brown. Joe has a stable.

Gary Cooper, ranch boy, loves horses although he has none running at the track.

They're Off To

Great Days For The Stars
At The Santa Anita Track.

EACH month of the year in hotchamachacha Hollywood the niftiest names-about-town go in a great big manner for some particular pet relaxation recipe. Suddenly a brand new craze is the current vogue for those spare stellar hours. These February days you're simply declassé if you aren't swanking it at the elegant Turf Club over Santa Anita way. Hollywood's buoyant boys and girls have discovered horse-racing!

It's all so dreadfully exciting. And so darn classy. To say nothing of furnishing you a swell opportunity to be palsy with your pet players.

Before I plunge into real facts on our fun formula for the nonce, I might add that Bbb-Bing Crosby also hangs out at this same ritzy clubhouse, and literally every hour between luncheon and dinner. He's on vacation all during the Santa Anita season, or until the first of March. What's more, in case you're a hussy, Dixie isn't always with him. She's one of the hold-outs who think there are a couple of other avocations besides going nutty over the nags. George Raft is frequently present, with his steady, lovely Virginia Pine.

You may be nursing a suspicion that horse-racing is a wee bit wicked. But I dare you to bring Aunt Emmy to Santa Anita and not have her go haywire with the thrilling de luxe divertissement that's on there daily. There's betting and plenty of it; yes. But it's handled with perfect honesty. The adding machines are automatic. Twenty million dollars will have been wagered in the fifty-eight day season this year, and of that the track itself retains only six percent. The state collects four percent as a tax, and the rest goes to the lucky ones who have figured the horses correctly.

There's no dirty work like in those Kentucky Derby melodramas you used to be bored with on the screen. No villainous jockeys crowd rivals while thundering in on the home stretch. And, while soap-boxing, this track at Santa Anita is judged the finest and most beautiful in the whole world. That's remembering even the fa-

mous foreign tracks, such as Ascot in England, Longchamps in France, and Palermo in the Argentine. A lot of the credit for this new super-setting for the sport of kings goes directly to Hollywood. Indeed, Hal Roach is president of the company which has built the million-and-a-half dollar plant. And surely the novel improvements have been induced by the stars' fondness for the latest in trimmings.

For instance, at Santa Anita there's a movie camera installed permanently at the starting position. It photographs the actual break of the horses, and if there's the slightest doubt of an equal getaway you can have an unquestioned decision in short order. Instead of the old flag waving to begin the races, a webbed cord is stretched across the nags' noses and they dash when this barrier is sprung and three bells above clang. Electric timing is used, the huge betting board is electrically checked so that you can see at a glance what the odds are and how much money is being bet on each horse, and then there's another local addition. The "camera eye" records the finish. So a horse really can win by a nostril. Well, practically!

It's an hour's drive from the center of the film colony to Santa Anita. You skirt Pasadena and that puts you in a different sphere. The ballyhooey that's a familiar routine fades and you're aware that you're getting into an atmosphere where wealth means delightful dignity, and not notorious splurging. A spin past millionaire San Marino and there, as you approach the village of Arcadia, you burst upon Hollywood's rendezvous.

The great grandstands, beyond the gardened lawns where the contending horses are paraded before each race beneath giant olive and orange trees, are a pastel green. The white, wrought-iron decorative trim is a gleaming white in the brilliant sunlight. The adjoining Turf Club building is similarly finished. And the huge oval, around which the most valuable of horses run, is a gorgeous carpet of lawn, dotted with gold and purple flowers. At each end a pair of sentinel palms majestically raise their heads

Clark Gable and "Beverly Hills." He gave the horse to Rhea, his wife, before they separated.

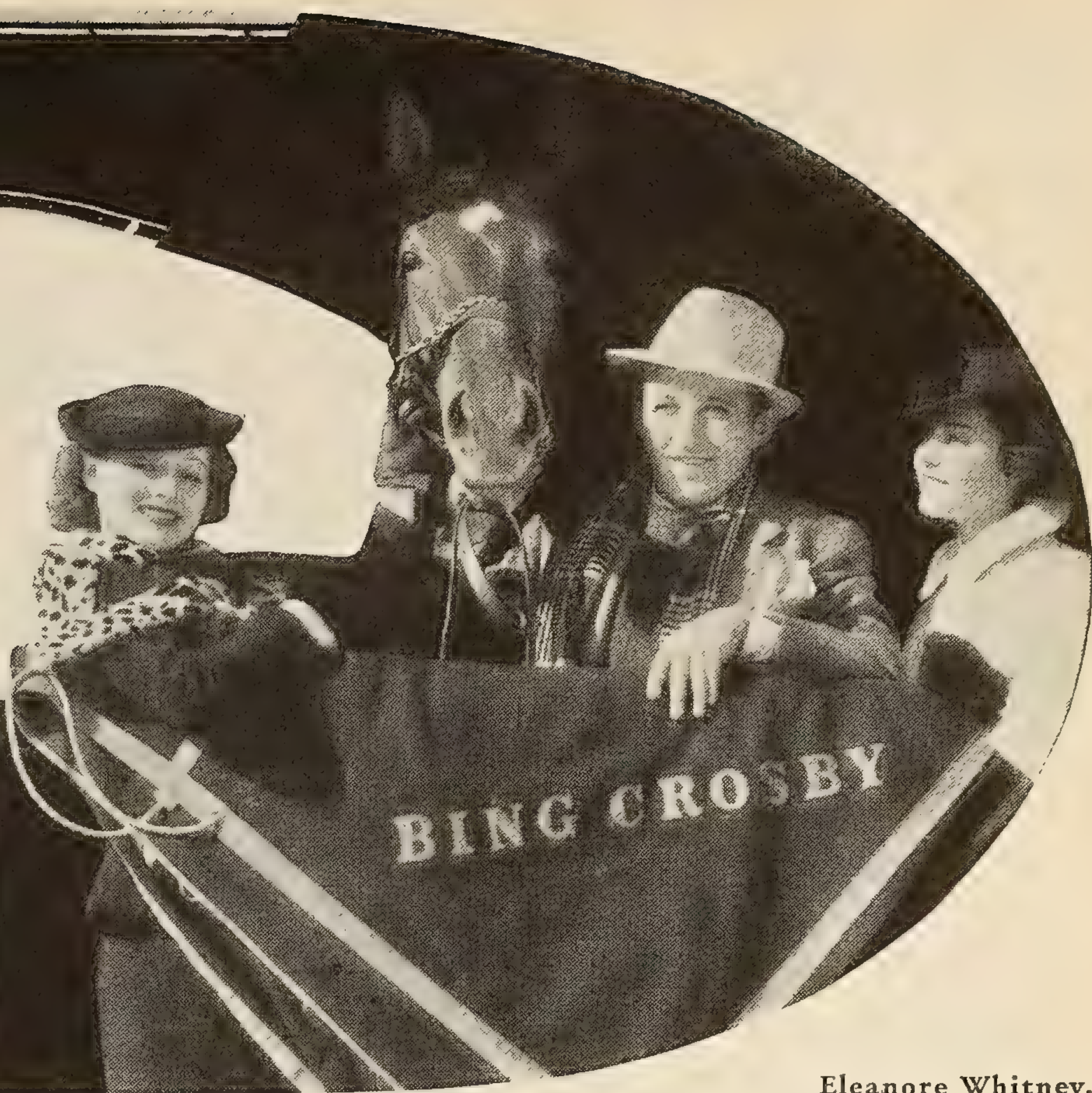


far up into the smiling blue sky. Rolling, oak-studded foothills mark the far boundaries, magnificently topped by a range of high, snow-capped mountains.

This horse-racing hobby of Hollywood's

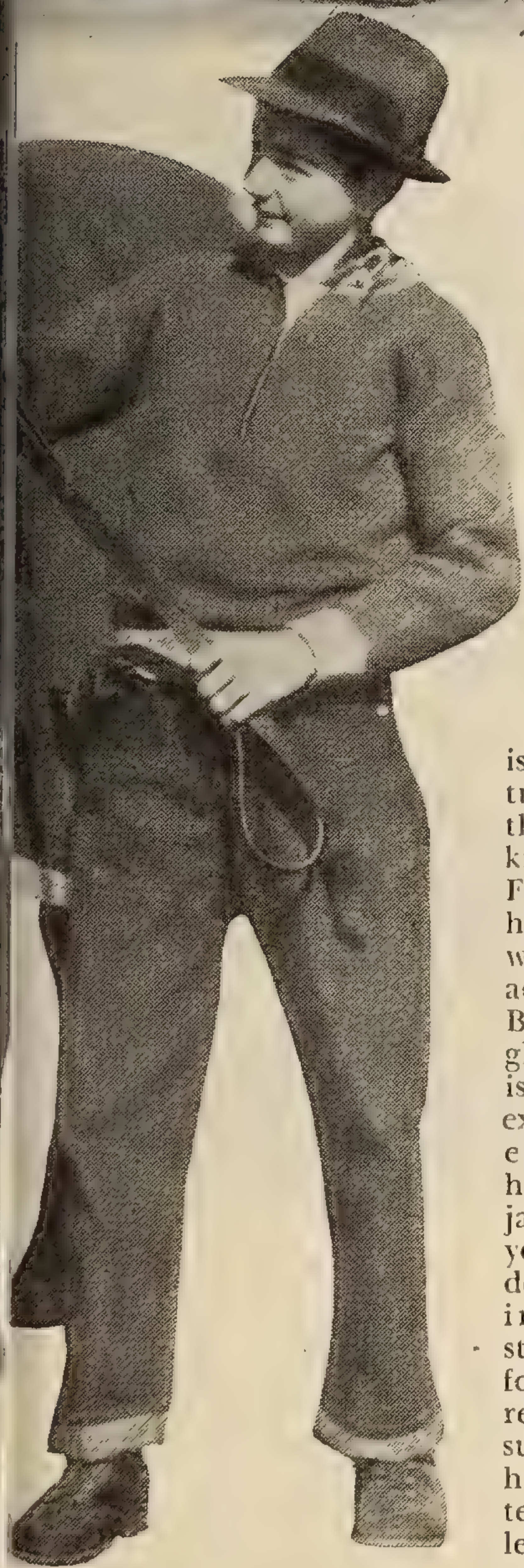
The RACES

By Ben Maddox



Eleanore Whitney,
"Khayyam," Bing
and Marsha Hunt.

Wide World
Going to post
at Santa
Anita.



is a decided departure from any other thrill the stars have known. To be sure, Fred Astaire had his own stables when he was stage-acting in London. But to most of our glitter celebrities it is a fresh, vastly exhilarating experience. Once you hear the strange jargon of the track you're tempted to do some fancy risk- ing. One major studio has had to forbid all telephone references to this subject, because the hired help chattered on so endlessly.

Fifty thousand spectators are on hand for the gala occasions when the track offers big purses as prizes to the horse owners. The local papers headline each afternoon's prospects and results, and special trains tear out daily. The best horses and jockeys in the United States are quartered in the splendid rows of stables, a

quarter-mile from the stands. Furthermore, the best people, from the blue blood standpoint, are there—as well as the best stars. Here's the interesting thing that's happened for the first time in California: high society and the stars are mixing. Yes, there in the Turf Club. Incidentally, you can enjoy the extra comforts of this clubhouse by paying a dollar or so more. Then you can bet at the windows in the exclusive foyer, or lunch in the smart salon. You can sip cocktails in the superbly panelled bar, and you'll watch the races from softer chairs. If you wish, food and drinks will be served to you on tables placed outside in your box.

Naturally, the fashionables have reserved boxes for the entire season and it's amusing to see Hal Roach, self-made via slapstick, parked alongside J. H. Whitney, Park Avenue's proudest. The races are having a two-way effect. The rich men and women are finding how cultured and charming the stars truly are, away from the advertising to which they're usually bound. And some of our brasher Hollywoodites are acquiring training in gentility. There's no autographing, no bowing to the right and left, in the Turf Club. The gaudiest personalities are immediately on guard against *nouveau riche* crudities when they enter the portals. No casual dressing, either. Slacks and odd ensembles are as taboo as a Mae Westish wisecrack.

Marlene Dietrich has a box and you can be sure that she never appears in pants. Rather, she's discreetly resplendent in a navy blue tailored suit on most days. A fox furpiece is her one flourish. For once the stars have competition, for the society women can afford to be outfitted by the most expensive New York and Paris shops. In this refined playhouse every lady is strictly on her own, and the extremes so prevalent in Hollywood circles are obviously a *faux-pas*. Joan Crawford was so bent on fitting in with those to the manor born that she dodged the newscameramen on the opening day. Paradoxically, more society than film folk had their pictures in the papers on the following day!

When Santa Anita inaugurated its second

season, this past Christmas, most every Hollywood notable postponed the holiday feast until evening. You should reach the Turf Club by one p.m., for the first race is a half-hour afterwards. Carole Lombard did herself proud, as filmland's foremost stylist, when she showed up in a bottle green crepe frock that peeked out from beneath a luxurious mink coat. Her distinctive touch was quickly evident, for her fur had tuxedo-type lapels! Dolores Del Rio, who is ace high sartorially, preferred a lime-colored sports wool dress, and a nutria swagger coat. Her brown bonnet was fetchingly striped with a lime shade. Constance Bennett's knee-length beaver coat had a hat of matching brown beaver to go with it. The vital statistic is that you couldn't see her dress. Connie again beat the rest of the gals to the punch by foreseeing the swing of the pendulum. Sports ensembles are henceforth almost knee-length!

Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Bennett, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Mae West—they're all dragging out their most stunning costumes to wear to Santa Anita.

But perhaps you want information on the men's attire? Well, the races have had a miraculous effect on Bing Crosby. He's abandoned his erstwhile sloppy mode for the very snappiest in gentleman's garb. Bing carefully prepared for this, spending hours at Watson's, Hollywood's highest-priced tailors. One of his numbers is a black sport coat, with three-inch squares of gay yellow! Yessir, when a movie man determines to be snazzy he certainly is that. George Raft, whose extraordinarily high-waisted trousers were a local gasp, has become quite the conservative, lately. A sample Raft array calls for a quiet gray suit, worn with the jacket unbuttoned. A tan slipover replaces the conventional vest. The footwear is of brown suede, and his shirt's a pale pink. A pink bow tie, checked in white, a brown crush felt, and a loose brown and white checked overcoat complete Georgie's special Santa Anita get-up.

[Continued on page 70]

A STIRRING TALE

*A Story Of Passion,
Jealousy And Adventure
—Of Strong Men And
A Woman In Love.*

BIG were the fists of Captain Ira Morgan and hard as the ways of the sea. Big all over he was and his voice was like the tongue of the Pacific ground swells breaking on a granite reef. A hard man, Ira Morgan, a man to handle mutinous tuna fishermen, scum of the San Diego waterfront; a man to drive men and drive a ship and laugh in the teeth of a tropic hurricane while he roared his way home, the hatches brimming with a record catch. A hard man with a secret weakness.

Women divined Ira Morgan's weakness.

The woman who betrayed his love and lost him the command of a liner knew it. The painted girls of the Snug Harbor where Morgan, reduced to command a stinking tuna fisher, rioted when ashore, found him out.

Then came a man who learned the secret, discovering that under all that hard bluff and bluster Morgan hid a heart that was soft as any mother's.

They met one night at the Snug Harbor. Morgan, home from Mexican waters, had a girl on either arm and plenty of drinks under his belt.

"Everybody up! Step up, Folks. They're on me. Everybody up to the bar!"

They trooped about him, the painted girls, the sailors and stevedores and hangers on, everybody but one man. Jim Allen sprawled, head on table, in a far corner. He glared up at the hard fisted big man who roused him, and shook his head.

"I'm particular who I drink with. And I don't like your face."

Morgan's voice went low with a deadly evenness. "What's the matter with my face?"

"Plenty! It ought to have a lump . . . right there!"

The young derelict swung wildly. His fist connected with the side of Morgan's jaw. A hard blow, but Morgan took it without a quiver. Then his own fist rose, hooked Jim Allen on the chin and stretched him on the planks, unconscious.

Morgan could not forget the man he had knocked out. A waiter, trying to revive him told the captain the fellow had not eaten for days. Hellship Morgan pushed away the painted girls and bottle companions. He strode to the unconscious



man, heaved him to his broad shoulder and vanished from the Snug Harbor into the night.

In the captain's cabin of The Southern Cross the two men faced each other, Morgan middle aged, hard driving, powerful; Jim Allen still young but marked by the hard living of a human derelict.

"A woman is to blame?" Morgan rumbled.

Allen's eyes narrowed to conceal surprise. "Mind reader, aren't you?"

Morgan's smile was grim. "Not hard to figure that out. There's usually a woman behind a man when he hits the rocks." Morgan's dark thoughts dwelt upon the woman who had betrayed his love, who sapped his pride and courage and set him

adrift for more years than he cared to remember.

"I was just thinking. I knew another guy once—headed the same way you are—only a fellow pulled him up short and showed him there wasn't any percentage in the way he was travelling. No woman's worth it. There's always another one around the corner."

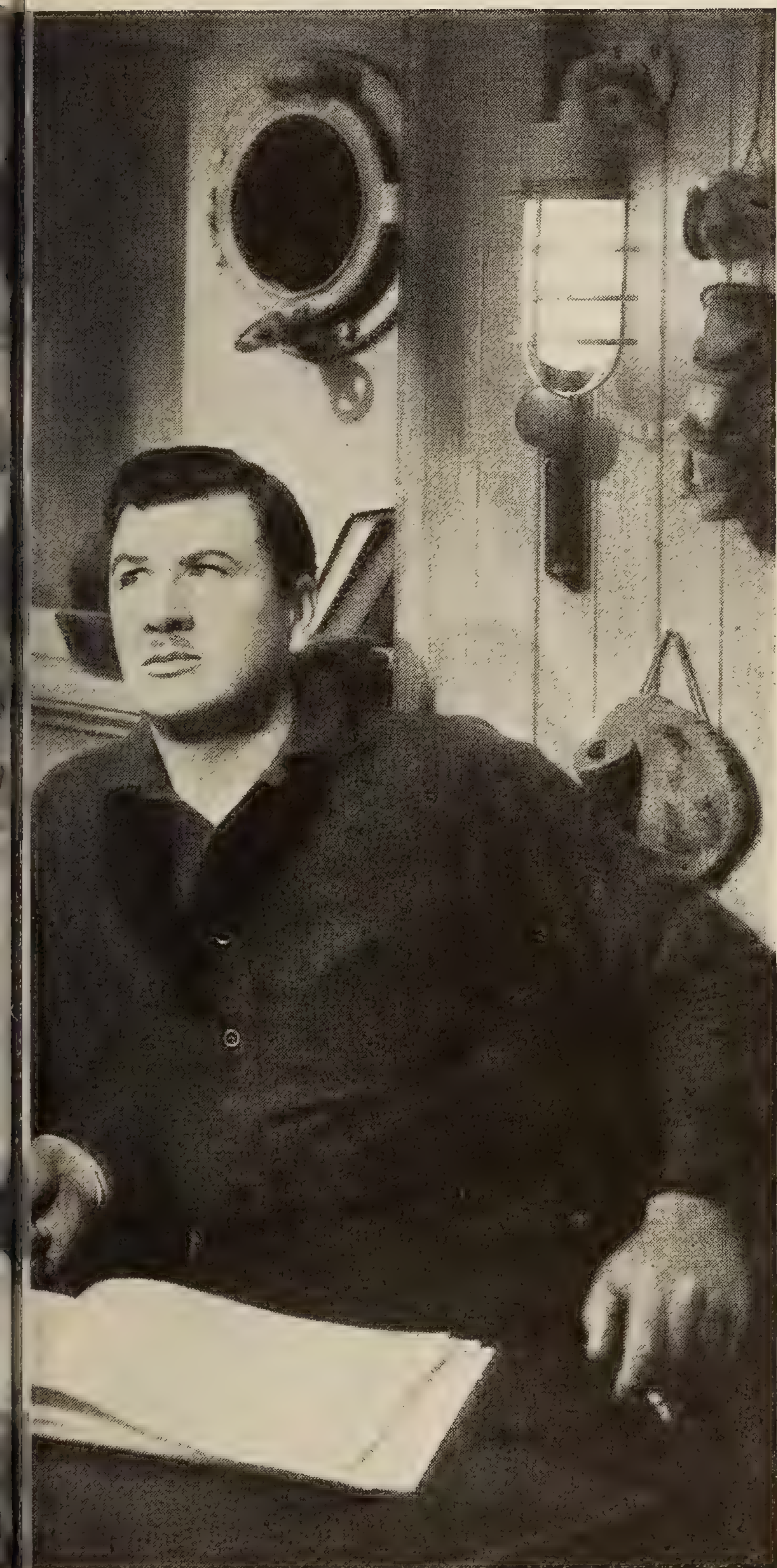
Jim Allen, who once had been qualified for first mate's papers, signed on as a common hand with Hellship Morgan. "The sea's the place to blow out the cobwebs," said Morgan.

Jim lived in the foc'sle, forty dollars a month and plenty of hard work, handling ship and handling a tuna pole. Morgan hazed him as he hazed every man aboard.

OF THE SEA—

Fictionized From The Columbia
Picture "Hellship Morgan."

By Jack Bechdolt



The voyage reached an end; San Diego was looming over the bows. Morgan sent for Jim.

"You can lay off the 'Captain' stuff for a while," he grinned. "You proved yourself a pretty good sailor." They made their pact, man to man. Women had wrecked them, but there was something in life still. There was always another woman around the corner and when they hit shore together—"Hit shore is right," Morgan roared. "We'll be a tidal wave!"

They filled their glasses and drank. "Prevailing winds, a full hatch and a quick run home," was Morgan's toast.

Shoulder to shoulder, Hellship Morgan

"The young blood coursed through Mary's veins, and her pulse quickened whenever she found herself close to Jim Allen." Victor Jory, Ann Sothorn and George Bancroft.

work. All else failing she tried at last, by throwing herself in front of the taxi, to get a damage settlement at least big enough to buy her food and lodging.

Morgan heard her story and growled at the taxi driver, "See if you can find Pier Five." At Pier Five the Southern Cross lay moored. He took Mary aboard his ship and gave over his cabin to her for the night.

Overwhelmed by his kindness, she asked him with somewhat breathless curiosity,

and Jim Allen marched into the Snug Harbor that night and took command. It would have been a great party, but duty stepped in. Cabot, the owner of the cannery that Morgan sailed for, was home ill and Captain Morgan must call upon him. Morgan had to slip anchor from the party and hail a taxi.

Speeding toward Cabot's residence, Morgan's taxi skidded. Brakes screeched. There was a bump as the fender caught a young body and tossed it toward the gutter.

The victim was a young woman, slender, cheaply dressed but with an appearance of refinement. As he helped the chauffeur carry her into the cab Morgan stared into her face and was thrilled by her beauty. The cab started for a hospital, Morgan roaring for speed.

A moment later he forgot the need of haste.

Reflected in the rear vision mirror, he could see the accident victim. She opened her eyes. Believing herself unobserved she pushed her disordered hair into a more becoming wave. Then she sank back again, closed her eyes and pretended unconsciousness.

Hellship Morgan grinned to himself, a cynical grimace. "Never mind, driver. Take your time," he said to the chauffeur. To the girl he added, "You can quit acting, sister. I happened to see you in the mirror."

Hunger and desperation had driven Mary Taylor to it.

Cast adrift after her father went down with his ship in China seas, she hunted in vain for any sort of honest

"Do you always help people like this?"

"As a matter of fact I don't. Only—well—I sort of figured that you needed somebody to look after you and—"

Mary's faint smile teased him a little. "Only I didn't turn out to be the sort you thought I was!"

The big man's face reddened, acknowledgment that the thrust went home. He stammered before he rumbled shyly, "I guess you are different!" In those words Hellship Morgan signed away his heart. He had said it, this woman was not like the others. Not like any other he had ever met!

Next day Morgan found Mary honest work at the Cabot Cannery. Another human derelict hauled off the rocks and set upon a safe course.

Jim Allen didn't understand at first. He had some reason to assume that the stunning girl who spent the night in Morgan's cabin was just another woman. Jim's critical eye looked on Mary with favor from the start. His courtship was tumultuous and bold and flavored with the cynicism about women he and Morgan had adopted as their code.

One night in Mary's modest little flat Jim learned the truth. He caught Mary in his arms. He meant to have her love. And Mary, young as Jim was young, was attracted by his hard good looks and vital charm. But thanks to Morgan, Mary had won back her self respect and independence. She treated Jim's love-making with understanding contempt. Jim departed astonished and at a loss. That same night Mary, who owed all that made life worth living to Hellship Morgan, gave Morgan her promise to be his wife.

They were married in the captain's cabin, aboard the Southern Cross, married by a parson while the ill favored crew of tuna fishermen grinned and gaped.

Jim Allen watched it, his face a poker mask. Jim had taken his examinations and won first officers papers. He was sailing with Morgan again, but not in the foc'sle.

There was a dark tumult in his heart. He loved Mary Taylor. He knew now that she was different. He knew that she was the one woman in the world who could bring him happiness. And he had lost her. He had lost her to the man who was his boon companion, his best friend—the hardest hitting, straightest shooting big man Jim Allen would ever know!

Nothing of Jim's rebellious despair showed in his face. He stood with the others, hearing the words that took Mary from him forever and he meant to take it on the chin—take it like a man as big as Morgan could take it!

When the words were said that made them man and wife, Morgan diffidently made a present to the woman he loved, a present an emperor might have been proud to bestow. From his collection of precious stones, the passion of his life, Morgan selected a great pearl mounted on a delicate platinum chain. The hard eyed fishermen gasped at the sight of the gift and Covanci, their ringleader in mutiny, remembered that pearl with hot longing in his heart.

[Continued on page 83]

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

*Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's
story of rollicking and exciting adventure!*



VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

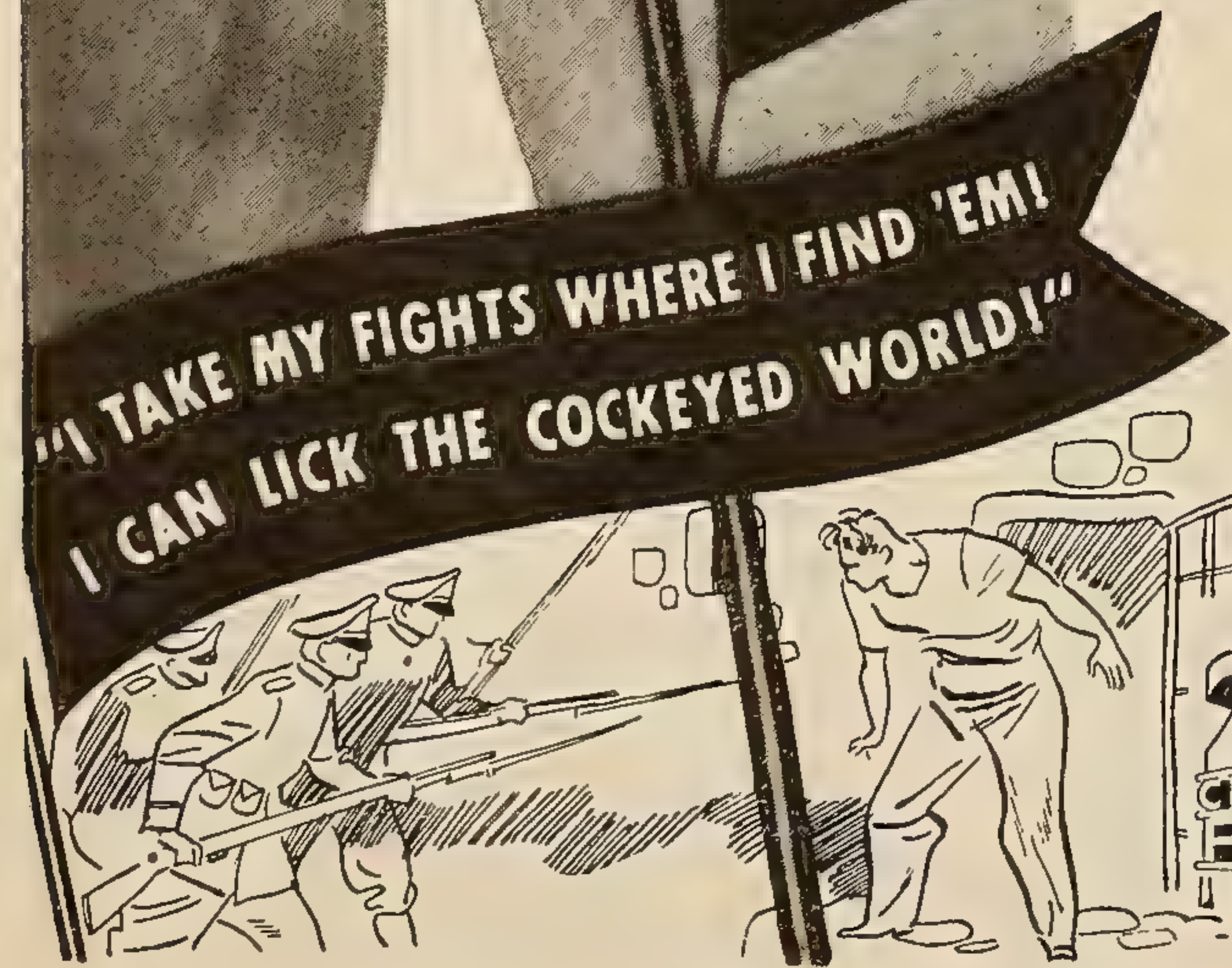
Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's
love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproari-
ous and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!
with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett





Wherefore art thou? Leslie Howard has merged from "The Petrified Forest" and soon will be beneath Norma Shearer's balcony. His very satisfactory photograph reveals the great English actor in poetic mood.

Their LOVABLE MOODS

Three At Their Best.

EVERY actor has his own natural atmosphere. He can play many parts but you will think of him in the one mood that seems most perfectly to fit. The poetic Leslie Howard may be screened with gangsters, but his image in gentler mood will find its place in your memory. Fortunate, indeed, is the player who discovers that he shares one emotion, at least, with all the world.



Eager, gay, "good-fellow" Jean Harlow. Her "tom-buoyant" personality radiates the very spirit of rollicking big-hearted friendliness. In this mood we love her best.



Clark Gable is just naturally more clarkgable when he is a grinning, outdoors person — as natural as a fox hound.

PROVOCATIVE!

IF YOU think that the stars are selected because they were good at calculus or because they are kind to dumb animals you are surely not a regular reader. In the old days the dancing girls in ancient Egypt were bought and sold and the dealers used to evaluate them on their looks and beauty, the thisa and thata. These ancients would have a hard time selling even their loveliest in Hollywood. No longer is it the curve of this line or the swelling beauty of the ancient design that commands the attention of the clever casting directors. Today a girl can be short or tall, she can be as cute as a pocket edition or she can have her name in the social register, but if she isn't provocative she will have to go back to Fort Wayne. How curious it is that the photograph of a lovely girl can have the subtle illusive quality of the girl herself. That, perhaps, is the screen's greatest victory. You cannot tell, from the photograph, what portion of the photograph presents the intangible aura of allure. In the photograph on the screen the hair has its color—it is a gradation of dark, the brilliant blue eyes have become just more or less black spots, the lovely lips have lost their crimson, and yet in spite of all that, the marvelous, fascinating quality of allure comes through and on thousands of screens throughout the world the women of Hollywood sound the call to arms.

To be provocative—it is the greatest gift.



Gail Patrick, alive with vigor unconquered.



Alice Faye, laughing nymph.



A demure pose of Patricia Ellis, but with a suggestion of helplessness that is very appealing.



Arline Judge. There's a little intriguing, daring twist to the lips.

HELP OF THE PROPERTY MAN



The property man with a watering can to wet down Mary Taylor for a scene in "Soak the Rich."



THE greater the stage actor is the poorer the stage props can be. The damn clever Chinese have no props at all. But on the screen a false note in the accessories can absolutely kill the illusion. Perhaps that is because the sky and the sea are real on the screen (at least as real as the actor) and of course are only painted canvas in the temples of the legitimate. So a pasteboard dory can freight you quite safely to the land of fancy if Alfred Lunt is at the oars.

But on the silver screen, if you detect a make-shift (like the wooden sabers in a recent pirate tale) you begin to snicker and all the histrionics achieve nothing. So the property man of the studio is a very important person. He has a tradition to live up to. Whatever the director calls for must be forthcoming, from pups to parachutes. It is the private opinion of the property man that the accessories create the atmosphere and that many an actor rides to fame on the props.

In "The Voice of Bugle Ann," Maureen O'Sullivan has a scene with the young hounds. The property man has to supply the pups—cute ones, too.

Katherine DeMille required a parachute in "The Sky Parade."



C. Aubrey Smith sits at one end of the dining table of Dorincourt Castle and Freddie Bartholomew at the other. The correct properties on the table give authentic atmosphere to "Little Lord Fauntleroy."



HOLD TIGHT ~ The Picture



Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in "Colleen."
To millions of fans this is the favorite team
on the screen.



Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell in "Colleen" supply the
delicate touch of burlesque.



"Next Time We Love,
a different kind of a pic-
ture for Margaret Sull-
van and James Stewart.

CHARM!

Charm, Whatever It Is, Seems To Convey A Subtle Compliment.

Franchot Tone, well-liked on the screen.

Norma Shearer, back at last in pictures as Juliet.



h to
our
rl —

AND TAKEN



A mid-winter flower market fascinates Mary Carlisle.

TOP—Edward Arnold takes his ease. It takes a road company actor to appreciate Hollywood.

MIDDLE—Mona Barrie and her typical patio. Salaries are so large and rents so low that all may enjoy luxurious living.

LEFT—The tropical beauty of Otto Kruger's home lulls the gypsy blood of the player who once spent most of his life "on tour."

A year ago Ann Lorrain was a college girl in Brooklyn, N. Y. Now she is a person in the Motion Picture City.

Hollywood Attracts Retired Business Men As Well As The Great Writers, Actors And Artists.

ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D

Nature Smiles Upon The City-In-The-Spotlight.

THE very name spells enchantment.

Here beautiful girls languish for fame and careers and here on any day some one may be touched for a moment with divine genius and give the world, hundreds of millions of people, an emotion, grave or gay, that will not be forgotten for years—such as Clark Gable's hitch-hiking thumb in "It Happened One Night," or Basil Rathbone's death in "Captain Blood," which is flashing across the screens right now, or Betsy Trot, or Beery hitting the brick wall in "The Champ."

Hollywood, the secund city of the arts.



A lily pond is one of the attractions of Evelyn Venable's home.



Dorothy Thompson of the "Collegiate" chorus poses with the oranges in a typical California grove.



“WORKING UP



Noel Madison is great for menace. Also Preston Foster and Maxie Rosenbloom in "The Green Shadow."



In "Soak the Rich," Lionel Stander, who is one of the best, threatens Mary Taylor, with a lighted cigarette. Ugh!



There's drama in that glance of Cagney's, but June Travis and Pat O'Brien dance on to their doom.



"The Voice of Bugle Ann" is a dog story. Lionel Barrymore, Charley Grapewin and Henry Wadsworth watch the plot thicken.



Richard Dix in "Mother Lode," and Bob McKenzie. Of course, our hero is the one on the inside looking out.



In "Road Gang," the boys, Donald Woods and Carlyle Moore, Jr., are chained by dog collars, awaiting their fate!

THE AGONY''

Every Play Must Stimulate Your Imagination. Suspense Is The Salt Of Pictures.

IN "Show Them No Mercy," the brutal Bruce Cabot, one of the kidnapers (how he is improving), kicked down the door to kill the helpless little mother and baby. A tremendous scene because of the element of suspense. Another breath-taking scene was in "The Call of the Wild" when the dog tried to pull the load—would he or wouldn't he?—a great sequence. During these building-up scenes it takes a good actor not to

gug. Rolling the eyes is O.K. and practically no film is complete without a lowering of the lance or two to the right and left, but the mouth gives the ham actor away. However they do it they must work up the agony—it is the suspense that packs the house.

Fiction editors know that ambitious writers are apt to get their hero in so deep that even their own wit cannot rescue him. Suspense is an avenging motion. If the climax does not justify the elaborate working up, condemnation is swift and sure.



Anthony Adverse, in the African sequence, is swayed by the loveliness of the native girl. Fredric March and Stiffi Duna.



John Halliday awakens the beautiful Marlene Dietrich to learn of the missing necklace in "Desire."

DESIRES



"Desire" . . . yes, your heart's desire **MARLENE DIETRICH** and **GARY COOPER**, who made Morocco a never-to-be-forgotten picture, in a dashing romance of a very alluring young lady, a very casual young man, a string of very expensive pearls (the Paris police insisted they'd been stolen), and the Spanish Riviera, which is no place for a couple of people like this to be unless they plan to fall in love.



We don't need to tell you the name of the lady who's wearing a black antelope beret, with the veil of black lace veil (very, very



The make of the car is unimportant. The make of the hat? Travis Banton, Paramount's Fashion Expert, designed it for Desire and so make up your mind it'll set a style.



Marlene still insists you can walk away with any fashion show in a smart tailor like this. We agree if it's Marlene who does the walking.



Marlene looks pretty foxy in this picture. You would too if your hostess gown had an acre of white fox for a border.



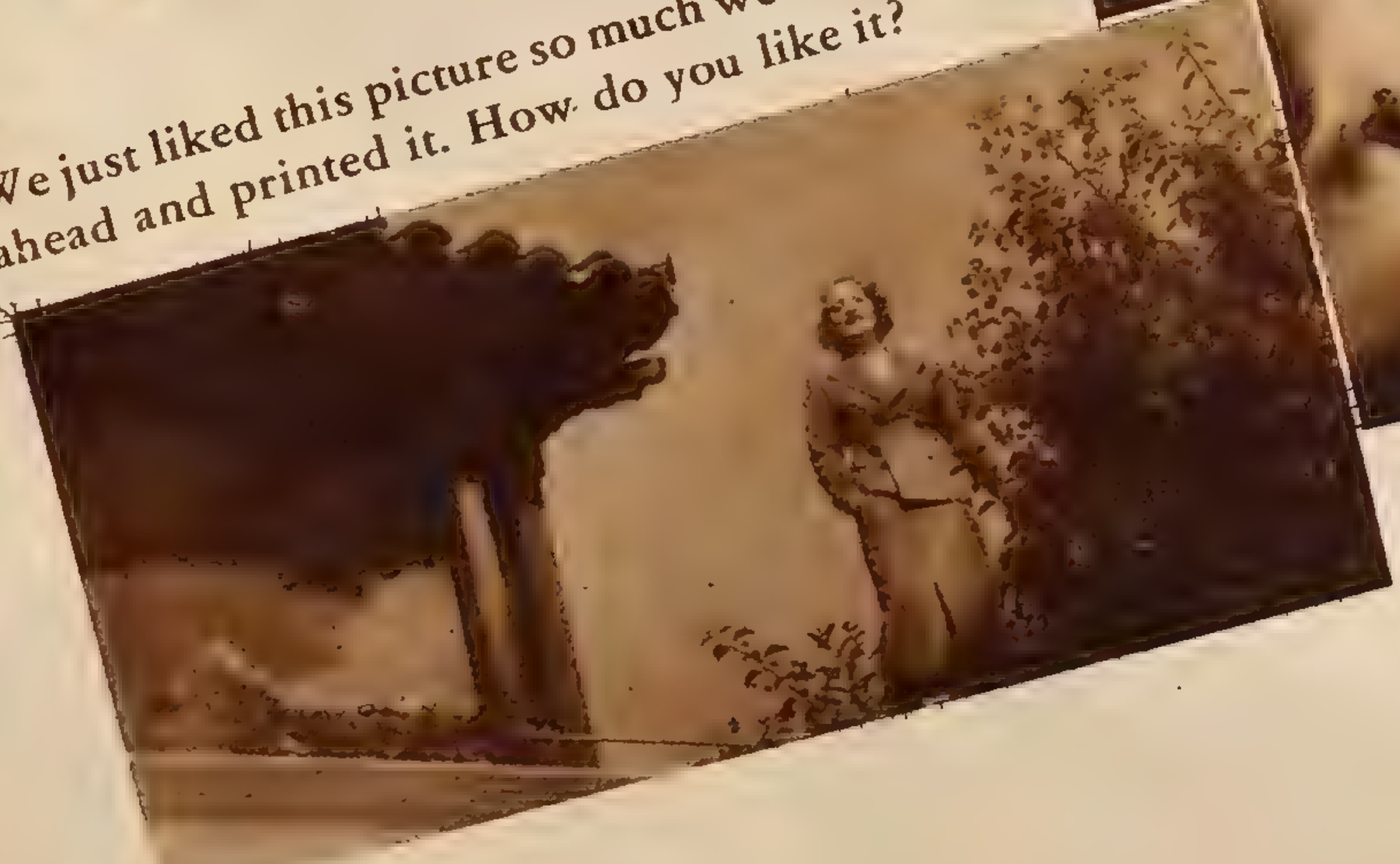
Marlene and Gary talk over the script with Frank Borzage, who directs Desire. Frank, you remember, directed "Seventh Heaven" and "Farewell to Arms."



This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.



We just liked this picture so much we went ahead and printed it. How do you like it?



These must be those pearls the Paris police are looking for. Personally we don't see how the police are going to keep their mind on their work, do you?

"LOOKOUT MR. GABLE!"

*Introducing Some Gentle-
men To Clark Gable,
The No. 1 Box-
Office Man.*



Errol Flynn made
"Captain Blood" and
no maidenly heart
looked upon him un-
moved.



Edward Norris made
a fine impression in
his first picture,
"Show Them No
Mercy."



Frank Shields, a famous
tennis player, is now a
screen actor in "Come
And Get It."

From Shakespeare to
Sabatini, Ross Alexander
has given fine perform-
ances.



THERE will come a day, and may it be long
delayed, when someone will take the place
of Clark Gable as the top man in popular
ity. Many seeing Errol Flynn believe that he
will be the one. As a matter of fact, the public
will give its allegiance to the one who comes
out in the best pictures. Let a good man have
breaks like Gable had—"A Fire
Soul," and "It Happened One
Night," and perhaps a new hero
will be discovered. But Clark
Gable will be hard to
beat.

STARS IN THE ASCENDANT

A Great Director Tells Which Players Will Shine Most Brilliantly This Year.

By
Maude Cheatham



George Raft working under Del Ruth in "It Had To Happen."

STANDING in the shade, back of the cameras, I watched Roy Del Ruth direct an exciting out-door scene in his new picture, "It Had to Happen," at the 20th Century-Fox studio.

There was a dazzling noon-day sun, and the traffic of automobiles and pedestrians swept noisily around the street excavations where the immigrant boy, George Raft, was getting his first taste of power as he controlled the milling crowds by simply waving a red flag. It was very real; the heat, the noise, the dust, and, through it all, one could sense the immigrant's new-born egotism growing with each wave of the flag. From this one scene, I'm willing to wager, "It Had to Happen" checks up another smash hit for Del Ruth.

Counted one of Hollywood's most brilliant "ace" directors, Del Ruth is a quiet, unassuming, very good looking young man. He never uses a megaphone nor wears putties; he never raises his voice nor argues. And he seldom smiles.

This is rather an odd quirk, for Del Ruth's greatest pictures have been gay musicals or comedy dramas with much mirth. As, for instance, his recent successes, "Broadway Melody of 1936," and "Thanks a Million," both of which were imbued with such a refreshing vitality and effervescent merriment that they broke records all over the country.

Eleanor Powell became an overnight sensation in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and was heralded as the greatest of all tap dancers.

Del Ruth wouldn't comment on his new production, "It Had to Happen," except to say it will be different. It is a comedy drama, based on Rupert Hughes' story, "Hold Your Horses," and once was made as a silent film with Tom Moore. There's a good cast, for besides George Raft, lovely Rosalind Russell offers romantic highlights, and Leo Carrillo adds his colorful personality.

"Now, what next?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered, "I hope to leave soon



Roy Del Ruth, Director of Successes.

after the New Year, go up as far as Nome, and remain until the middle of March. Of course, I'll get snowed in, that's what I like. I was there several years ago and have been wanting another try at it as it is a great experience."

Del Ruth insists there is much more talent today than ever before. He says the talkies spurred players on to develop their latent abilities. In the silent days a girl might become a star if she had a pretty face; a man won fame if he could sit a horse and handle a gun. Now, it is different, one must have many qualifications for the competition is keen. Each year he sees the players becoming more versatile, more pliant, more ambitious. Just as soon as an actor becomes overly confident, too sure of himself, he stops improving. Then he begins the downward slide.

"There is always opportunity for definite talent," said Del Ruth. "Before each new year rolls around I look for a complete new shuffle and a new line-up of film stars. With youth, ability, intelligence and, of course, a quality of looks that captures the camera and builds into a pleasing personality, experience isn't so necessary.

"The screen being a visual medium, it creates much of its illusion through types and I'd rather go out and get a truck driver who *looked* the part, than have a great actor who didn't. The result would be more convincing.

"I believe Robert Taylor stands one of the best chances to reach the top. He has definite talent, is a clean, wholesome fellow, wholly without conceit. He has never lost his balance. I once told him that if he continued to keep his head and remained unspoiled, he would undoubtedly become one of the foremost picture stars

of his time. The next few years will tell.

"Loretta Young is destined to step forward, and so is Rochelle Hudson, who has made marvelous strides the past year. If Ann Dvorak is given a chance at good rôles in good pictures, she will join the big names. She is very capable and has rare intelligence. She's never had a real dramatic break but when she does, she'll be a sensation. Bette Davis is another to keep your eyes on, she is a great star in the making.

"Katherine Hepburn has only started. She has the advantage of being a wholly distinctive personality, which is something the screen needs. Her *Juliet* scene in 'Morning Glory' was a delightful performance that has seldom been excelled. Clark Gable will go on because he is versatile, and Claudette Colbert is another who can carry comedy or emotional drama with equal ease. I should like to have Gable and Miss Colbert in a picture sometime for they represent our best American youth.

"Better keep your eyes on Dick Powell too, he's on his way to a very high spot. I consider Fred Allen the best of the recent acquisitions and his comedy fits the screen requirements so perfectly that he is soon to be starred. Benny Baker offers a boyish humor that will make him popular. There are many others, and, again I say, the coming year will see more changes in the star line-up than we have had for a long time.

"I think the next big change to come to motion pictures," he continued, "will be the stereoscopic lens for the cameras, and this will be a tremendous stride in realism because the players and backgrounds will then be seen exactly as they appear to us in real life.

"Personally, I consider the screen is wholly for entertainment and I never try to get arty. I prefer comedy dramas for

[Continued on page 64]

GRATEFUL!

There Were Four Helpful Women Whose Kindness John Boles Will Never Forget.

By Gordon R. Silver

THE World War was over and the boys were coming home . . . marching to the blare of trumpets and the ruffle of drums . . . tired, weary faces and bodies in khaki uniforms . . . steadily marching forward . . . hearing bursts of applause, ringing, lusty cheers . . .

Yes, the war was over and the boys were coming home—at last! And, among them, head held high, moving swiftly along, was a young man named John Love Boles.

He had gone forth to his country's call—had been through all sorts of strange experiences in the Intelligence Service—had discovered that war was mostly a mad interlude of hell.

And now he was back home—to try to re-establish himself. He had one

idea in mind now—he wanted to be a singer. Not just a passably good one but a really notable singer. With that ambition before him, he studied for two years in New York and elsewhere—and then it was that the four women who have done much for John Boles at crucial moments, entered his life—one by one.

The first was a pretty young girl named Helen. Boles had been going up and down Broadway for several weeks. He knew that he now had a pretty fair voice, but he was quite hopelessly inexperienced in the fantastic, complicated ways of the great Roaring Forties. He knew next to nothing about actor's agents and such.

So, naturally, it did not occur to him that he should engage one. Instead, he made the rounds of the producers' offices himself. And nobody gave him more than a passing flicker of interest. They were all very busy men and could not be bothered. Consequently, his really fine baritone voice went completely unnoticed.

Day in and day out he showed up regularly at the casting offices and always was told—"nothing doing today. Sorry." Fate seemed to be unmercifully against him. He could not—to save his life—land a stage part.

And then, one evening at a little party—just off Times Square—he met this young lady named Helen Valentine—the little friend-of-a-friend of his. Helen was something of a singer herself—although it must be admitted she mostly sang short ditties in a chorus—and she knew her Broadway and 42nd Street as well as you and I know our Main Street. Also, she knew a good voice when she heard it—and exactly the procedure to apply next.

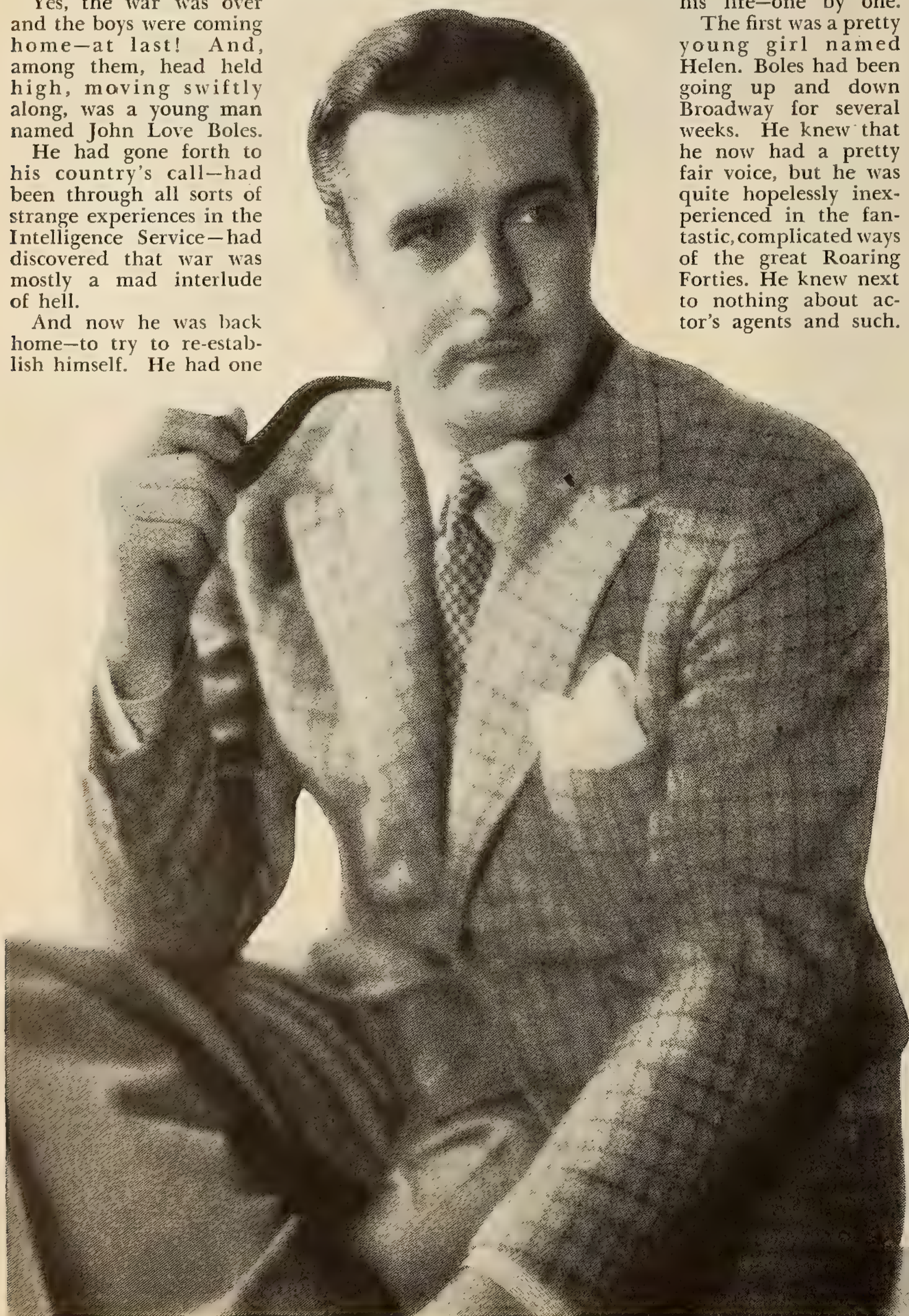
It was she who really started John Boles going towards the steps that led to fame and fortune. "John," she told him earnestly, "you have something that the public will pay well for—and, by jimminy, little Helen is going to see that you get going—and doing!"

The next day she took him to meet Lawrence Weber, the producer who was just about to stage "Little Jessie James"—and the whole thing was settled in apple-pie order! John made an impression and was hastily put to work. A month later, as the leading man in the show, he was making "I Love You" the big song-hit of Broadway and all points North, South, East and West.

The man who introduced Boles to Helen Valentine is now the owner of a Fifth Avenue jewelry store, but Helen herself has vanished with the years—into oblivion. No one seems to know whether she is dead or married or just "one of the mob" in some big city. But—she lives in John Boles' grateful memory as a "grand little pal"—symbol of the ready comradeship that girls of the stage give.

The second woman to have an important hand in Boles' career was none other than the great Geraldine Farrar. She saw him quite by chance—went out of her way to reach him—and offered him the lead in Franz Lehar's lavish operetta, "The Love Spell." He accepted it and the company rehearsed for five weeks together—and then opened and closed in Hartford, Connecticut! Closed almost as soon as it opened. The

John Boles started in silent pictures but he had a voice up his sleeve that counted when sound came along.



production never reached New York or anywhere else.

More than one young actor, sharing as he did the sorrows of Farrar's spectacular failure in "The Love Spell," would have gone on a rampage and blamed the temperamental diva for definitely hindering—or, at least delaying—his career. However, not John Boles. For out of those five weeks of experience with the greatest actress of the operatic stage, he says he learned most of what he knows of the art of acting. He looks back upon his association with Farrar as the opportunity of a lifetime.

"She was a great woman if ever there was one," he mused. "Strangely compelling but, withal, humble and well-loved by those who knew her best. Possibly, the grandest personality I shall ever encounter..."

After the dismal fiasco, Boles went back to Broadway—a sadder man but a better actor. He looked about and presently was booked to sing in a more or less comical offering called "Kitty's Kisses"—and just at this time a third woman came into his life. Gloria Swanson, scouting for a new leading man, landed in New York. The rest, as you might recall, is screen history. Gloria came, saw and was conquered—by one Mr. Boles! She was, in fact, so pleased with his stage performance that she immediately signed him up to return to Hollywood with her and play opposite her in "The Loves of Sunya." Thus, John's introduction to pictures was a double debut, inasmuch as it also marked the debut of Gloria Swanson as a producer.

Things went well for a spell and then Boles was just "coasting along" again. For in the silent pictures he was—well, just "good enough" but not much else. He certainly wasn't setting the world afire—and the reason is evident. Here he was with a real voice—a remarkable voice, you might say—and no chance to use it. Then, out of a clear sky, burst forth the talkies—and just in the nick of time to save the screen life of Boles. Now, he was himself again—with his natural, distinctive voice to express him. The same romantic quality that caught the interest of Helen Valentine, of Geraldine Farrar and of Gloria Swanson, when they heard him sing behind the footlights, blossomed fully, splendidly, on the screen and he became a popular idol of the fans.

And then came sailing into his career the fourth woman—a clever business woman named "Miss Rebecca." She saw to it that Boles got his just reward. He had been "loaned out" at a tremendous profit to make those first sensational singing-talkies—"Desert Song," "Rio Rita," "Song of the West" and such—and it was "Miss Rebecca," the woman who still guides his business destinies, who saw to it that his long-term contract at the studio got a big revision upward.

When "Curly Top" began Boles was chosen to be Shirley's new "leading man." It was a most enjoyable experience for him. Like all of Shirley's other "leading men," like all who come in contact with her, he, too, completely succumbed to her thousand-and-one "little girl" charms. Before the camera, he sang a song

calling her a little bundle of joy. Away from the camera, he would sit and just look at her. Or, perhaps, sit and stroke her little blonde curls or smooth her little velvet hands. He loves that little girl or else—we don't know what love is! She gave him new ambitions, new outlooks. He dropped his frown. His eyes had a new sparkle. He seemed to become more youthful with each day's shooting. At the end of the picture he declared he had had the best time of his life. He probably did.

And he scored such an outstanding hit with little Shirley that he was almost immediately selected to be reunited with her in her next film, "The Littlest Rebel." Boles played the part of dashing "Captain Cary," the rôle that Dustin Farnum made famous in the Broadway stage production which once—rather long ago—made real theater history. And was John delighted? Well—"I'd rather work with Shirley than anyone I know!" he said.

Four women—and a child—and each has done her part in materially helping John Boles in his chosen career at the crucial moments. And with the perfectly natural gallantry of his Southern temperament, he is happy to acknowledge it with all his thanks.

Boles, in his way, has helped the ladies, too. And he's been present, cinematically speaking, at the debut of many important screen actresses.

One of his recent assignments of this sort was in "Rose of the Rancho," in which Gladys Swarthout, brunette "baby" of the Metropolitan Opera, plays opposite him while making her film debut. Oddly enough, Miss Swarthout had never been kissed in her professional career until Boles initiated her recently for a scene in this picture. What made it more confusing was that her husband, Frank Chapman, sat on the set and watched like a hawk! To the amusement of the entire company, for whom such caresses long have been a mere part of the day's work, both the songbird and Chapman blushed furiously!

"I like to be cast with the newcomers," declared Boles. "And I get along swell with them. It has been an unusual combination of circumstances that has brought about my being cast with so many of them."

Carlotta King was first presented on the

screen opposite Boles in "The Desert Song." Vivienne Segal made her debut sharing the romantic interest with him in "Song of the West." Bebe Daniels made her singing debut opposite him in "Rio Rita." It was Jeanette Loff in "King of Jazz," followed by Evelyn Laye in her first American picture, "One Heavenly Night."

Margaret Sullavan made her screen debut with Boles in "Only Yesterday." And Rosemary Ames, Pat Paterson and Lillian Harvey all made their first Hollywood appearances opposite him.

He was also leading man in "Stand Up and Cheer," the first picture that brought fame to little Shirley Temple.

That seems to be quite a record. There should be a premium on rôles opposite John Boles! The average of successes scored by the actresses who played opposite him is much greater than that of the general run of featured player who get their first breaks in leading rôles.

Boles told me that in general he loves making pictures and that all this talk about screen players being overworked is nonsense.

"Some people, especially those with 'nerves,' would be overworked if they had a doorman's job," he laughed.

"But why attempt to kid the public? When a screen actor tells you his art, business, profession, or whatever he chooses to call it, is a serious, dignified pursuit, he is either spouting 'poppycock' or just taking himself too seriously.

"To me, it is the most fascinating career on earth. I enjoy every phase of it, including such routine details as irregular hours, wardrobe fittings, personal appearances and 'front office' idiosyncrasies!

"True, it's usually a struggle getting a start, but I found even that strangely fascinating. I nearly starved and had to teach school for my musical education, but I enjoyed it all.

"In a recent film, I had to do a dance routine. It was my first attempt at clogging, but I loved it—possibly because I'm part Irish, and would really like to play comedy rôles, anyway!

"Once in a while I get discouraged over a certain picture—but I always come back for more. My one hope is that I never have to retire from this business of making pictures."



Philip Reed takes Mae West for a ride in "Klondike Annie."

HITCHING THE STARS TO THEIR WAGONS

*If You Had A Car Like
Some Stars Have Would
You Be Carried Away?*

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE odd automobile is Hollywood's latest eccentricity. To rate attention, a star's motor must be unique. Besides conveying the stellar personality hither and yon, to the studio and to the fashionable night clubs, it must also protect the occupant from gangsters. And it must provide myriad comforts.

Alarmed by kidnapping threats, the stars ride in armored autos, the defense weapons cleverly camouflaged. For a couple of years their cars have had shatter-proof glass, installed mainly to protect their valuable faces from scars in case of accident.

New armament has been added which forms a sheath of safety. A new tear-gas device, which the players rely upon to discourage hold-ups, has been put into their luxurious limousines. From two cylinders gas can be discharged outward over a fifteen-foot radius, the driver setting it off by a foot pedal. A duplicate switch is hidden in the top, within reach if he is harshly ordered to "stick 'em up."

For a while many top-notchers had special wiring put along the running-board, turned on when they had entered, to give would-be kidnappers a jolt. Some even imparted to their besieging fans a slight shock, when held up by a clamorous crowd in front of a cafe. But the practice was so criticized that they have had the electrical weapon taken out.

Katharine Hepburn's roadster has bullet-proof glass. Likewise, Mae West's \$13,500 limousine, a citadel which even machine guns could not storm, shields her blonde loveliness from the "public enemies" who prey upon the noted personages of our day. Specially designed guards protect the tires.

Buck Jones is prepared with defense appropriate to his type. The dashboard of his car is covered with hand-tooled leather. The two leather gun holsters are never empty. One is fastened to the dashboard on the right of the wheel, the other on the left, making only one swift motion necessary to be a modern two-gunner.

What's current in cars? Ask Hollywood! Here modes in motors are inaugurated, just as fashions are flashed to the world.

The seasonal smartness decrees a long, low vehicle, with graceful air-flow lines. Figures of cars are just as important as their motors! Some are slung so low, and stretch such a distance, that they glide along like sinuous snakes, threading the traffic with a noiseless glide.

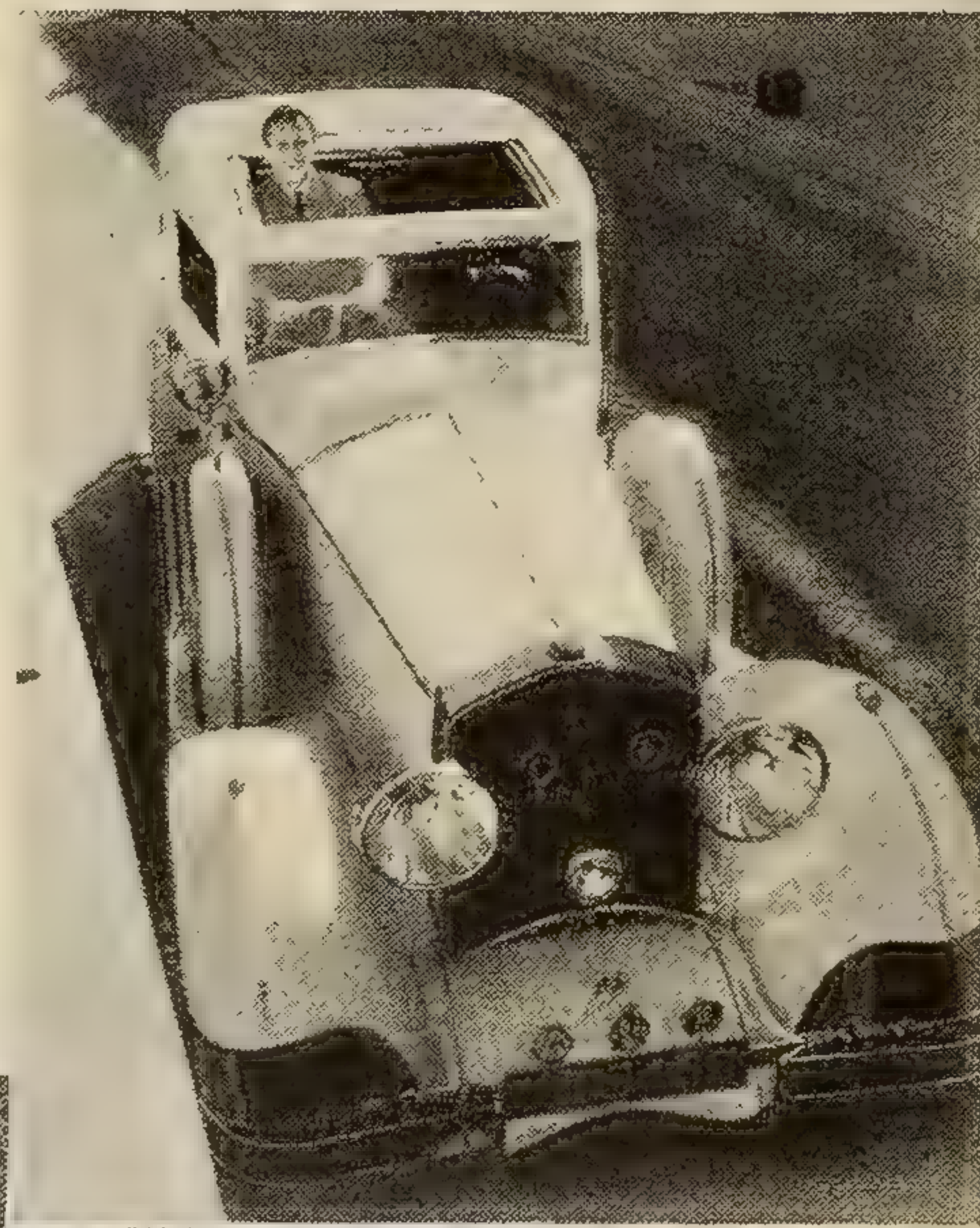
Leading the eccentric equipages is Marlene Dietrich's eel-like town-car. Shaped like a dachshund, what it lacks in height it makes up for in length. At least, the politely modulated

horn won't bother her, such a distance away!

The long snout is highly polished. The car is lined with black satin. Away back there, shrouded in darkness, she rides aloof, alone with her thoughts. Are they gloomy?

Hollywood wonders if the ebony enclosure is a reply to Mae West's Duesenberg roadster, which is upholstered in white to match its exterior. As contrast, her dusky chauffeur, "Chalky" Wright, has seven uniforms, of different colors, one for each day of the week.

Another odd number is Gladys Swarthout's motor, which seats five passengers.



It is a Brewster town-car, a custom-built body on a Ford V-8 chassis.

Hung low, and stretching long, it is further distinguished

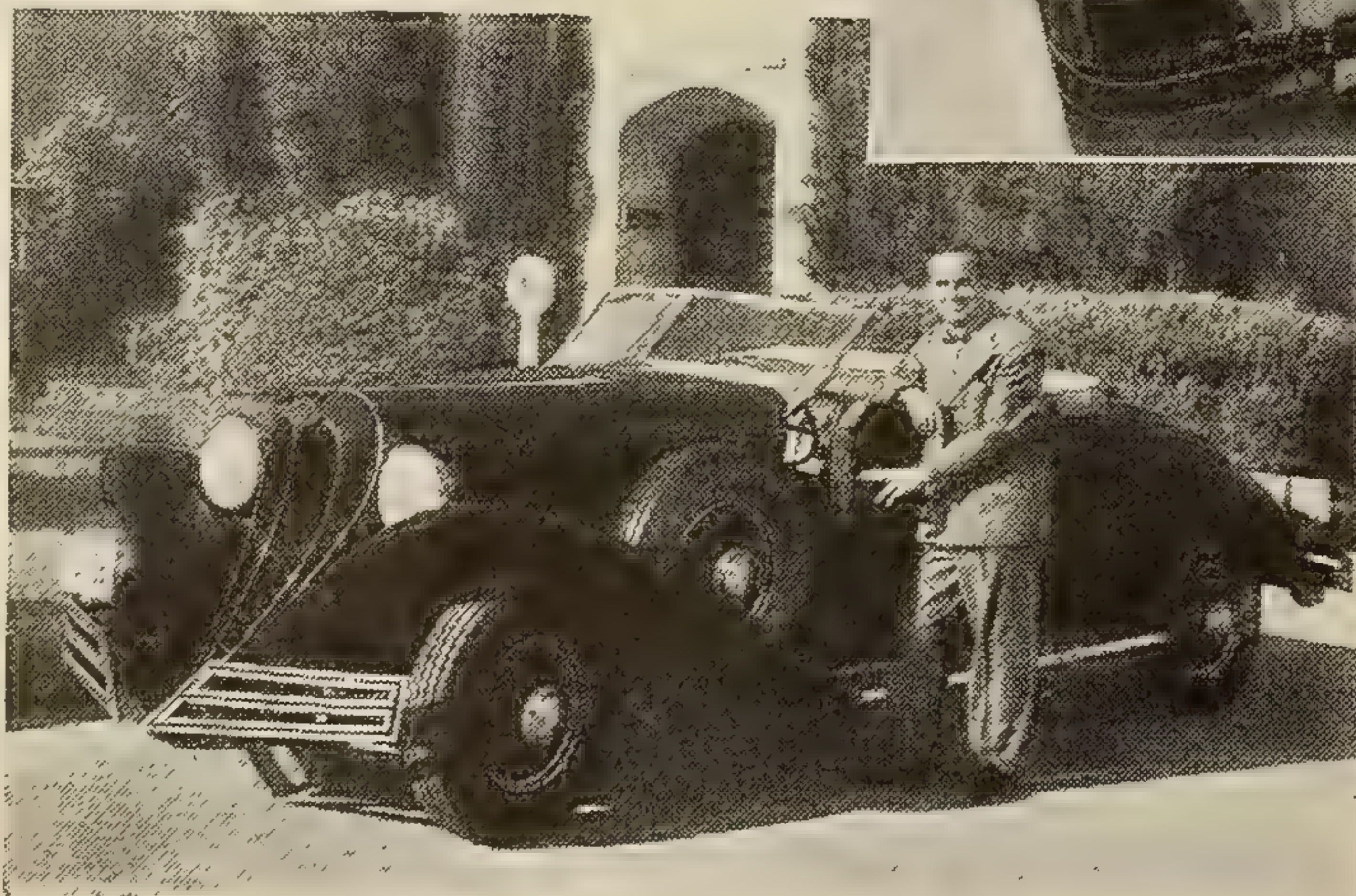
by its up-rolled fenders of Continental design and by the narrow, heart-shaped radiator grill that flares downward and forward. It cost over four thousand dollars.

Painted black, it never has been dusted or polished. Roberts, Miss Swarthout's chauffeur, lovingly washes it daily with a dampened sponge. His constant fear is that he will scratch its surface!

A souvenir of his European trip is Robert Montgomery's low, flowing Bentley racer that can do 110 miles per hour. It is a vivid green, its chromium-plated wheels are spinning disks, and its decorative gold radiator ornament shines like a sunburst of dazzle in the sun.

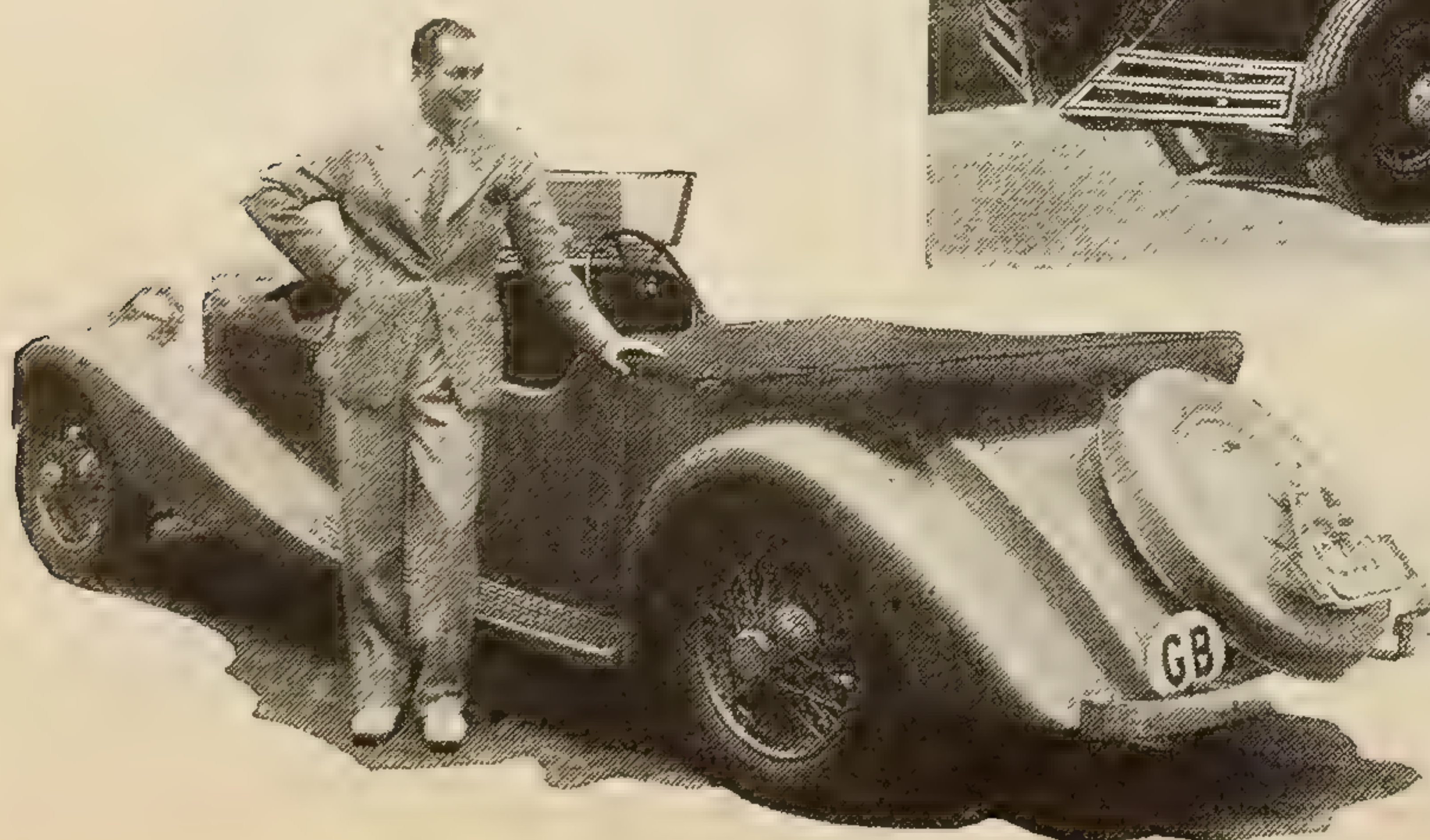
Receiving compliments on his big, new motor, W. C.

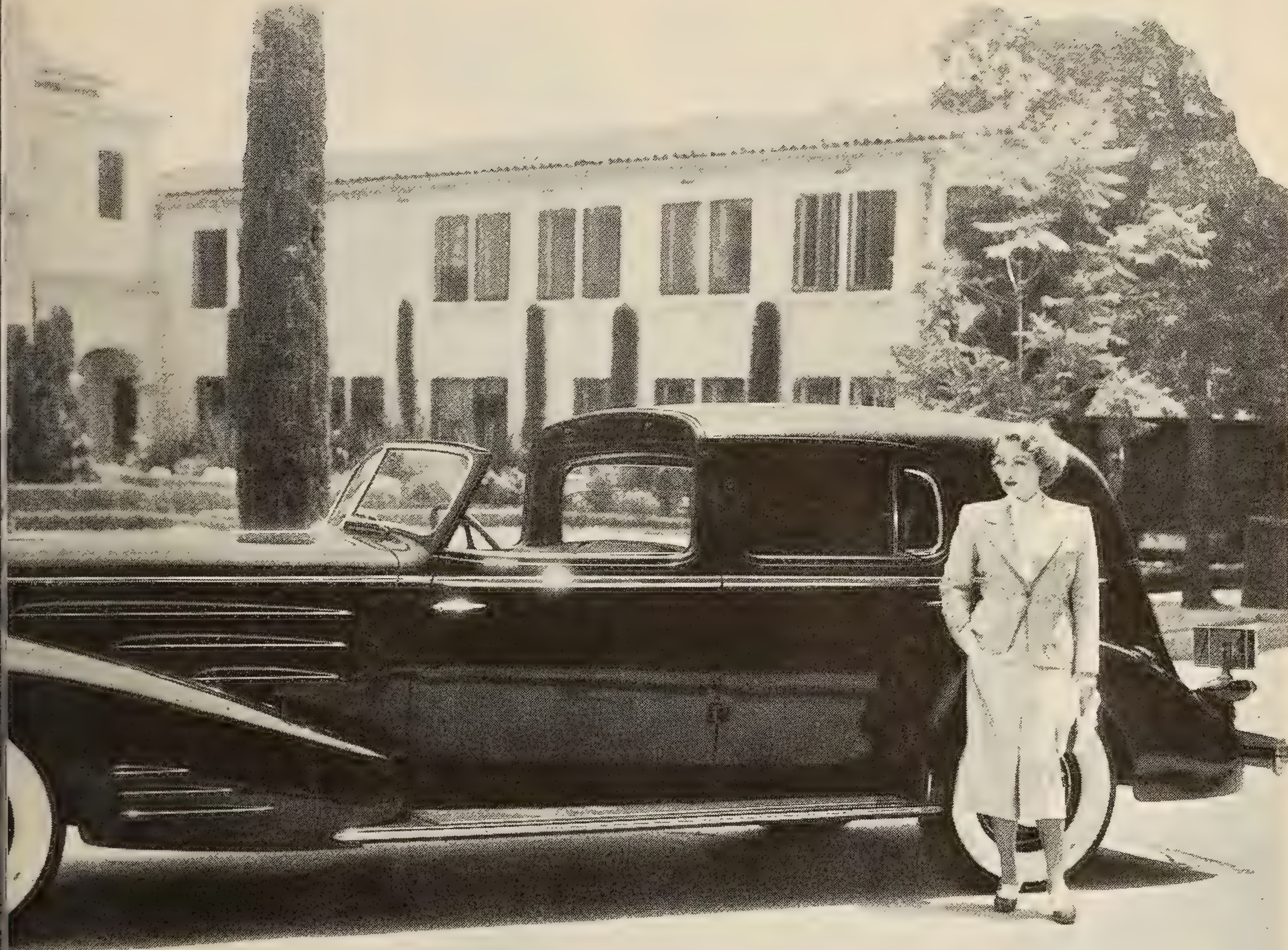
Carl Brisson has a bus with an open faced roof.



It's a Ford chassis. The special body must make the Ford engineers laugh (note the cow catcher)—collection of Al Jolson.

Robert Montgomery brought back a Bentley from England. Rated 110 m.p.h.





Fields remarked, "I've already found two stowaways and expect any minute to catch a smart guy riding the rods."

Carl Brisson's automat auto, the most versatile vehicle in Hollywood, produces edibles and drinks. Quite a roadster restaurant! You push a button and out pops a sandwich; you manipulate a switch and your thirst is quenched. Compartments neatly built into the rear and the dashboard make this one a magic motor. It is virtually a perambulating delicatessen.

— Food is stored in a miniature ice-box. Cocktails? A bar, stocked with the "mixings" in small bottles, swings out. A radio brings entertainment and the latest news. There is heating equipment. Special lights and other gadgets guarantee his comfort, and his guests'. Carl also has an Isotta-Fraschini, on which he must pay a British tax of twelve hundred dollars. He says that only an engineer can operate it.

Cut into the dashboard of Margaret Sullavan's white Pierce-Arrow coupe is a refrigerating compartment, where she carries cool drinks and salads, in case she craves refreshment while motoring.

Eleanore Whitney shivered through a few chilly California mornings and then ordered an air conditioner system. The device washes the air as it enters the car, circulates it and dispels it. In warm weather the air is automatically cooled; on cold days it is heated.

Bert Wheeler's new custom-built car is air-conditioned, and has a couch, an ice-box and a bridge table. Oddly, its engine is in the rear.

"Tops" among town-cars is Claudette Colbert's, with radio and firmly anchored make-up case. There's even a shaded reading light for night-driving.

The motor of Gary Cooper's open Duesenberg has been given a tonic, until it can step up to a speed of 135 miles an hour. It has two trick horns, one providing a musical range from the front seat, the other functioning in the rear. The radio also has a double, for the entertainment of passengers in the back seat.

Feeling sorry for his guests in the rear—or maybe tiring of arguing with them over the speedometer's record—Johnny Downs has a duplicate instrument panel installed on the partition.

A cute number for Marlene Dietrich. It is upholstered in black satin. Perhaps Marlene steers the back wheels at corners, like a hook and ladder.

There are even indicators showing the oil supply, temperature and revolutions of the motor. He says that his friends appreciate it, feeling grateful for the advance warning that he is running out of gas away out on the desert roads.

In hot weather Herbert Mordin closes the windows, packs the back seat with dry ice in a specially made box, and drives across the desert, as cool as a cucumber.

Wallace Ford concentrated on one item: a glass beer mug radiator ornament. It has something foamy inside, held intact by a paraffin cap.

Besides her trig town-car, Mary Carlisle has for informal gadding about a combination car which might be called a convertible coupe except that it is long like a limousine. It wears the smart slant, being low-slung, and is a dainty, creamy setting for her blonde, curly charm.

In the tonneau of her car Betty Burgess keeps packed and ready camp stools, a folding table, portable dishes, and all of the paraphernalia for a week-end camp in the country. The tiny electric stove is attached to the battery.

Joe Morrison lets the women compete with their artistic autos. His is a caravan of comfort—a talented trailer. He drove it to Sonora for "It's a Great Life" location scenes.

Its plaid cushions unfold and perform acrobatics that result in a bed. In fact, several. It will accommodate four persons. Among its fittings are a stove, an ice-box, a radio, and running hot and cold water drawn from tanks built into it.

The trailer is streamlined and painted silver and blue, to match his car. In it, Joe and his Eskimo dog go beach-camping and revel in nature de-luxe and de-looks. Served by cook and valet, he takes his luxurious ease at Malibu. He parks wherever he wishes (to the amusement or annoyance of stars who pay high rentals for those precious grains of sands) and moves on when the wanderlust whispers.

The red truck in which Katharine Hepburn rides to location tops them all in oddness, anyhow. [Continued on page 64]

"It Comes Out Here"

by
Julia
Gwin

The Fun Of Hollywood Goes 'Round And Around And Comes Out In Patsy Kelly.

A SENSE of humor is a life preserver in Hollywood. That, at least, is the opinion of its mirth provoker, Patsy Kelly.

"A clown knows better than to take himself seriously," says Patsy. "The Pagliaccis of life may have their dark moments but the world only wants laughs from them. You seldom see a funny man or woman going Hollywood. Take me, for example, I'm perfectly safe in pictures, for even the plainest movie star couldn't be jealous of a pan like mine and I've got sense enough to realize that I didn't get where I am because of my beauty."

Just how did Sarah Veronica Kelly, as she was christened in Brooklyn not so many Januarys ago, get where she is? She was a wild kid who preferred boys and their sports to the namby-pamby amusements of other girls of her age and association. It was primarily to keep her off the streets of New York, where her family had moved when she was quite young, that she was sent to a dancing school. She was thirteen and she spent the next three years in this professional children's school, mostly teaching other youngsters to dance. Here she met Ruby Keeler, and this was the beginning of a friendship which the years have never broken. In Hollywood the Keeler-Kelly bond has never been exploited for gain to Patsy or otherwise but it is a very real thing nevertheless. It was to Patsy that Ruby turned for sympathy recently when her beloved sister died. The Kelly, as Patsy calls herself, could have cashed in nicely on this friendship only she isn't built that way. She will probably never accommodate herself to the mad scramble for publicity at any price which goes on all around her in Hollywood. She is as plain as a white-washed fence, with some of its homely qualities.

Patsy broke into the theatre unexpectedly. Her brother, Willie, went for a try-out in Frank Fay's act and Patsy went along to help him with his routine. Fay took one look and knew that he had found something as unconsciously natural as the good natured charm which lighted up the girl's round face and rather plump figure.

So, Patsy Kelly, adopting the name with which she had been tagged because she was The Patsy of a family of six, went to work for Frank Fay. Brother Willie did, too, but as Fay's chauffeur instead of a dancer as he had hoped. At first Patsy only danced. She is one of the best eccentric dancers in New York. She started at the top in a theatre which was then "the tops" in vaudeville—the Palace. It was the goal toward which vaudevillians the world over worked and planned and hoped all their lives, and

Patsy from Brooklyn has settled in Hollywood, but she has sent laughter round the world.



"I discovered her," he replied with pardonable pride, no whit abashed. "And she's done all right for herself since that time, hasn't she?"

"But what do you think of her?" I urged.

"I think she's a great little kid with a flair for the theatre and a genius for comedy. What do you want to know for?"

"I'm writing a story about her. Can't you tell me something a little more personal? Less general? She worked with you for three years, didn't she?"

"Yes, and she's probably the only person in existence whose vaudeville experience began at the Palace Theatre and ended there. At first she only danced, then she spoke a few lines, and gradually more and more lines until she became my very valuable . . ."

"Stooge," I supplied.

Fay grinned and went on.

"She was a wonder, that girl.

Whatever I did or said she never let me down—she was always right there with a comeback. But when it came to sleeping I never in all my life saw anyone like Patsy. When we were on the road getting her out of the Pullman became a problem. Besides Patsy I had two boys in my act. I remember once in St. Louis when we were ready to leave the station there was no Patsy. 'Where is that girl?' I asked. It developed that she was still asleep. By this time the car had been taken out into the yards. Finally one of the boys had to go and get her out of the Pullman or she would perhaps have been there yet After

which most of them never reached. Patsy wasn't sure she was not dreaming. It had all happened so suddenly.

"I led with my chin," she explained later when asked how she made out with Fay, "because my knees were helpless."

On a very rainy morning early last month I bumped into Frank Fay on New York's Sixth Avenue.

"Hey," I shouted, "wait a minute. I want to talk with you." He probably thought I was a lunatic since he had never set eyes on me before.

"What do you think of Patsy Kelly?" I asked.

After

that everyone had to call her, and they did this with such gusto, Patsy got up in self-defense."

There Fay stood, rain pouring down his turned up coat collar from the brim of his hat, talking enthusiastically about Hollywood's newest laugh riot.

Patsy certainly learned a lot from Frank Fay. He has a habit of ad libbing and she had to be on her toes every minute to keep up with him. Today, in her pictures, many an uproarious scene is ad libbed after the fashion of her early training. Some directors like this and others insist that she stick to the script. Patsy does not argue about it . . . she does as she is told. In the three years she was with Fay she was fired and rehired many times. Finally it took.

She went from him to the cast of Dillingham's "Three Cheers." This was the show in which the late beloved Will Rogers replaced the original star, Fred Stone, due to a serious accident which Fred had. Her training in ad libbing continued throughout this engagement, for Will was even more addicted to the habit than Fay.

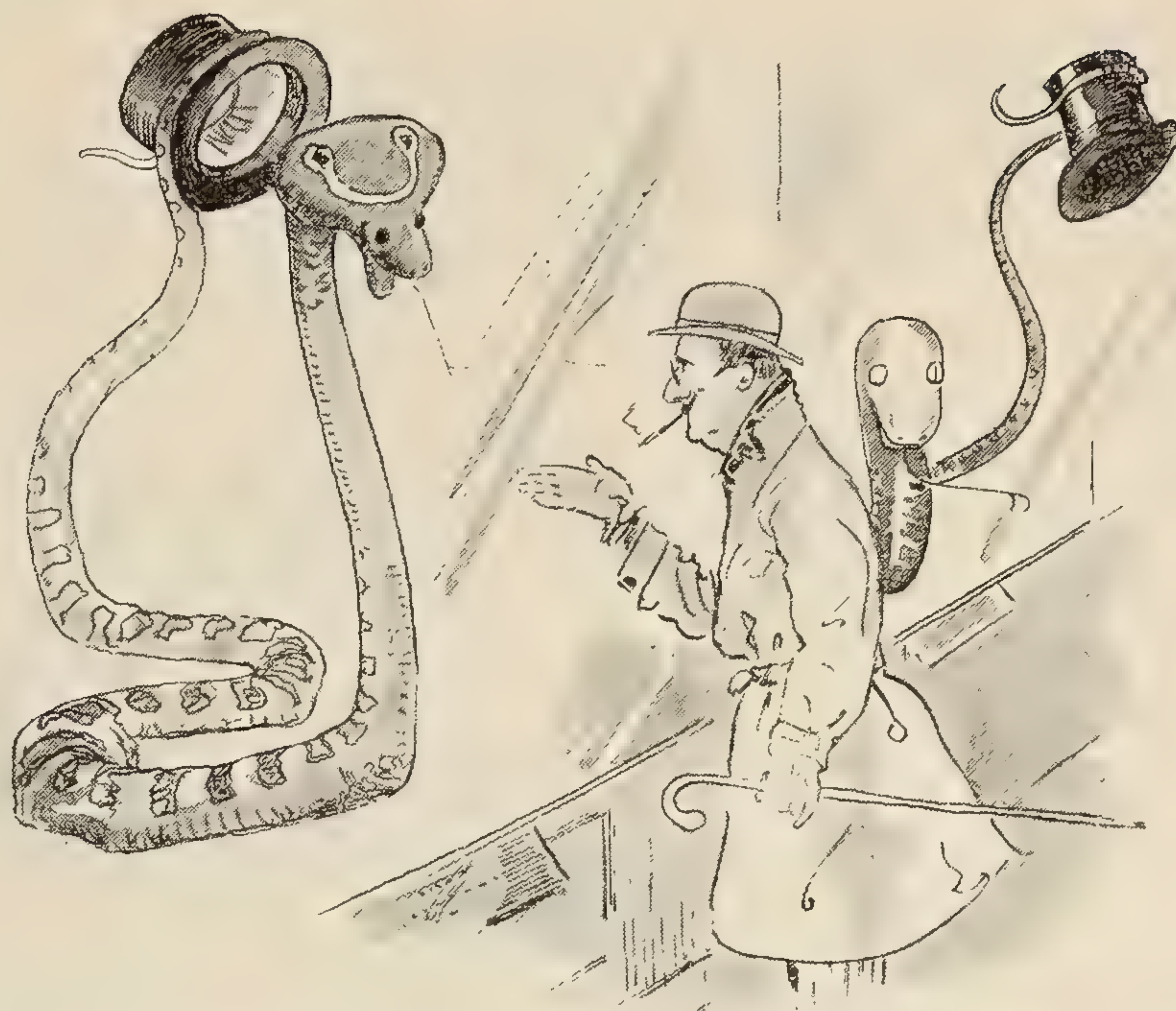
When Patsy was first offered a picture contract she stormed and raved at her manager for urging it upon her. She insisted that she did not like movies, that she "didn't believe there was a place named Hollywood . . . somebody made it up," and concluded with:

"Haven't I got trouble enough already without going into pictures?" But the next day she signed on the dotted line and before the week was out she was hard at work before the cameras in Hollywood. The first day was like a nightmare . . . people shouting, electricians, cameramen, assistant directors chasing about hectically until Patsy decided she must be in some kind of a mad house.

Even for a comedienne it was a little too much. She found herself trying to keep up a sense of humor she felt she was far from possessing at the moment, and in such surroundings it was a difficult job. Even today there is still an element of unreality about Hollywood for her. She used to spend hours learning her lines, but when she found that more often than otherwise the script was changed and written on the set as it was shot she decided there wasn't any use. Hollywood was simply a strange, new, topsy turvy world, about which she had much to learn.

"As for being in the actual 'take,'" she says, "it's slam, bam, rush every minute and until I see the rushes I'm never sure whether I'm just a stand-in or an actress."

All sorts of amusing things have been happening to Patsy since that first afternoon of her life when she arrived in Brooklyn ahead of the doctor. Once a man she was working for asked her to marry him and then, two weeks later, fired her for



George Kaufman, the famous playwright, dislikes a certain Broadwayite. "He's so low," said George, "that when he visits the zoo the snakes tip their hats to him."

calling him by his first name. Another time, just on the fringe of fame, she was mistaken for ZaSu Pitts, whose place she had taken at the Hal Roach Studios. A shy little girl approached her and asked, "Please, Miss Pitts, may I have your autograph?" Rather than disappoint the girl Patsy went into her act and did an imitation of ZaSu as she signed the requested autograph. Unless she reads it here the girl does not yet know the difference. But when Patsy signs her own autograph she always does so with the two words "thank you," expressing a gratitude she really feels for being noticed at all.

Perhaps the most amusing of all her odd experiences is this. Before Patsy was born her parents, John and Delia Kelly, migrated to America. They left behind in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland, a daughter named Bridget, who is now the mother of seven children. Bridget had never seen her little sister until a worn out print of a Hal Roach comedy played the local theatre which, with characteristic Irish wit, advertised Patsy as a home town girl.

A young chap I know who is both deaf and dumb told me, when he learned I was doing a story on Patsy: "All the deaf people love Patsy Kelly. She brings us a kind of comedy we can understand without words . . . she's like a female Charlie Chaplin." This true compliment made Patsy very happy.

Following the amazing hit she made with Dick Powell in "Thanks a Million," Patsy came to New York for her first vacation since going into movies two years ago. Hal Roach had just torn up her old contract and replaced it with a brand new one for seven years, making her a star in her own right. While waiting for the script to be written for "Kelly the Second," the studio allowed her to come back for a visit to the Broadway she loved, the Broadway which knew and loved her. This time she was fortunate enough to be more or less left to herself. It was the holiday season and Mr. and Mrs. New York were Christmas shopping and tree decorating for all the little New Yorkers. But next time Patsy will probably be met by bands and photographers and newspapermen; and by a curious public jostling and pushing to touch the garments of the mighty. And Patsy will doubtless grin good humoredly and talk right back as she did when Frank Fay used to put her on the spot with some unexpected quip. She's that kind of a girl.

Funny Patsy is destined to be beloved by millions even as that other great comic, Marie Dressler. The great star who would touch the human heart must first gain the comradeship of laughter. Take Charlie Chaplin. You know how he flopped—like Kelly did.

The Busiest Girl In Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

seven. Her make-up is put on at home and her hair and nails done. She is not interrupted with household details at this time; her mother takes care of all that. She arrives in the studio at nine, and during one average day she has been known to accomplish a variety of things that would floor the most high-powered executive.

A man wants to sell her a car, and she talks with him. Maybe she buys it, if she happens to need a car. A jewelry salesman displays his wares. She has costume fittings, attends a story conference, and signs her autograph for every one who

asks her—she is especially good-natured about this. Luncheon is sent to her dressing room from home in a special basket that keeps everything hot, and she frequently has an interview at this time. On her way back to the set, she is stopped by a cameraman for some trick pictures for publicity.

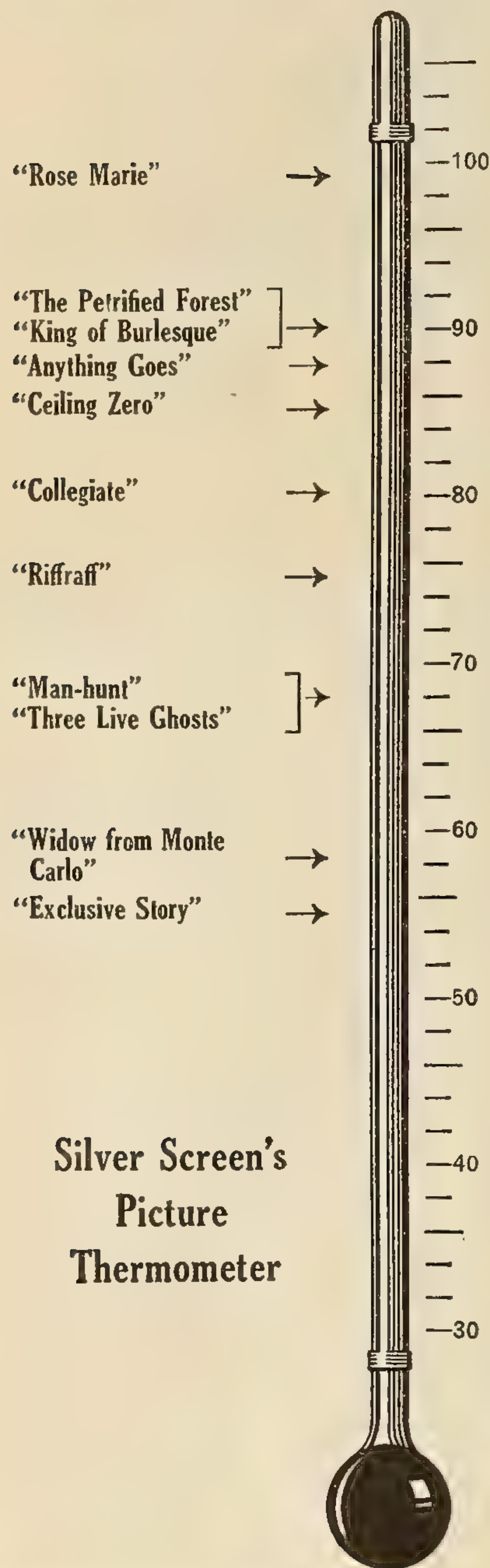
People drop into her dressing room every time there is any indication she is there. It is a rare day when she does not have guests for tea, either in the dressing room or on the set. Sandwiched in somewhere for the last several months have been discussions with the architects and

builders of her home, and selections for the furnishings. Also, the girl has to have clothes to wear outside of pictures as well as in them. Sometime or other, she does her shopping.

And you can call me a liar if you will, but Claudette is exceptionally well-read. And here is where I give up. You'll just have to figure out when she does it. All I know is, she has read a lot of good books—and even "Of Time and the River" didn't stop her.

Maybe she's twins. Anyway, it would be an interesting rumor!

REVIEWS

OF
PICTURES
SEEN

"The King of Burlesque" proves an excellent vehicle for Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, Arline Judge and Jack Oakie.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Rating: 90°—HOWARD AND DAVIS AGAIN—
Warners

THIS picture reunites the celebrated team of Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, who ascended to heights of glory in "Of Human Bondage." It's definitely Bette's best part since her last picture with the charming Mr. Howard, and all you have to do is give Bette a rôle worthy of her talents and she simply acts circles around all the other Hollywood stars.

"The Petrified Forest" is adapted from Robert E. Sherwood's play of the same name which was a great success on Broadway last year with Leslie Howard playing the same part he plays in the film. It has been done into a stirring, beautiful picture with a definite appeal for artistic and discriminating people. The story concerns a young intellectual who has failed to find himself in a world of chaos, an appealing, lovable young man who simply doesn't fit into the present day scheme of things.

The plot simply doesn't do justice to the picture—so we won't tell it to you here—see it and you will love it. Humphrey Bogart's portrayal of "Duke" is excellent. Also in the cast, and perfectly cast, are Genevieve Tobin, Charley Grapewin, Dick Foran and Paul Harvey.

KING OF BURLESQUE

Rating: 90°—A HIGH SPOT IN MUSICALS—
Twentieth Century-Fox

HERE'S the best musical since heaven knows when and you're a sucker if you pass it up. Mrs. Oakie's little boy Jackie simply goes to town in this picture and, with the cleverest comedy lines you've heard in years, and his own peculiar grins, he proceeds to steal every scene in sight.

"Anything Goes," the Broadway stage success, is now on the screen with Ida Lupino and Bing Crosby at their best.

The guy's a panic. The plot you've heard before, but don't let it throw you because it has never been cooked up so enticingly before. Warner Baxter once more

plays a theatrical producer (remember "42nd Street?") who makes a mint of money with a burlesque show on Fourteenth Street, New York City, and my, my, you know what Fourteenth Street is. It ain't Park Avenue.

Alice Faye, who has the cutest snub-nose in Hollywood, plays the girl who sings while the girly goes into their strip tease number—and, incidentally, Alice is crazy about Warner but he doesn't know it. Oakie is his press agent. Warner has ambitions and ideals so with his money he moves his show uptown to Broadway, except, of course, it then becomes a revue, and he has one hit after another with Alice starring.

But he has a yen for class, so he marries a bankrupt society girl whom he met at an auction, and to please her gives up his revues and goes in for high-brow extravaganzas which come under the heading of Art, and which star his wife's young boy friend.

After a series of arty flops his wife leaves him, and he is headed for the gutter when sweet Alice suddenly returns from a successful season in London and goes into cahoots with Oakie to get a backer for a new revue to be produced by Warner.

ROSE-MARIE

Rating: 99°—MACDONALD AND EDDY—
M-G-M

PARDON me, Madame, but now is the time to bring out the raves *et* comment! The famous operetta, with the haunting Friml and Stothart music that was the rage of several years ago, has been made into a picture that is far, far better than the play could ever be.

Jeanette MacDonald as *Rose-Marie* has never looked more beautiful, acted more glamorously, or sung more exquisitely, and the preview audience went into such conviction fits over her that the poor gal was torn limb from limb when she tried to leave the theatre. Nelson Eddy, who used to belong to the ram-rod school of acting (though there were certainly no complaints from you), suddenly unbends and gives a

[Continued on page 63]



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"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



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ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Reviews [Continued from page 60]

warm, easy performance, and, of course, there is nothing on earth as magnificent as his baritone voice. If you went into ecstasies over him and Jeanette in "Naughty Marietta" you will go into a whole batch of ecstasies over them in this picture.

The love scenes, against the beautiful mountain scenery of Lake Tahoe, are thrilling and glamorous, and you never have heard the "Indian Love Call" sung so beautifully.

ANYTHING GOES

Rating: 88°—AND SO IT DOES—Paramount

IT'S Bing Crosby, girls, and in a much, much better picture than he has had in years and years. And you'll be glad to know that success at the track (Bing's a big horseman now, you know) hasn't hurt your favorite crooner a bit; he sings more romantically than ever. In this picture he sings, "Moonburn" and "My Heart and I" and "Sailor Beware," which are really something, and then with Ethel Merman he cuts capers through a new version of "You're the Tops" and "Shang-hai-dee-ho."

What more can you ask? A plot? All right, here you have one of the gayest musical comedy plots that ever came out of Hollywood. Part of it is adapted from the stage success, "Anything Goes," and part of it is new, and all of it is delightful gooferie.

COLLEGIATE

Rating: 80°—RITOUS COMEDY—Paramount

A GAY and sparkling musical comedy with a touch of farce about it which some of you who weren't born yesterday will recognize as "The Charm School," once a Wallace Reid vehicle. Jack Oakie, a playboy, inherits from his aunt a private school for young ladies which has been running into the red for sometime on account of the old fogey curriculum. Jack also inherits his aunt's secretary, Frances Langford, hmmm—some inheritance. But unfortunately he inherits no money. However, he and his anti press agent, Ned Sparks, pick up a funny goof who cannot remember his name (amnesia, no less) but who has plenty of dough and with him as backer Jack proceeds to put the school on a paying basis. He tosses out the musty curriculum and faculty and hires Betty Jane Cooper to teach tap dancing, and Mack Gordon and Harry Ravel for a music course, and adds a tasty course in cosmetics, another in charm, and still another in smart costume designing. You can just imagine what graduation day exercises are like!

MAN-HUNT

Rating: 68°—HOME-TOWN STUFF—Warners

THIS cheerful comedy brings back to the screen Marguerite Churchill (she who is Mrs. George O'Brien) and this is the first picture on her new Warner Brothers' contract. Marguerite plays a pretty young school teacher who's in love with the apple-cheeked reporter of the local paper. The two young folks decide that nothing ever happens in the old home town, so they are about ready to throw up their jobs and seek fame and fortune in the big city, when suddenly a muchly publicized criminal escapes and heads for their town.

The quiet little village over-night becomes a pot pourri of city newspaper reporters, federal agents, gangsters, sheriffs, and what not, and the kids find themselves right in the midst of a man-hunt. Chic Sale, as an antique ex-sheriff who can still twiddle his guns but can't get away from the bossy Maude Eburne, does splendidly by the comedy and, by heck, gits his man. William Gargan is nice and clean and

handsome as the country boy reporter, and Ricardo Cortez is sufficiently sinister for the criminal.

CEILING ZERO

Rating: 85°—AIR MAIL DRAMA—Warners

HERE'S a bang up aviation picture that's a surefire hit. Most of the action takes place in the dispatching office of the Federal Air Lines at Newark, New Jersey, and it simply breathes authenticity which makes it all the more thrilling. Jimmy Cagney plays Dizzy Davis, an ace air mail pilot who is a regular dare-devil in the sky, and on the ground a perfect pushover for a pretty face. His irresponsibility gets him into one scrape after another but he is always defended by his loyal pal, Pat O'Brien, who is the superintendent of the dispatching office.

It is a thoroughly exciting and thrilling picture, excellently played by the entire cast. Jimmy and Pat have never been better. The preview audience broke into terrific applause after Isabel Jewell's dramatic scene with Jimmy. You mustn't miss this.

RIFFRAFF

Rating: 75°—HEARTY STUFF—M-G-M

JEAN HARLOW and Spencer Tracy are teamed in a picture which runs the gamut of theatre from low comedy to high gear drama, and being a selfish so-and-so I'll take the comedy and leave you the drama. The background of this human interest story is the tuna fishing industry of the West Coast.

Jean, no longer a platinum blonde and looking like something out of heaven with her natural hair, plays a gal in the tuna cannery who is nuts about Spencer, and you can't blame her for that. Spencer plays a big blab-mouth, dim-witted lug who is obsessed with the idea that he is a born leader of men, and so he becomes the innocent patsy of a lot of anti-union men who are promoting a strike in the tuna industry.

Taking charge of the comedy are Una Merkel, who plays Jean's slatternly sister and is simply marvelous, and Mickey Rooney as Jean's loud-mouthed brat of a brother, and Roger Imhof as the bibulous father. Joseph Calleia is excellent as the goose-greased Greek owner of the tuna factory who is quite a chaser among the gals. Jean and Spencer are excellent too, and it certainly isn't their fault that every now and then they get bowled over by too much plot. And I'm all for a natural brown Harlow. How about you?

THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

Rating: 58°—MUCH ADO MERRILY—Warner Brothers

DOLORES DEL RIO, looking very beautiful in some clothes you wouldn't think of wearing, plays a duchess of the English nobility who is persuaded to elude her entourage and family for a day and have a time for herself down at Margate (the English equivalent of Coney Island, old boy). Warren William is the commoner who lures her away from her caste and shows her how the other half lives. The duchess writes a letter of thanks to



Ned Sparks furnishes the contrast to the merry, merry chorus girls in "Collegiate."

Warren which is intercepted by a blackmailer, so that brings on slight complications. The plot is weak but Dolores is lovely to look at and there's a lot of fun at Margate. Also in the picture are Colin Clive, E. E. Clive, Herbert Mundin and Olin Howland.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS

Rating: 68°—YOUR OLD FAVORITE—M-G-M

AFTER R-K-O dug up "Seven Keys to Baldpate" you just knew it wouldn't be long before Metro remembered "Three Live Ghosts" and freshened it up again. It's still a very delightful comedy, well written, and beautifully played, especially by Beryl Mercer. As you may recall, the story is English and the action takes place just about the time of the Armistice.

The three live ghosts are three ex-soldiers, two of whom are reported dead and the third so severely shell-shocked that he cannot remember his identity. The first "ghost" is a young American wanted at home in the matter of some disappearing bonds, the second is a London cockney, and the third a British aristocrat who is quite balmy and has become a kleptomaniac.

Dick Arlen plays the American, Charles McNaughton the cockney, and Claude Allister the aristocrat. There's a surprise ending that's really a surprise—unless you've seen it before. Cecilia Parker is sweet and cute as the love interest, and Nydia Westman gives a grand performance as a fluttery cockney lass.

EXCLUSIVE STORY

Rating: 55°—NOT SO EXCLUSIVE—M-G-M

A GANGSTER picture told from the reporter's point of view this time, instead of the G-Man's. It concerns the racketeers in New York who prey upon the small merchants with emphasis on the "numbers" racket, which started in Harlem but quickly came downtown to Broadway. Stu Erwin plays an ambitious reporter who tries to expose the king of the racketeers only to have his paper back down on him. But encouraged by Madge Evans, the lovely daughter of one of the poor merchants, he takes up the fight again and urges Franchot Tone, rich young society lawyer, to become the special prosecutor.

Stars In The Ascendant [Continued from page 53]

they more nearly reflect life as it is and people as we know them. I like musical plays for, while they are more or less artificial, everybody loves music so much that they willingly accept this phase."

Still under forty, Roy Del Ruth is a veteran in motion pictures, having come to Hollywood away back in 1917, from Philadelphia, where he had been writer and illustrator on the *Inquirer* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

He became comedy writer for Mack Sennett, then directed such stars as Wallace Beery, in his pie throwing cycle; Harold Lloyd, as a three-dollar-a-day cop; Charlie Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, Gloria Swanson, and a host of others. In 1925 he joined the Warner Brothers studio, remaining until 1934, when he went with Darryl Zanuck to the newly formed 20th Century Company, now 20th Century-Fox, where he is under a long-term contract.

This is a congenial association for he worked with Zanuck at Warners; they un-

derstand each other and are always in perfect harmony. He told me he considers Zanuck and Irving Thalberg the outstanding producers today because they both have unusually keen "story minds," and the screen's success of the immediate future depends greatly upon these two brilliant young men.

Del Ruth still loves to sketch, and the camera is his hobby. He always keeps a typewriter near at hand to write in new scenes or change the dialogue in an effort to increase the spontaneity of his pictures. He's known as a reliable director because he watches the expense sheet and frequently brings in his production under schedule.

Walking through the studio grounds over to the street scene of "It Had to Happen," Del Ruth said, "This is a funny game, a mad, hectic game. I'm always glad I can laugh with it and at it. When I look around and see others, mostly the stars, dramatizing themselves and taking

everything with such frantic seriousness, it is not only amusing, it is pathetic.

"After all, everybody's day is short. Especially is this true of screen players; they fade out of the picture so rapidly. I've watched so many come and go that it seems foolish to pin everything on a few fleeting years.

"I think everyone of us who is in this business is lucky, for it is the most exciting in the world and, too, we make more money than we could in any other way. However, to me it is merely my profession, one I like immensely, but I have no false illusions about it, I see no halo of glamour surrounding it. In fact, through my eyes, it is terribly practical for I honestly believe it takes more heartaches, more hard work to win its laurels than is required in any other line of effort. But it is only our work, it isn't our life, so why get too serious about it?"

And that's typical of Roy Del Ruth!

Hitching The Stars To Their Wagons [Continued from page 57]

Sets of cushions for Ann Harding's gray roadster are upholstered in colors to match her frocks. Lilian Harvey's radiator cap design is woven into her bags.

Besides a radio, Adrienne Marden's car carries a small phonograph. Otto Kruger removed the oval clock from one end of his rear vision mirror and inserted a hand-painted miniature of his wife and daughter. Wendy Barrie, accustomed to driving in London, ordered an expensive engineering "operation" on her American left-drive car, converting it into its English cousin, with a right-side wheel.

One of the oddest quirks of equipment is Mary Astor's built-in chessboard, its men pegged in holes! Madge Evans has a small electric hair-dryer, which fits into a case four inches long and three inches wide. After her swim at the beach, she attaches it to a plug in her car.

Joan Crawford's sedan of plebeian make is painted antique white and is upholstered in white satin. Binnie Barnes keeps cool

in summer with an electric fan, Lester Matthews carries a cooking kit in his English racing car, and Chick Chandler invented a tricky mirror that slides out of sight. Margot Grahame's car boasts a small electric ice-cream freezer!

Eric Linden keeps the top of his roadster down during the stormiest weather. But he remains dry—and picturesque—under a so'wester. To avoid argument, the Johnny Weissmuller motor has his initials on one door and Lupe's on the other.

William Powell had a convertible coupe, until one evening it rained suddenly and the top stuck. Angry because he couldn't put it up, the actor just ripped it off. His car is no longer convertible.

Solo-spots in the motor parade: Tom Mix's ornate white chariot, his sleek black trailer, almost as big as a railroad car, with all the comforts of civilization, Gary Cooper's canary phaeton with green fenders, Charlie Farrell's buttercup-yellow cabriolet, the cheerful flash of Simone

Simon's robin's-egg blue Packard coupe, Glenda Farrell's creamy roadster that she has titled "Cupcake."

Ken Maynard's "horse car" conveys six equine passengers to location. Each has its own stall-compartment; the panels are lifted into place, joining to form the side of the truck.

Gene Autry's "Champ" has a parlor-on-wheels for their cross-country tours. It is a streamlined trailer heavily padded with rough leather, the floor thickly carpeted with sponge rubber. The de luxe equine compartment has shatter-proof glass windows.

Regarding Bebe Daniels' wee town car, a small replica of her real one, with the upholstery and appointments copied in detail, John Boles exclaimed, "You've left your Rolls out in the rain and it has shrunk! How do you get into it, with a shoe-horn?"

"I just stand and pull it on over my head!" Bebe retorted.

Dick Cromwell had a leaping tuna that shamed him. It began to drift apart, annoyingly, with an embarrassing loss of tinnage. Disgusted, he let it hibernate for the winter and called a taxi.

The only actor whose car can't even make the parade is Mickey Rooney. Due to its rickety condition, it can't travel one block. The boy spent six whole dollars for it, too.

The late Will Rogers, surveying Hollywood's motor cavalcade shortly before his tragic passing, remarked: "Lookit all the gadgets . . . Well, mine's got something none o' the others has—a paid in full receipt!"

Allowed to choose a new automobile on her ninth birthday, Jane Withers selected a green sedan that she saw at the Auto Show—principally because she thought that the chauffeur wearing a matching uniform came with the car!

However, she compromised, regretfully omitting the chauffeur when the auto company built in for her a special drawing-board attachment, which suspends from the blanket-rail on hooks. The board was cut to fit into her lap.

Edward Everett Horton's phobia is altitude. Desiring to know always when driving how high he is above sea level, he had an altimeter installed in his Cadillac. To make sure of keeping her appointments on time, Helen Wood had a dollar watch put on the gear shift as a knob.



At Jack Oakie's party, a guest seeing a beautiful foreign actress departing, asked her, rather thickly:

"Why're you leaving?" To which the actress replied:

"I am leeeving at the Villa Carlotta."

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have appeal..."

says
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Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to

keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.

You want the charm men find so irresistible. Margaret Sullavan, lovely star of Universal's "Next Time We Love," tells you how to win it.



"24 And Very Fickle!" [Continued from page 29]



Mary Carlisle, already sweeter than sweet, has purchased an interest in a sugar plantation.

"I don't expect to be more than ten years in this business. During that time I hope to save enough money to own a boat and a ranch of my own, with plenty of horses and cattle, to travel extensively, and visit New York twice a year. I'd like to have and do these things after my retirement from the screen if I have the money. If not, I'll have to open a grocery store, I guess, or raise wheat on my Colorado farm.

"How about marriage?" I asked him.

"I hope to marry before I am thirty."

"Will you describe your 'ideal?' Your feminine fans will want to know that."

The rosy color deepened in his cheeks. His clear blue eyes looked troubled. He ran his fingers through his brown hair. His extraordinarily mobile mouth twisted

into a half roguish smile of genuine boyish distress.

"Oh, I don't know what kind of girl I want! I'm only twenty-four years old, and very fickle. I have a lot to learn yet about women. I suppose people think girls throw themselves at the feet of young leading men like myself. Nonsense! It hasn't been proven in my case so far!"

"It has been reported that you were all set to marry Irene Hervey, but the studio wouldn't let you, for fear you might suffer at the box office. Is that true?" I asked him.

"No, it isn't. The studio hasn't interfered at all. I am perfectly free to marry any girl any time I want to."

Irene Hervey is an extremely charming girl, and I am certain Bob is in love with her. However, when I questioned him about it, his evasive, blushing answer was, "Maybe I am, and maybe I am not."

We resumed the discussion of Hollywood's pitfalls.

"You have to watch every move you make for fear of being criticised. And no matter how much you may defy your critics, subconsciously you are afraid of them. They can do you so much harm. Malicious gossip and bad publicity will tear down the highest reputation, the strongest character, in such a profession as ours. Hollywood is lavish with its gifts, but it takes away a most precious possession, a feeling of independence."

"Bob, you are quite a psychologist. Won't you analyze yourself, listing your good and bad points?"

"I don't know what my good points are, except a comparative lack of conceit, but I'll tell you about my bad points."

"I am hypersensitive. I don't mean temperamental. I have temperament, but I am

not temperamental. I am very easily hurt, and I am terribly afraid of hurting other people's feelings. Too often, instead of trying to make people like me, I avoid them. It is because of my extreme sensitiveness that I sometimes give the impression of being snobbish and stuck-up."

"It sounds as if you have an inferiority complex," I said with my usual lack of tact.

"I do have an inferiority complex," he admitted, which proves how universal is this ailment, that many of its victims have the least cause to suffer from it. But as Bill Powell rightly claims, it takes an inferiority complex to get along in Hollywood.

"I am moody. One minute I am way up in the air, the next minute clear down to the bottom. I can't explain my moodiness very well. It's a sort of Byronic unhappiness, a brooding on my constant failure to live up to my imaginative ideals about myself. I get along best with moody people. They understand me, and I understand them. My closest friends here are Cesar Romero and my stand-in, Don Miloe. We are cut after the same pattern."

"I am very restless. I can't keep still a moment. I must always be doing something, going somewhere. I'd die if I remained inactive."

"I am very impulsive. I say and do a lot of things impulsively. I am liable to leap out of my bed around midnight, hop into my car and go some place or see somebody."

Such, my friends, is Bob Taylor, whose weaknesses are but the virtues of youth. Our youngest leading man of the screen will go far with his looks, talent, background and Byronic unhappiness, and ought to rule the romantic roost.

"They Ought To Shoot Actors Who Mug!" [Continued from page 26]

was started.

"Oh—those tests. They'll be the death of me yet. When we were looking at them in the projection room a member of the production staff said: 'Fonda, you've mugged all over the screen.' When I heard that I sort of crept off into a corner all by myself and sulked hard. I felt simply terrible. 'Mugged!' The worst word in theatrical parlance. Along with fifty million other actors I had always felt that they should shoot actors who mug. And now, here was I, in Hollywood under contract, and accused of mugging."

"Then Victor Fleming—he was directing 'The Farmer'—took me aside and said: 'Easy, kid. Just take it easy and watch. You've got to "play down" on the screen. You'll get the hang of it before you know it.'

"I saw what he meant, all right. On the stage I had always been taught that it was necessary to project yourself way out in front so that the audience in the top row in the gallery could feel, without marked effort, the very essence of your stage character. But Fleming had never directed for the stage and saw things differently. However, I do think that the scenes I did best in the film of 'The Farmer' were the action ones in which Fleming let me act a bit. When I saw the other scenes on the screen I was tempted to get up and give myself a good shove."

"In 'I Dream Too Much' just the contrary took place. John Cromwell, who di-

rected it, comes from the stage and he wanted me to play my scenes so big, that when I saw the daily rushes I was horrified. I felt that I was 'mugging' again. Oh, that horrible word. It's come to haunt me. Anyway, it was fun playing with Lily Pons. They were so nervous for days before she arrived at the studio. They were sure that a great Metropolitan prima donna would ritz them with the greatest of ease. But Lily was a lamb. She adored everything right from the start and clowned all over the place. We had great fun, together."

As Miss Pons had informed me, when I interviewed her a few months ago, that she wanted Fonda to be cast as her leading man again when she returned to Hollywood next year, I readily believed him.

Fonda was particularly enthusiastic about "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which he had just completed for Walter Wanger before coming East for his vacation.

"It's a natural color film," he told me, "done under a special process of technicolor. I, myself, think it will create a sensation. It was filmed almost entirely out of doors. Of course, we're all mountain folk so we wear drab greys and dull greens most of the time. There will be few vivid hues. But they've caught the actual colors of nature so perfectly that I think the effect will be startling."

A great many of you may remember "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" when

it was done as a silent long, long ago. But Fonda assured me that the story had been re-written to fit modern times and in its present shape promised to be a dramatic sensation. In the cast are such reliable players as Sylvia Sydney, Fred MacMurray (who gets Sylvia in the end), Fred Stone, and, of course, Fonda himself, who for the first time plays a rôle bordering on a heavy.

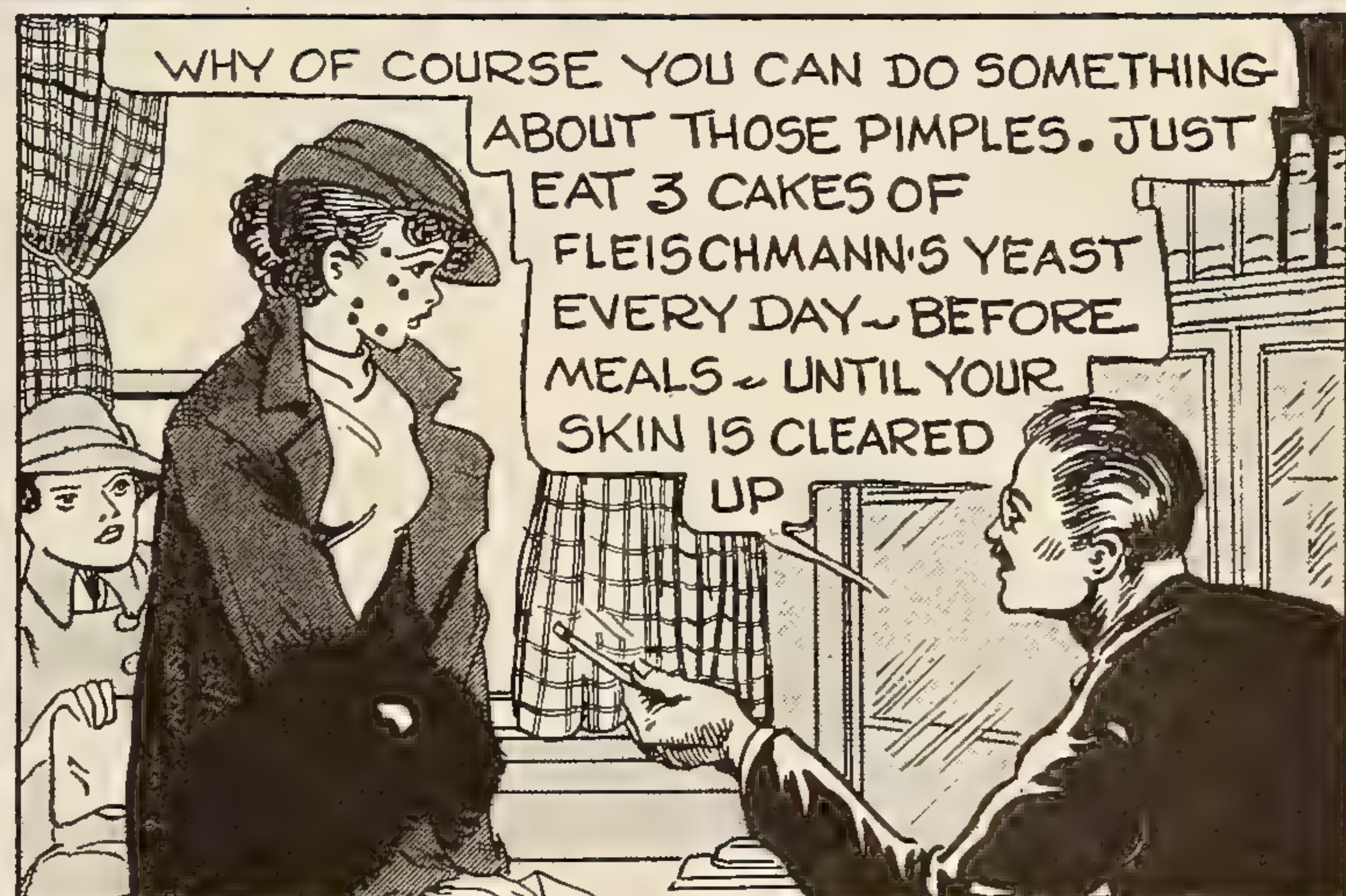
His next, he told me, was to be a smart comedy called "The Moon Is Our Home," taken from a story by the popular Faith Baldwin. But the interesting part of this assignment is that opposite Mr. Fonda will play Margaret Sullavan, and Margaret Sullavan, my friends, in the not so distant past was Mrs. Henry Fonda.

These modern days! Are they not wonderful? Asked if he found it slightly embarrassing, slightly awkward or slightly anything at all to be cast with his ex-wife, who is now whirling it merrily as Mrs. William Wyler (during working hours Mr. Wyler is a Hollywood director), the tall, handsome and lucky Henry Fonda raised his dark bushy eyebrows in such a definite accent of negation that I wanted to squeal tantalizingly: "Don't you mug at me, Mr. Fonda."

For which *faux pas*, although written but left unsaid, I expect to be the first to be shot by Mr. Fonda with that gun which he learned to aim with such amazing accuracy in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."



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PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

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by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

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This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

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Get a box of Ex-Lax today. It costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

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Beating About Shepherd's Bush

(Continued from page 31)

Now you know there's no one really who loves to eat as much as I do (unless it's yourself) but I simply couldn't face boiled mutton and boiled pudding in the middle of the day with the temperature around a hundred. From then on I settled for three monacle sandwiches—though every time I said three I felt like a pig. But I'll have you know that all the English players, the directors, everybody ate boiled mutton and boiled pudding regularly and thought me utterly mad when I sort of wished out loud occasionally for a good green salad.

"However, if I disapproved of their luncheons I certainly approved of their tea. Every afternoon about four all work was called off while everyone gathered around the tea wagon and drank tea and ate buns. About three o'clock there would be sort of a restlessness on the set, and one electrician would call to another, 'I say, old boy, is the tea 'ere?' and those big hulking guys would watch the door just as if they expected Santa Claus to enter. After a week I was watching the door too and yelling to Richard Dix 'I say, we ought to 'ave hit 'ere now.' If I'm not any good in 'Exclusive Story' it's because I am being deprived of my afternoon tea."

Madge was surprised by the smallness of the English studios and their utter lack of any "back lot." When they have outside scenes to do they have to go on location. The English, according to Madge, use more lights than we do in Hollywood—they use as many arcs to light a commonplace scene as we do when the picture is being taken in technicolor. This extravagant use of lights makes the sets very hot and naturally wears out the players very quickly.

Madge's biggest surprise in London was the bicycle girls. It seems that fans in London—at least the female of the species—go in for shorts and bikes and they pedal around London looking for American movie stars. Madge says that a whole brigade of them followed her car from the studio to the Dorchester, then, hours later, when she emerged to go to the theatre the dozen or so had increased to a hundred or so and they tagged her car right up to the entrance of the theatre. Madge says she felt just about as inconspicuous as a clown in a circus parade. After the theatre several hundred more had joined up and, pedaling merrily, followed her to a night club. No matter how early she left the hotel in the morning for the studio the

bicycle girls were waiting. Now, now, you sissy American fans, aren't you kinda ashamed not to have bikes and shorts like the nobby English fans! Fie upon you.

In time Madge began to recognize the same faces every morning and when she would get into her car the girls would shout, "Hello, Madge." And Madge would shout "Hello," back, and it was all very chummy, and Madge, who isn't the most sentimental person in the world, suddenly began to get very tender over so much constant devotion—up until the advent of *Oliver Twist*. He ruined everything. One day as her car was leaving the Gaumont studio, Madge noticed a small, thin lad with a starved, whimsical face like a Dickens illustration. He looked so hungry, so pathetic and so frail that Madge had the driver stop the car while she autographed his picture and gave him a pat on the head. He was such a wistful little fellow, evidently about twelve.

The following Saturday he was there waiting at the gate for her again with some crocheted buttons his grandmother had done for her. The next Saturday, more starved and pathetic looking than ever, he was waiting for her with a picture for his pal in Birmingham. "Could you give me a lift into town, please?" he asked and Madge was only too eager to oblige. Should she give him money? Should she give him a square meal at the Dorchester? She prattled on to him about America, and movies and things and then in the spirit of sweet conversation asked, "How old are you, Kenneth?" To which Kenneth, alias *Oliver Twist*, replied, "Eighteen."

Still gurgling over Kenneth I sought out Jean Parker, who was making a test over on stage nine. Jean is the last of the Hollywood contingent to return from England—and if she has her way she will be the first to return to England. Jean is simply wrapped up in England. "I left part of myself there," she said, her big brown eyes sparkling with idealism seen so rarely in Hollywood these days. "I loved England. It was the most wonderful experience of my life. I hope I shall go back soon. Never have I seen such thrilling sunsets, the loveliest pastel shades imaginable. All that talk about London fogs is perfectly silly—why I was there for months and there was only one fog and it wasn't bad."

Nope, you can't take cracks at England



Acme

One of the last pictures ever taken of John Gilbert, after attending a performance at a Los Angeles theatre with Marlene Dietrich. His outstanding film, "The Big Parade," still holds the all-time popularity record. A fine actor.

"Change for Five..."

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GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

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day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

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"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to

directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

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New! Town & Country Make-Up Film. This biological beauty discovery has set a new fashion in make-up foundations. It keeps your make-up fresh, exquisitely blended, for hours; actually conceals imperfections. It keeps alive youth-giving moisture, which lends flattering, dewy freshness to your skin. 1.50.

These preparations are available at Helena Rubinstein's Salon or at any smart store.

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PARIS

LONDON

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with Jean around. "Ever since I was a child I have wanted to go to London and when I got off the boat there it was just like a dream coming true," she continued. "The air invigorated me—I felt as if I could do big things and I kept saying over and over to myself, 'Jean, this is your beginning. This is your big opportunity. Nothing before has mattered. This is your beginning.' And then I would wish on every haystack and every star that I would be worthy of Robert Donat and Rene Clair."

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing "The Ghost Goes West" but judging from the raves it received from the press when it opened recently in England little Jean's wishes on the haystacks and the stars weren't wasted. "The tickets sold for the equivalent of fifty dollars, and the Queen was at the premiere," Jean said ruefully. "Oh, I would have given anything to have been there, and imagine meeting Queen Mary."

Robert Donat, according to Jean (she claims he is her favorite actor), is a very shy young man with a delicious sense of humor, and a young man to whom, quite strangely, money means nothing at all. He has been offered thousands of dollars to make another picture in Hollywood (you remember him, of course, in "The Count of Monte Cristo") but he will not come until he finds a story he thinks suitable. He has great glamour, and at the same time great simplicity. Jean's first conversation with him left her spell-bound for days.

He had her hotel room filled with flowers when she arrived and her first night in London he called her over the phone. Being a very shy young man he could think of nothing to say, and Jean being equally as shy was of no help. Finally he managed

to gasp, "Take care of yourself," and Jean found her voice just in time to say, "Take care of yourself too" . . . and thus ended the most important telephone conversation of her life. But ah, this is no romance. Only the great admiration of a young idealist. There is a Mrs. Robert Donat and two little children and Jean went simply insane over the entire family.

"Rene Clair," Jean told me, "is the first director who has not treated me as a child. He is so sincere, and so sensitive to the moods of his players that I think any actress would consider it the greatest honor of her life to be directed by him. I never will forget my nineteenth birthday. Mr. Clair suddenly called off work and he and Mr. Donat wheeled in a tea wagon, with tea and a large English fruit cake."

After talking with Jean I felt so inspired and English that I sat down and read "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" all over again.



Doris Toddings and George King, newcomers to the screen, brought in by the dancing wave—and welcome!

They're Off To The Races

[Continued from page 33]

Because Frances Dee has made Joel McCrea promise he won't buy any race horses, that very attractive head of a family is merely a watcher and a wisher these days. Some of the stars got so wound up when the track opened a year ago that they've invested in thoroughbreds of their own. And if you want something to occupy your idle moments, just invest in a race horse or two. Readyng an entry for the races is a fine art. Ask Bbb-Bing!

He's up at six every dawning and out to the Santa Anita stables by seven. He devotes the forenoons to inspecting, and debating what to do for his animals to encourage them. He has hired, as their trainer, Al Johnson, who twice was a winning jockey at Louisville. Altogether, Bing has purchased sixteen horses. He didn't rush out and buy world-renowned ones, because he insists it's more of a lark to make a champion. Nor has he employed a topnotch jockey, as Connie Bennett did. He chose a sixteen-year-old lad apprentice, instead. The crooner declares he doesn't expect to make money, nor is he going to gamble. To him it's all just a whale of a grand sport. For that reason he'll be

glad if his distant friends will stop betting on his horses, and also if they'll quit sending him telegraphic tips collect!

The Crosby ponies, according to their owner, haven't much chance to score yet. Bing's colors are blue and gold, and he got them from his radio theme song. In the stables he rents at Santa Anita are bulging scrapbooks of the deeds of various victorious horses, and the walls are covered with horsey photos. You can recognize his quarters by the roses planted around the doors and windows. What aristo' would have thought of that?

I invariably get a chuckle from the titles pinned on the horses by their devoted masters. Look at the daily line-up and you'll wonder where on earth they uncovered such monickers. Bing admits that he's dubbed his yearlings after specific persons, and places! Double Trouble, for example, is in honor of his twin sons. There's Friend Andy, because of his pal Andy Devine. To illustrate his imagination, you discover Lady Lakeside. That's a puzzler until you remember that Bing golfs at the Lakeside Club!

You can't just display your thorough-

breeds during a specific season, you know. There's all the rest of the year to be considered, and these temperamental nags must be pretty extravagantly pampered. The customary procedure is to make a tour of all the big tracks during the winter. Bing has already raced at several tracks. This Spring he will house his steeds on his ranch near San Diego, and attempt to do some worthy breeding.

Time, knowledge, and patience are required to develop champion horses and that's what the stars are learning. Like Crosby, the other stellar owners feel that the pleasure comes from grooming your own yearlings into winners. Nothing can be so appalling as having your best horse die on you shortly before the season starts. Joe E. Brown has had to endure this calamity. He plunked five thousand dollars down for a crack runner last summer, and had him shipped from the East, only to be robbed at Thanksgiving time by fatal illness. However, Joe E. now has four stallions, and one of them is doing well. Barnsley cost his boss a cool six thousand, but Joe's not sorry.

Patriotic stars thought it would be nice to bet on Clark Gable's former nag Beverly Hills when they flocked to the track on Christmas Day, not knowing that Clark had given the horse to his wife for a gift some time ago. Beverly Hills should have won, but he slid in eighth. He was slow at the break, dallied en route. The funny thing is that Clark, himself, wasn't there to witness that defeat. He'd dropped into the Donald Ogden Stewarts and Don's wit was so compelling that Gable never got out to the track. But Rhea, his about-to-be-exed wife, did. She brought a distinguished titled lady from London. Adrienne Ames clung to Bruce Cabot, who later was her dinner guest. Thus Hollywood is carrying on its reputation for having the chummiest divorced couples! Of course, who's with whom at the races is item one for the gossip columns this month. Whenever there's a surprising switch the town rocks with suppressed speculations. Cesar Romero, who'd been beaming Virginia Bruce, brought Betty Furness, whom everyone presumed was languishing over Cary Grant's absence in London. And my, was that a morsel!

I don't know what our career children are going to do when the races are over. They're being spoiled by all this elegant outdooring, and, gracious, will they ever stop talking this peculiar lingo? When they mean the horses, they say bang-tails. A bet on the poorest candidate is a long-shot, and if you want to risk your all on a certain nag to win you assert that you'll put your cash on-the-nose!

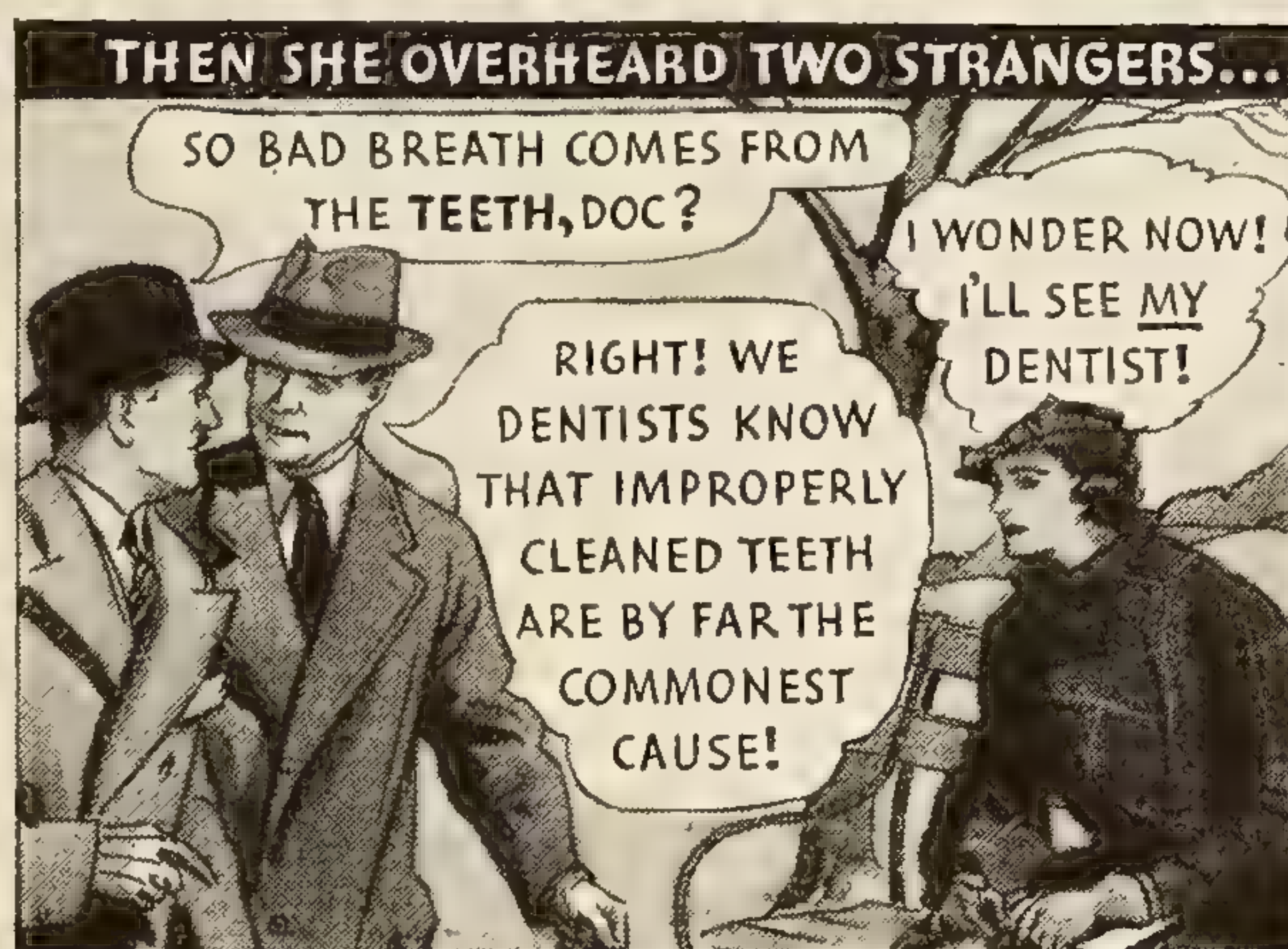
When the bugler in the trim red coat tootles your pulse begins pounding. You listen avidly to some stars betting on the jockeys, instead of on the horses. To be a whiz at this you must study the past performances of both, and then take into account their present condition and the weather.

Before each race, and there are generally seven on a program, the track is swept smooth. Then the starting stalls are wheeled out and they inveigle the fiery-eyed, high-tensioned horses into them. Jockeys are up and there's that breathless instant before the barrier is sprung. The crowd is on its feet when they're away. A loudspeaker blares the progress, in case your eyesight's faulty. Finally it's neck and neck on the homestretch. Joan's jumping up and down on Franchot's toes... Marlene's no longer tranquil... La West's throaty voice is screaming... Bing nearly chokes on his cigar... Bette hugs her husband in her frenzy... and from every star throat comes a wowwww of ecstasy as the drumbeat of the flying hoofs drowns out the hammering of their pulses.



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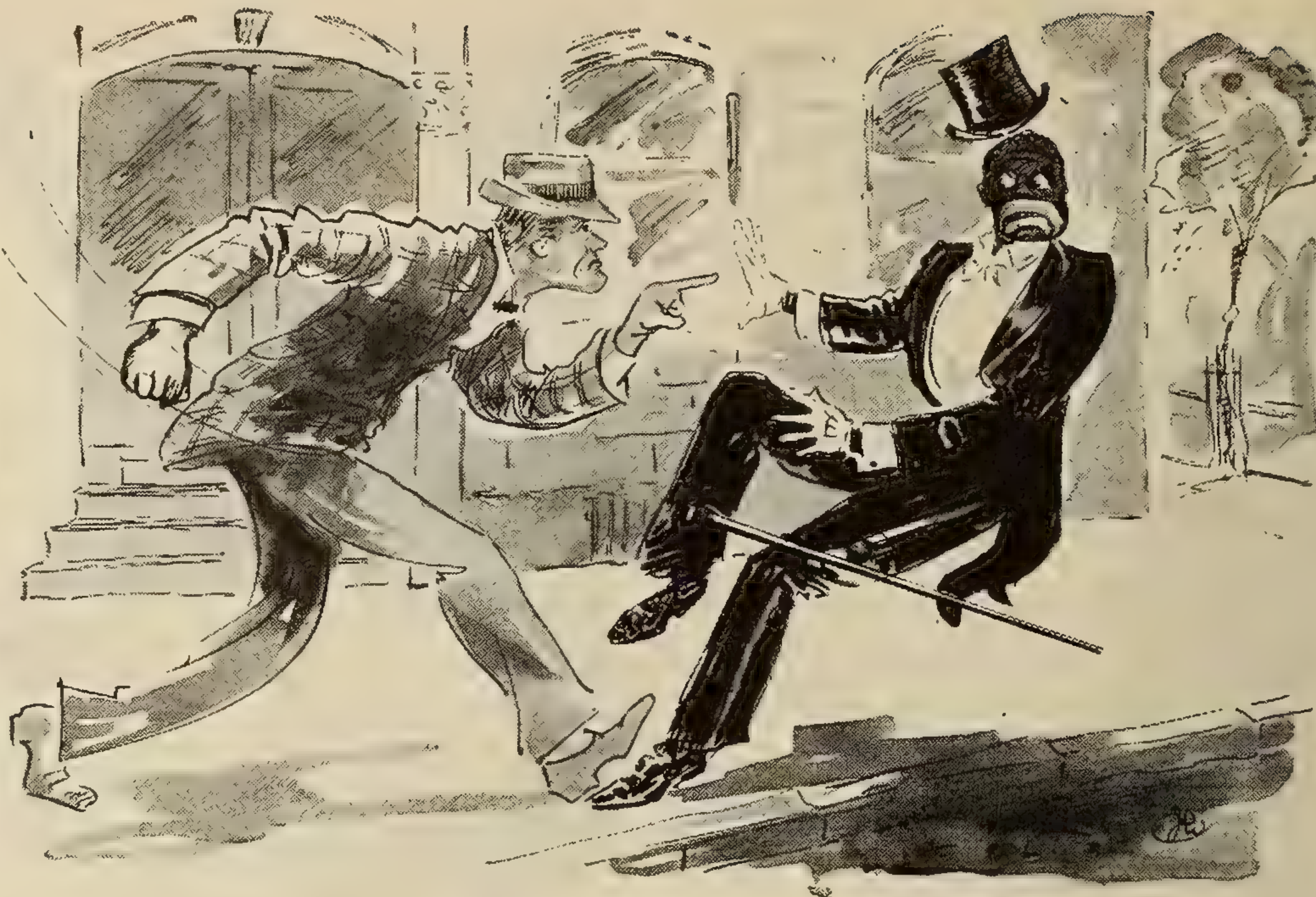
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As Bill Robinson was starting for home he met Alan Mowbray. Mowbray asked him to join the party, but Robinson was very tired and declined. Finally Mowbray, growing annoyed, yelled: "Why you—you—! So you're going to draw the color line, eh?"

How Hollywood Bachelor Girls Entertain

(Continued from page 21)

she's so extremely popular.

Has she promised to go with you to a sneak preview in some little town near Hollywood? Don't be surprised, after you arrive in the best car you could beg, borrow, or steal, to find one hundred or so of the film colony's elect gathering at her house, all acting crazy!

Adapt yourself, my friend. Remember Carole had THE Dietrich romping through a Fun House party she gave recently. Think what she did for the lowly red carnation, when she wore that flower exclusively in her corsages.

To make a real hit, don't give Carole orchids or diamonds. She'll appreciate much more some inexpensive but wildly original gift nobody has ever thought of before. A large order—but then you'll be sure of being included in this gay girl's successful battle against Old Man Boredom!

There is one girl who always makes one homesick for New York, and that is Mae West. Her apartment may be right in the heart of Hollywood, but the atmosphere is strictly New York, with a little Brooklyn thrown in.

Don't be startled if you find yourself just one of a crowd of men. Mae likes to exercise her brilliant repartee on groups, and says she's never found one man yet who could occupy her attention for long.

Boris Petroff, Jim Timony, Marcel Ventura—these are just a few of the business associates and friends who are often present in Mae's apartment. Not to mention two guards from the D. A.'s office, a couple of writers, producers, and directors!

Mae, you see, believes in mixing business with pleasure. Her companions are all old friends, tried and true, and so many threats have been made against her that a newcomer would have to present the best credentials to join the group.

Even when she goes to the prize fights (and she goes often), two or three of her usual coterie are included in the group.

Just too popular for any one man to monopolize!

Sometimes, as we said in the beginning of this discussion, even a Hollywood bachelor tires of glamour and yearns for domesticity. Do you know what to do to a wood fire? Are you prepared for an old-fashioned homey evening with one of the loveliest girls you ever met? Then it's time to call on Maureen O'Sullivan!

If you can find her apartment! It's at the top of three long flights of stairs on a Hollywood hillside. The view is breath-taking, and the rooms themselves exude a comfortable atmosphere that makes you feel like an old friend.

Maybe it's the ice-box—maybe it's the old-fashioned candy Maureen makes herself—maybe it's the fireplace, with its crackling logs and cheery flames—but many a bachelor has been put into a matrimonial frame of mind by a visit to Maureen, and several happy couples know her as Cupid. (Maureen herself will marry handsome Johnny Farrow, the writer, before many moons.)

As a girl who has travelled extensively, Maureen loves to talk about foreign countries. But if your trips have been limited, she can discuss your own home town with just as much enthusiasm. She's that kind of a girl!

If you go out, don't suggest night clubs. This star loves to discover quaint, hidden streets filled with curio shops, and you're apt to find yourself lugging away a dust-covered what-have-you or an antique what-not which Maureen suddenly discovers she simply must possess!

These are just a few of the choices a young man faces when he decides to go calling, in Hollywood. We'd like to find space for Patricia Ellis (dancing), Paula Stone (the gay young crowd), Jean Muir (high-brow, in a nice way), and others.

But you understand from the girls we've described why Hollywood is a bachelor's happy hunting ground!

"Who's Here?" Asks Ed Sullivan

[Continued from page 23]

the Stork Club, Jack Rumsey's Sixty Club that congregates weekly at the Hotel Pierre, the Trocadero, Bee Lillie's Montmartre and the Central Park Casino vie with El Morocco and "21" for the carriage trade. Eddy Duchin and the De Marcos pack 'em in at the sedate Plaza.

Leon and Eddie's, (Leon used to be headwaiter for Clayton, Jackson and Durante before Jimmy moved into pictures), was the first spot that Pandro Berman rushed to when he came east with Irving Berlin. The Eddie of the combination is Eddie Davis, who recently appeared in one picture. He sings ribald songs lustily, does Davis, and in the course of the year, every Hollywood big-wig is certain to drop in and listen to this minstrel of sexy scorch songs. Blonde-haired and with a long nose that has an impressive curve in it, Davis has spurted the annual business to a point where it grosses \$350,000.

Turn west on 46th Street, off Broadway, and you come to one of the town's more popular rendezvous. This is the famed establishment of Dinty Moore's and the last time I ever saw Will Rogers alive, he was sitting at one of the rear tables with Sam H. Harris and Max Gordon. The place is painted green and white, and the windows fronting on 46th Street are curtained. The doorman is known as Happy Jack, his face reddened by the winds that come whistling up the street from the Hudson River, and all in all, he appears as though he might have stepped out of the pages of a Dickens' book, for he is Dickensian in appearance.

Near his ovens, far in the rear of the immaculate place, sits the king of the establishment, Dinty Moore himself, the original of the George McManus cartoon of that name. Squat, powerfully built, and with a thatch of iron gray hair, he is one of the real characters of the Stem. His restaurant is his feudal kingdom and he rules it with a hand of iron.

Probably no restaurateur in the country knows so much about food as Dinty. His fetish is the care and preparation of food, and woe betide the unwary patron who sends back a dish for more seasoning. Eagle-eyed Mr. Moore, with his eye on everything, will rush to the waiter and ask the difficulty. On such occasions, when his culinary skill is questioned, it seems to all beholders that the iron gray hair stands on end, and, shortly thereafter, the patron will be dressed down by the owner for daring to tell him how to prepare food. On some occasions, Dinty will tell the customer to get up and get out and the waiters will not serve the culprit. Bill Grady, M-G-M scout who discovered Eleanor Powell years before the town knew she existed, has been exiled from Moore's time and time again.

A great character Dinty, King of all he surveys on West 46th Street and with a host of staunch friends all over the world. His particular delight are his oysters, which he keeps in special barrels in the backyard next to the Fulton Theatre. He feeds salt water and other important ingredients to these oysters and sure enough, when they come to the table, they are the lushest of all delicacies. If the King is Dinty, the Crown Prince of the place is his son, Willie Moore, a six-footer. Occasionally, Willie is exiled and then the patrons of the place choose up sides. In the heat of these acrimonious debates, those who support Willie too violently are barred from the restaurant, and consequently when the son is pardoned, he returns to find that six or seven of his supporters have been sent to

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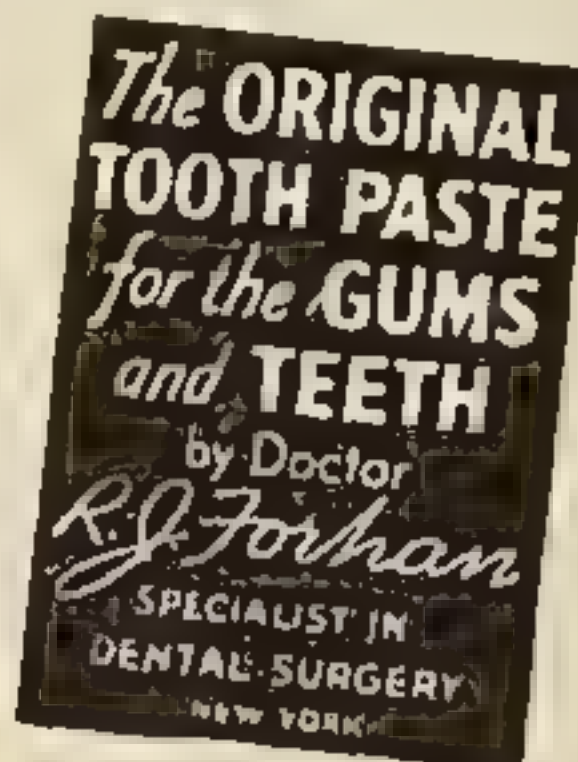
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Elba. Now ensues another retreat, and finally Dinty gives in, issues a general pardon and everybody returns happily.

W. C. Fields, Marty Forkins, George M. Cohan, Jimmy Walker and too many others, when they are in New York, seek out Leone's, best of the Italian restaurants. You find this off Eighth Avenue, on West 48th Street. Ten or twelve years ago, when Johnny Dundee first took me to Leone's and introduced me to the culinary delights of the place, you had to press a buzzer in an iron door. After some minutes, a slot in the door would open cautiously and a pair of eyes would survey you with the utmost caution, for that was during Prohibition and the Brothers Leone were fearful of raids.

Repeal however altered all that. Today a brick front, devoid of locks or iron doors, is the entrance. Gene, Joe or Celestine Leone now greet you happily at the front door but now they are stationed there to guide you into an atmosphere redolent with the appetizing smells of the savory spaghetti and succulent chicken which sheds a golden fragrance through the place. Harold Lloyd is an old patron of this spot, and his spaghetti-winding technique is high class. Ditto Edward G. Robinson.

Do not jump to the conclusion that when the movie moguls and the stars frequent the Broadway clubs that it is all play and no work. At the Hollywood, the Paradise, the Cotton Club and Connie's Inn, such astute pickers as Darryl Zanuck, Jack Warner and Harry Cohn have made more than one selection of talent. It was from the Cotton Club that the Coast secured Bill Robinson and the tiny Nicholas brothers. It was from the Hollywood, where Abe Lyman's band appears, that the west coast plucked Frances Langford. It was from the Paradise that the Coast got Grace Bradley and Peg-Leg Bates. At the old Casino de Paree, Mrs. L. B. Mayer selected Harry Stockwell. At the New Amsterdam Theatre, in "Roberta," they picked Fred MacMurray, who was then a member of the nutty Collegians band. The old Silver Slipper introduced Al Jolson to Ruby Keeler. Joe Pincus, at Fox, just recently picked Ray and Grace MacDonald from Leon & Eddie's floor show. The

Paradise produced Rita Rio.

When the femme stars really want to be seen, however, they pick the Saturday night sessions of Jack Rumsey's "Sixty Club" at the Pierre. Here the stunners of the talkies can come in bib and tucker to dazzle the eye of the beholder. Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, the Sisters Bennett, (Joan, Connie and Barbara), Adrienne Ames, Raquel Torres, ZaSu Pitts, Ann Sothorn, Merle Oberon and all the rest of them come sooner or later to one of these Saturday night soirees.

George O'Brien, Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney and other he-men stars can be found at Dempsey's, across from Madison Square Garden. The thrill that was once imparted by the flying fists of the Manassa Mauler still grips the imagination of the men, and Dempsey's, as a result, does a landoffice business. Loretta Young, the last time she was in town, visited Dempsey's at least twice with Countess di Frasso and Bert and Olive Taylor. Dempsey, famous for his remarkable memory, flattered Loretta's mother prodigiously when he was introduced to her: "I met you a long time ago," he said. "Joe Benjamin and myself dropped in at your house one afternoon."

The remarkable feature of the Dempsey restaurant is that the big fellow not only works hard at his duties, but really enjoys it. As a result, the steady stream of business has never slipped away, for thousands of people come there ostensibly to order a meal, but in reality to secure his autograph. And Dempsey is on hand all hours of the night to accommodate these autograph-seekers.

I suppose a Broadway columnist, poking about these brilliantly-lighted night spots, invited here and there by the celebs, leads a glamorous life. Most of us, however, are bored with the staleness of it. We have to do it, night after night, year in and year out, and custom stales the variety of it. But I suppose it is asking too much for you to sympathize with us as we sit at a ringside table with a Claudette Colbert or a Joan Crawford, or a Carole Lombard. I'll bet if you saw me drinking a spot of brandy with Carole Lombard at the Waldorf that you wouldn't believe it was a business duty—and you'd be right, Toots.

STEPPING FOR CHARITY



Joe E. Brown and Bill Robinson entertain the crippled children in the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital.

Wide World

"La Hop"

[Continued from page 28]

like Frances, which is only fair as Joel Jr., is the exact image of his daddy. Then I was introduced to little Bonita Granville, who plays the gossip child who causes all the trouble in the picture.

You probably saw Bonita in "Ah, Wilderness"—she played Eric Linden's young sister. Mrs. Granville, Bonita's mother, told me that Bonita's success in pictures has been because she did not ape Shirley Temple. Mrs. Granville said: "The casting directors all told me to make Bonita as different as possible from Shirley Temple. Studios do not want copies of what has been successful. They want to discover something new. I have always encouraged Bonita to be individual. Like all children she began by imitating others but I quietly explained that she must always originate, not copy." That's sound advice for you aspiring mothers. And they do say that little Miss Bonita will probably steal "These Three" right from under the pretty noses of Misses Oberon and Hopkins.

"Let's take it," said Director William Wyler, who in private life is the sparring partner of Margaret Sullavan. Alma Kruger, famous stage actress making her debut in pictures, and the rest of the players took their places on the set. Like all up-starts who have lived in New York and who have seen Broadway plays I was all set to belittle "These Three" as being not half so good as "The Children's Hour." But bless my soul, I have never been so intrigued by a scene in all my days of visiting studio sets. It was magnificent. If the scene I saw is a fair sample of "These Three" that picture is going to make history.

The story concerns Martha Dobie (Miriam) and Karen Wright (Merle), who, alone in the world and penniless after finishing college, establish a school for young girls in a small New England town. Dr. Cardin (Joel) the town's physician, is in love with Karen who promises to marry him in the spring, not knowing that her chum Martha is also hopelessly in love with the young doctor. Through the efforts of the wealthy and important Mrs. Tilford (Alma Kruger) grande dame of the town, the girls are successful in acquiring fifteen or twenty pupils, among them Mary Tilford (Bonita), the lady's granddaughter, a nasty little brat if I ever saw one. The girls experience a lot of trouble trying to discipline Mary, who finally tells the lie—the horrible lie that changes everything, and makes of "These Three" the exciting, dramatic picture that it is. It was the "lie" scene that I saw them take over and over again and I still get breathless when I think of the drama in it.

But what with night coming on I decided to tear myself away and wait eagerly for the preview. The publicity department shrugged in dismay. No interview yet. Maybe you'll get it Christmas, they said, but none too hopefully. Maybe, I said. But I'm not worrying. After all I haven't a thing to do for Easter.

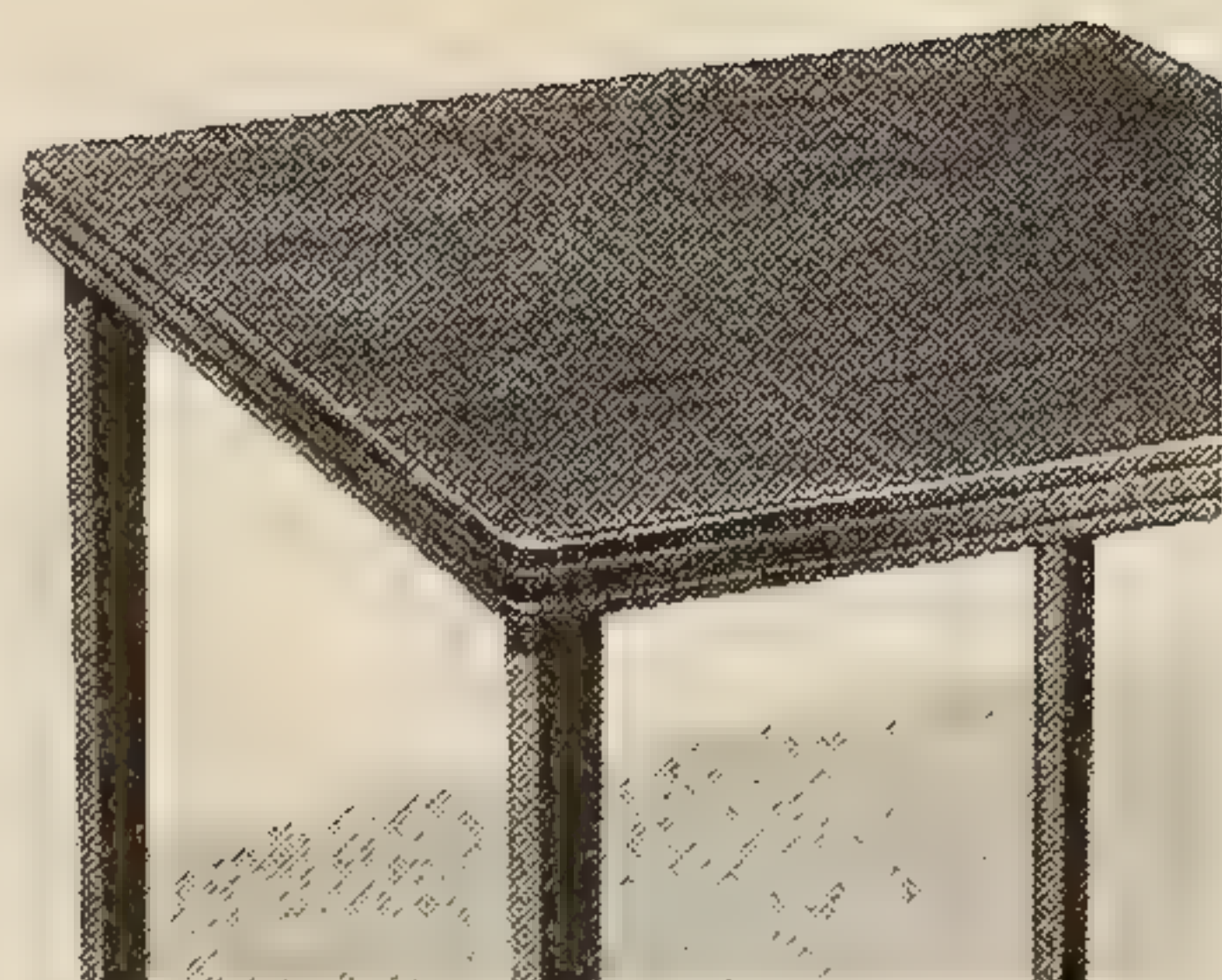
P.S. And don't think I'm the only writer who has started on a mad social whirl while interviewing Miriam. There was the case of the guy from the "New Yorker" who wanted to do a profile of Miriam and it took six parties before he even found out where she was born. If I can get an understanding editor I might carry this thing on to Paris and Biarritz. As H. G. Wells, while visiting Hollywood as the guest of Charlie Chaplin, said to Miriam: "You are the maddest person I have met in Hollywood. But I think I like you best of all." Me and Wells.



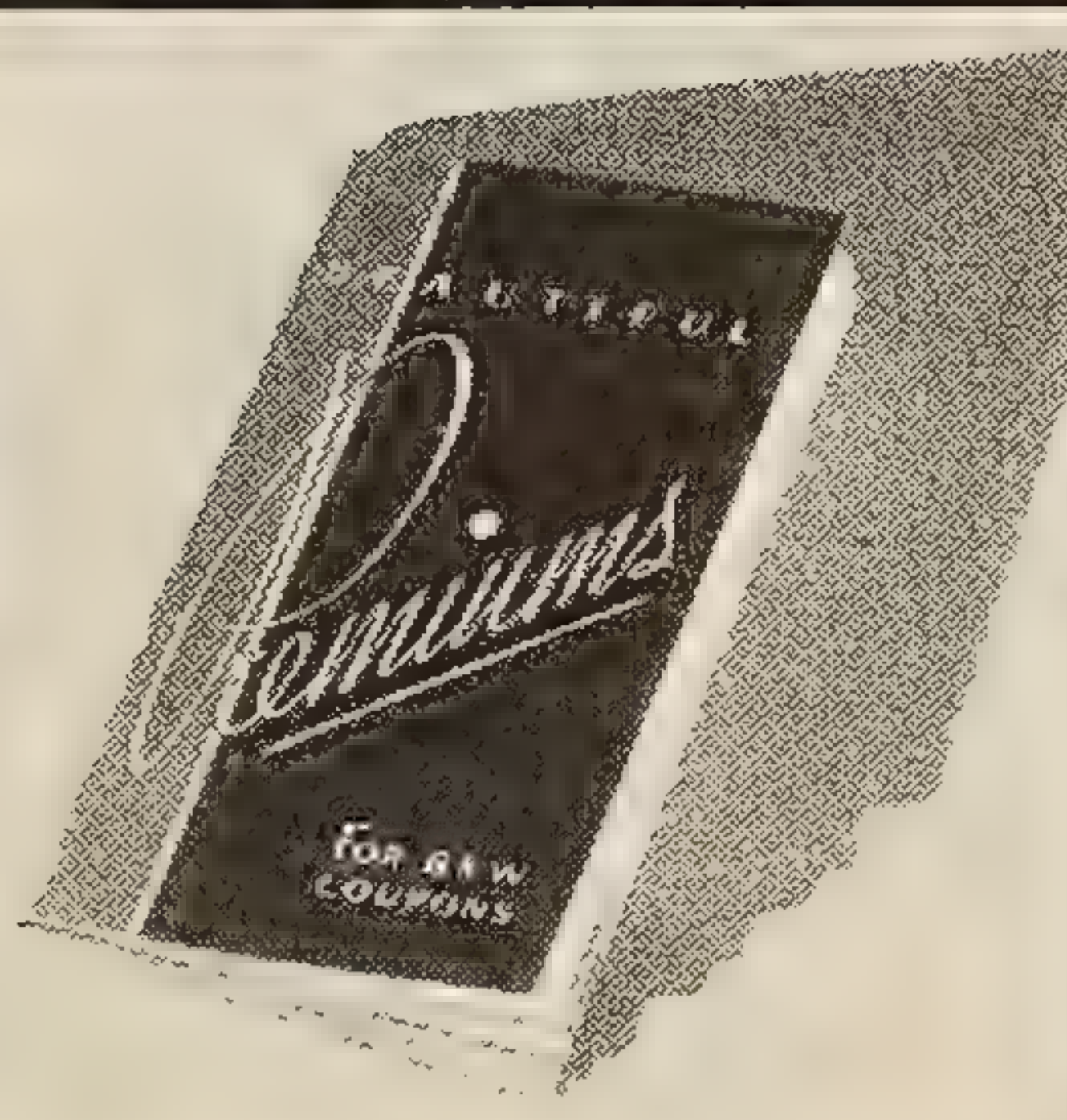
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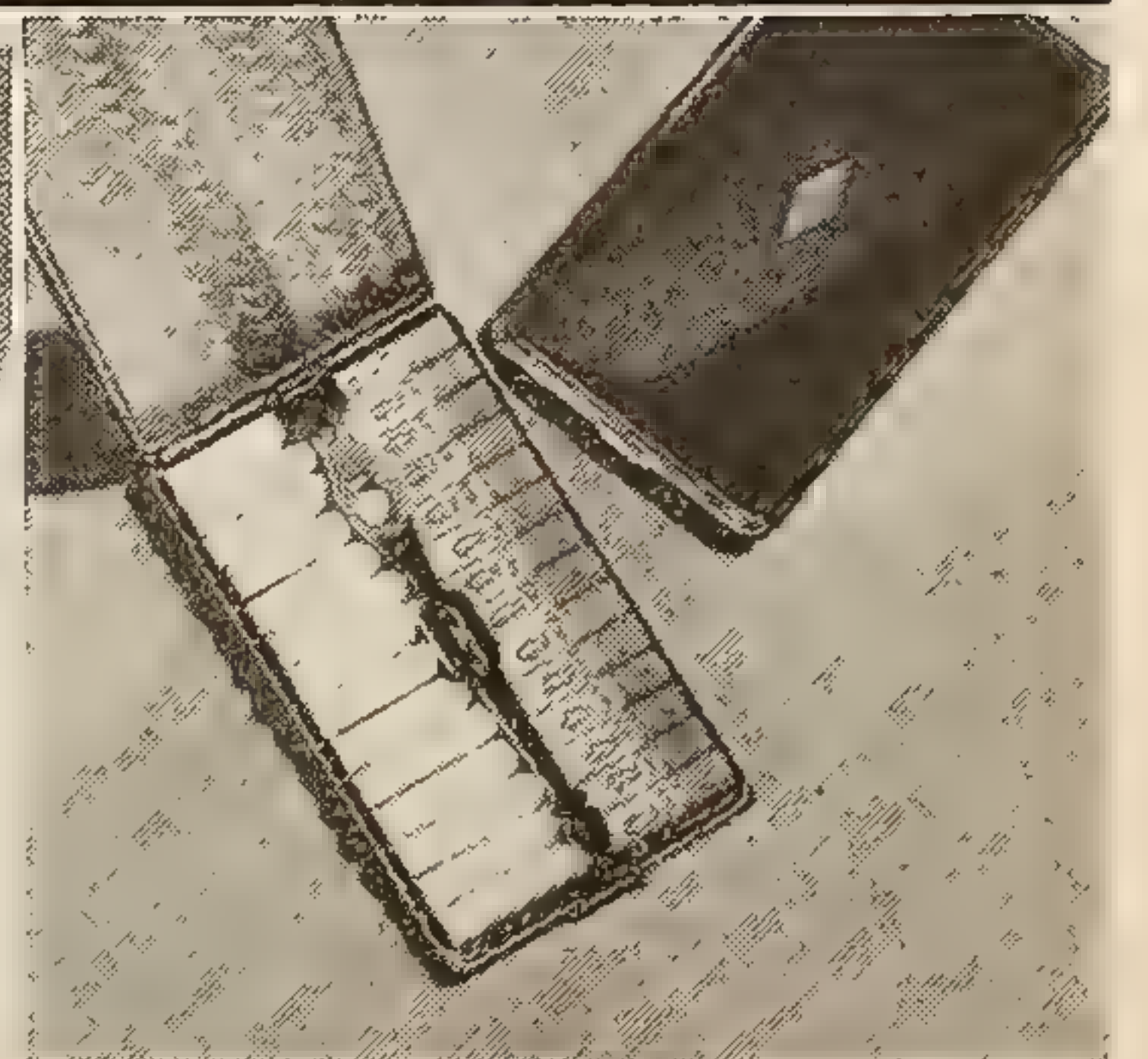
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Studio News

[Continued from page 17]

taking her up on it. "I need help right now," he admits. "You know that scene I play with you in the first act, when I say, 'Caroline!' It says in the play I've got to put my arms around you."

"Yes," Rochelle concedes.

"Well," says Harry, always with an eye to the main chance, "Could we go through it a couple of times? Sort of rehearse?"

"Haven't you ever put your arms around a girl before?" she asks.

"Yes," he admits truthfully, "but I—I never said 'Caroline!'"

"All you have to do is be natural," Rochelle decides. "Did you read the play through?"

"Yes. Who plays Claude Heartwell, the hero?" Harry wants to know next.

"Mr. Stephen Gray," says Rochelle, but I don't think it's Stephen Gray at all. I think it's Lionel Stander. He was the gent who, when a lady in "The Scoundrel" complimented him on his book, said, "Madam, your opinion is exquisitely unimportant." But all this is beside the point.

"If anything ever happened to him," Harry suggests hopefully, "would you give me a chance at the part?"

"Don't be silly," Rochelle protests. "That's the male lead."

"I know," he admits, "but something tells me I could play it. I could be awfully natural in the part. Is it all right if I study it on my own time? And if you'd run through the love scenes with me sometime—"

"You're certainly ambitious, aren't you?" Rochelle comments.

Well! I'll say he's ambitious. Here I've known Rochelle for years and all that time I've been trying to screw up courage to ask her to play a few love scenes in private with me and Mr. Richman steps in and scoops me—just like that.

But there's fun on the set.

And to add to the day's enjoyment, "Hell-ship Morgan" featuring George Bancroft and Ann Southern is on location having a storm at sea.

On the way out, I run into Rose Joseph, fashion editor for Columbia and wife of David Horsley, the actor.

"I'm leaving the studio in January to become a mother," she confides, because we're old friends.

"Well, a happy confinement," I wish her and continue on my way to—

R-K-O

FIRST thing we have here is "The Green Shadow." All I can tell you is this is a moirer mystery, a detective yarn (but naturally) and there is a kidnaping and ransom all mixed up in it. Preston Foster (who is making pictures with both hands these days) plays the detective and at the moment he is in the office of Noel Madison, a big shot gambler. Noel is sitting behind a small desk with a half-emptied highball glass in front of him. Preston is sitting on the edge of the desk and Madison's bodyguard (none other than Maxie "Slapsie" Rosenbloom, now turned actor and engaged to a Beverly Hills socialite and heiress) is standing behind him.

Preston has been trying to get Madison to tell him about a conversation he (Madison) had with someone named Harding and Preston doesn't mean Ann Harding, either, because she isn't even in this picture. But Madison won't talk. He and Preston fence around for awhile and then Preston snaps: "I'm getting fed up with this kind of guff. Supposing you talk."

"Don't get smart now, Big Shot," Maxie

puts in very nastily indeed.

"Stop your gorilla's mouth," Preston warns Madison, "or I'm liable to kick his teeth in."

Maxie gets all primed for a battle but Madison says, "Not yet, Snake." And then he turns to Preston, smiling nastily, "Better smarten up and realize I'm holding aces. You'd better pay, and pay quick!"

"How much?" Pres asks.

"Five grand," Madison offers.

"Okay," Pres agrees. "I'll pay. Talk."

But Madison only smiles again and turns to Maxie. "The guy's got plenty of crust, ain't he?" And then he turns back to Foster. "Nix, O'Neil. You pay and then I talk. And I mean cash."

"I don't carry five thousand dollars for pocket money," Foster informs him coolly. "Isn't my word good?"

"No!" Madison answers frankly.

Without a word Preston gets up off the desk and starts for the door with Maxie following him. Just as he reaches it, he turns and lets Maxie have one on the chin. Maxie staggers back, falls over the arm of a divan on to the seat, rolls off the seat onto the floor, knocks over a little coffee table and lies there with his hand to his jaw, staring up at Preston. And, boy howdy! You should see the look Preston throws at Madison as he goes out.

The director is not at all satisfied with the way Maxie takes the fall so they do it over and over again. Once Madison playfully taps a paper knife against the glass and it makes a ringing sound like a gong.

"Nix!" Preston expostulates. "He's liable to think it's a gong and get up and clout me." Maxie used to be light-heavyweight champion.

"Listen," the director says finally, "I know you're not used to lying on the floor but you'll have to imagine you are!"

"Hear you're going to New York again," Preston says to me when the scene is finally in the bag.

"Yeah, tomorrow," I admit.

"If you'll wait until next Thursday I'll go with you," he offers but much as I'd enjoy having Preston for a traveling companion, I can't wait because Time waits for no one and next month is rapidly approaching with its inexorable demand (Gee, I'm using classy English!) for more studio anecdotes, plotta and errata. So I express my regrets, politely, and go over to the next stage.

Here Ann Harding is working on her next to last picture for this studio. It is called "The Lady Consents."



Edward Ellis and Ann Harding in "The Lady Consents." This sequence was so beautifully played that even the cynical reporter withheld his jibes.

They do tell me that my friend Bernard Newman is really going to town in the costumes he has designed for both Ann and Margaret Lindsay, who also plays in this picture.

However, to get on with the plot which I know one and all are dying to hear: Ann has been happily married for seven years to Herbert Marshall (which, I think, is longer than anyone else has ever been married to him). Maggie is on the make for Herbie and once she gets him to kiss her. He tells Ann about it and Ann, knowing that Maggie instigated it, lets it go at that. But all is not so much on the up and up as appears on the surface. On the very day when Herbie's father (Edward Ellis) returns from abroad, Maggie is waiting outside Herbie's office and persuades him to take her to lunch. He 'phones Ann an emergency case has come up and he can't go with her to meet his old man, but Ann hears Maggie's voice and knows Herbie is lying.

With a heavy heart and a tear behind her smile, she goes down to the pier and meets the old gent. We pick them up in the taxicab on the way home.

"Well, Anne?" Mr. Ellis inquires.

"Well, Jim?" she smiles giving him a look that should have made him forget how old he is.

"What a time I had!" he brags. "I didn't think I had it in me."

"So you've been untrue to us?" she comes back, knowing perfectly well he's lying like the devil.

"Right up to the neck," Ellis goes on, still lying like a trouper. "But don't tell Mike (that's Herbie). He thinks I've outgrown everything." He speaks very casually of Marshall but you know he really cares. "By the way," he goes on, "how is my son?"

"Broken-hearted not to meet you," Ann lies. "Emergency case."

"Quite a boy we got, Anne," Ellis suggests. "I did a fine job on him. And he's a gentleman. Not a roughneck like his old man."

Ann reaches up and puts her arm around him, patting him on the shoulder. He reaches up and takes her hand in his as he talks.

"This display doesn't mean you're going to kiss me?" he inquires.

"Not me," says Ann firmly, as she leans over and gives him a smack on the cheek.

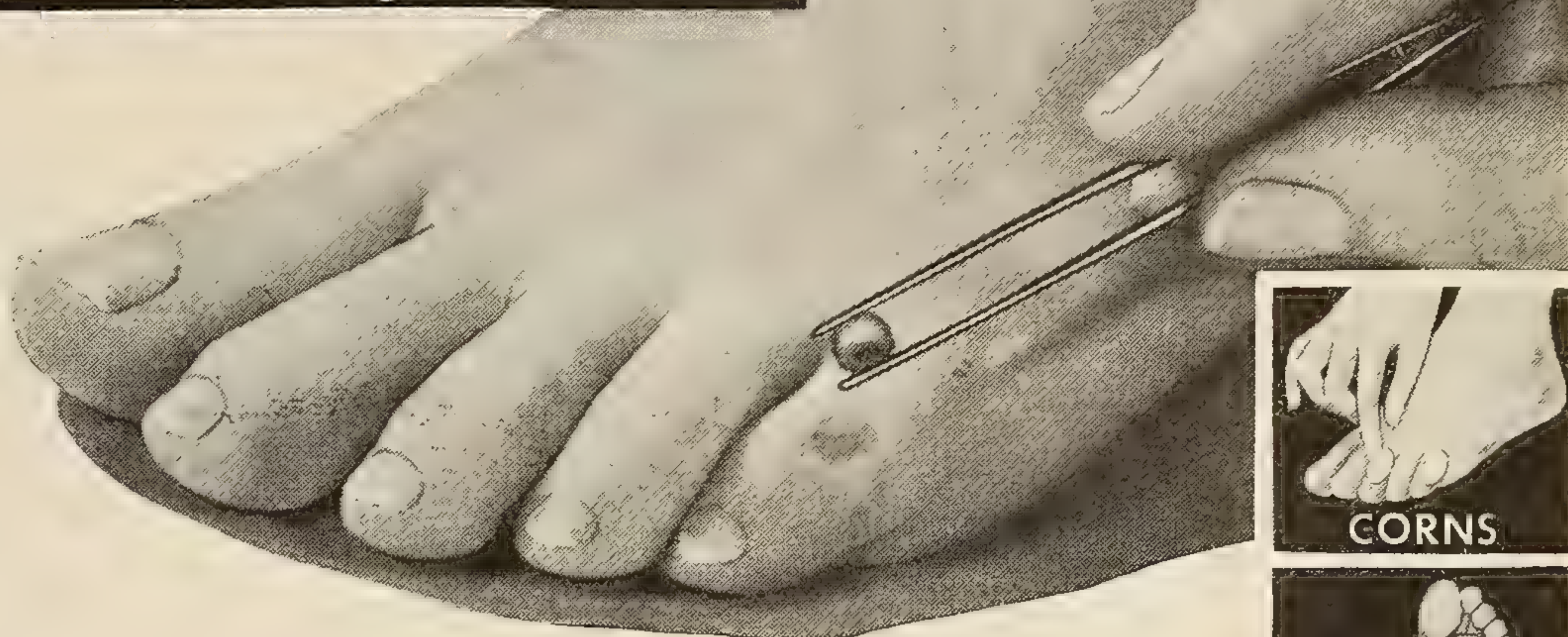
"For a moment I was afraid," Ellis confesses. He pulls on her hand, drawing her closer. Ann just snuggles down beside him and smiles.

And I won't spoil this attractive scene which was darn well played, with any facetious comments.

I'll just meander over to the next set where there's a little number in the works called "Love on a Bet." This one stars Gene Raymond but it has its compensations, too. One of them—the greatest, in fact—is Helen Broderick. That rotten luck which I always feel dogs my footsteps every time things don't go the way I want them to, is pursuing me today and Miss B isn't in this next shot.

I always say, though, that everything turns out for the best and so it proves. I get myself introduced to Helen and she invites me to sit down beside her and gives me a hunk of popcorn that has been dipped in molasses and fried—or something—and we get down to some good old-fashioned dishing. And after we've finished dishing, we know each other so well I can get personal and start asking questions about herself. And I learn that despite the casual and assured manner in which she drops her lines, Miss Broderick is as nervous as—well, she's just a very nervous woman. And she says that every time she opens in a new show in New York and the first night of an engagement in any city,

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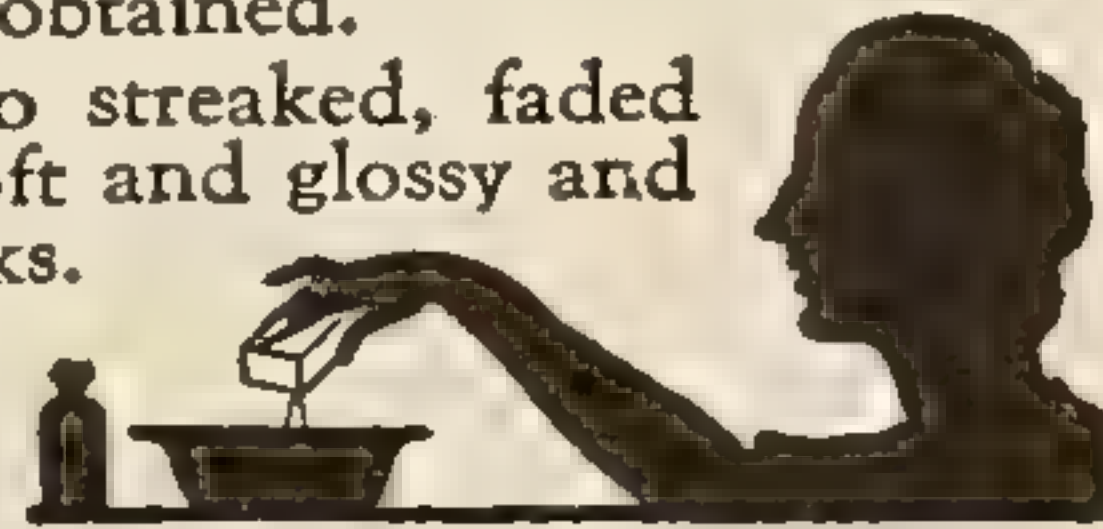
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she dies a thousand deaths and has no idea what she's doing. And I can't understand it at all because she always seems so sure of herself and seems to know *exactly* what she's doing.

"No," says Miss B. "You take soldiers in the trenches for the first time. When the bombardment starts they get scared out of their senses and everything goes black in front of them but they know what to do all right."

And I have to admit it sounds very reasonable. But I'll bet they don't do what they have to do as well as she does. And while I'm trying to get across to Miss B that I'm in a fair way to have another heart attack, the director calls for quiet so there's nothing to do but watch Gene.

Gene and Wendy Barrie and Helen have been kidnaped by Eddie Gribbon and Morgan Wallace. I don't know where Morgan is and I don't see Wendy anywhere about. Miss Broderick is sitting beside me. So that only leaves Eddie and Gene.

Eddie is sitting on an up-ended barrel at a table with a revolver, in this dilapidated shack where they have taken their prisoners.

"How about a drink of water?" Gene asks.

"OK, go ahead and get it," Eddie tells him.

So Gene walks over to the door where the water is and Eddie covers him with his gun. Gene tips the pitcher up to his mouth and takes a swig and then he pauses, looks at Eddie, and walks back towards the table, still carrying the pitcher. "I've a little business proposition to make," he announces. "Suppose you boys let me turn you in, collect \$1,000 reward and we'll split it three ways. How does that strike you?"

"I'll have to talk it over with Morgan," Eddie answers.

"Well, then, how does this strike you?" Gene asks as he throws the water all over Eddie and then throws the pitcher at him, so that it hits him on the head and knocks him off his barrel. Then Gene pushes the table over on top of him and dives through the window. There are several things that distinguish the various "takes." The window through which Gene dives is made of spun candy that looks like glass. Another thing is, the first time they take the scene, Gene hits Eddie so hard with the pitcher, it cuts his head and draws blood. The next time they take it, when he throws the water, a drop hits a 2,000 watt light bulb and it explodes with a sound like a cannon going off.

If Gene just wouldn't always be cocking his head to one side as though he were the original cutie-pie who was in the know all the time and much too smart for anybody ever to put anything over on— Oh, well. I've still retained a little of the peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men spirit so I



Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in "Give Us This Night." Both are visitors to Hollywood from exclusive opera circles.



Eddie Gribbon and Gene Raymond, making "Don't Bet on Love," grow very uncouth and stage a battle that is being talked about.

mustn't let myself grow bitter. Besides, "Mother Lode," starring Richard Dix, is on location again so I'll just go around to—

Paramount

THERE are only two pictures working on the lot today. One is "Give Us This Night" which stars Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura. This is one of those pictures that goes on and on, as far as production is concerned.

This particular scene is a sort of patio. It is supposed to be at Naples but it has a Monte Carlo background. All the houses in this particular sector are built on the side of a hill, so this patio is just on a level with the roofs of the houses next door. Far off in the background, lights twinkle in the windows of other houses. Miss Swarthout looks quite ravishing in a tailored suit and a silver fox fur and Kiepura bends gallantly over her hand as he sings "Sweet Melody of Night."

Next we come to some rocks, or boulders, in a sort of *Mesa* and this is the setting for "Woman Trap," which marks Gertrude Michael's return to the screen after her accident.

She is clad in a pair of riding breeches and a shirt and she's been kidnaped by a bunch of bandits in Mexico.

Gert is sitting despondently on a rock with her empty canteen in her lap. Akim Tamiroff, as one of the bold, bad bandits, swaggers up. "You drink all your water, Senorita?" he asks.

Gert just looks at him and says nothing. "No," says Tamiroff taking her empty canteen and shaking it. "You one ver smart girl." This conversation is for the benefit of the other bandits. As he puts the canteen back in Gert's lap, he puts his own there instead of her empty one.

"But," Gert protests, not catching on, "it's full!"

"Well, anyhow, half full!" says he dryly.

I'll bet you Gertrude Michael is the most popular girl in Hollywood among the people she works with and Tamiroff is a swell actor, so what more do you want?

Maizie West and her "Klondike Annie" set are closed up tighter than Agua Caliente and "Timothy's Quest" with Eleanore Whitney, and "13 Hours by Air" with Fred MacMurray are both on location. So I guess there's nothing to stop us from going on out to—

M-G-M

ON THIS lot, m'friends, we have two pictures. One of them is an old favorite of mine and it will be of yours too. When you've seen it. It's called "Three Live Ghosts" and is one of the most hilariously funny farces ever written. Beryl Mercer played the part of Mrs. Gubbins when it was produced on the New York stage and it made a star of her overnight. Robert Montgomery played Bill Jones in the picture when it was first made several years ago and it made a star of him. Now Dick Arlen is playing the same part in this new version.

It's the story of three men, Bill, Jimmy Gubbins (Charles McNaughton) and Spoofy (Claude Allister) who meet in a German prison camp during the war. Spoofy has been shell-shocked and doesn't remember anything about himself, but he has an uncanny faculty for stealing anything he can get his hands on. All three of them have been reported as dead by the War Department and Mrs. Gubbins has already collected—and spent—her son's life insurance. The boys escape on a motorcycle Spoofy steals. They eventually land in London and Jimmy takes them to his home. Imagine Dick's surprise to find Cecilia Parker (his sweetheart) living there. He walks into her room and Cecilia stands staring at him as though she can't believe her eyes. Then she rushes into his arms and they kiss each other hungrily. I've never been kissed hungrily myself but it looks good.

Utterly crushed, I totter over to the set of "Tough Guy," where Jackie Cooper, Joseph Calleia and Rin Tin Tin, Jr., are performing. Mr. Calleia is the gentleman who made a hit on the stage in "Small Miracle" and later as the villain in "Public Hero No. 1."

This is a long, sad story. Jackie is a rich man's son who arrives home from a school in Europe with his police dog, about whom he is quite mad. His father (Robert Warwick) doesn't understand boys and says he'll have to get rid of the dog. Jackie runs away from home with the dog, jumps on a vegetable truck to steal a ride and then discovers the vegetables are a blind



They are making "Tough Guy" with Joseph Calleia, Jackie Cooper and Rin Tin Tin, Jr., who has apparently inherited papa's genius.

and he's really on a truck belonging to some gangsters headed by Calleia. When they find Jackie they're afraid to let him go. Then they decide they'd better do away with him. But Calleia has become attached to both Jackie and the dog so he puts them in his car, runs away from the mob and goes up to his mountain hide-out, where they camp out. The dog has accidentally been wounded by Calleia and the latter, afraid to stop to fool with the dog, tells Jackie they'll have to leave him.

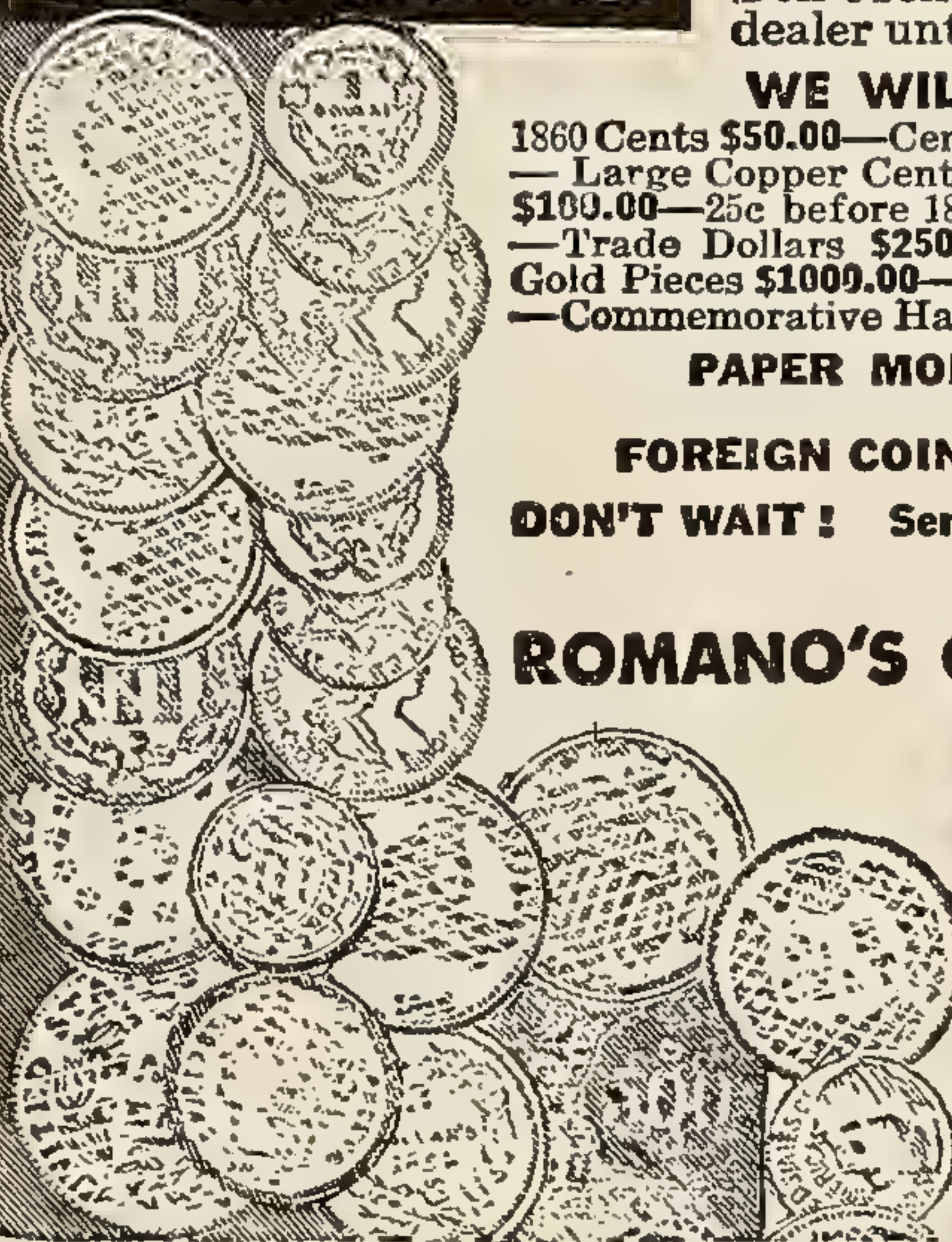
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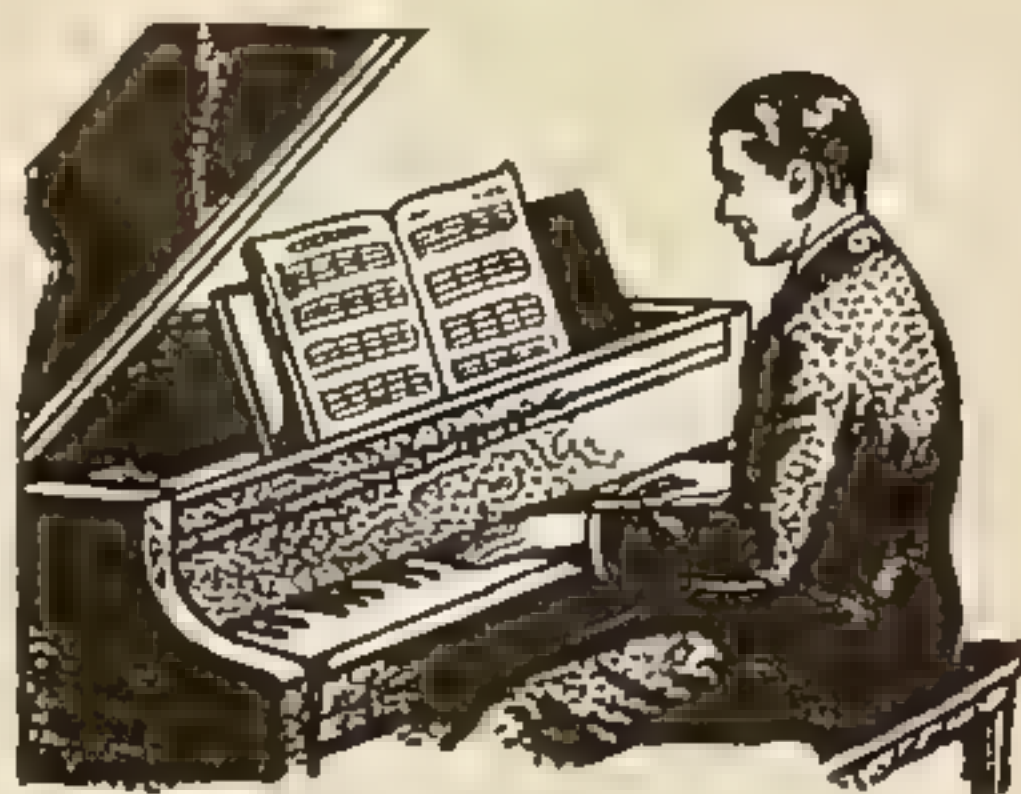
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Jackie is standing, looking forlornly off in the distance with Calleia behind him, watching him closely.

"Tired?" asks Calleia.

"Oh, not so terribly," Jackie answers bravely.

"Hungry?" Joe persists.

"Kind of—but I'm all right. It's just—" He pauses and looks down at the dog. "I'm afraid he's all in. If he could just rest up for a little while he'd be fine."

"Come on," Joe orders, evidently steeling himself to hardness.

The way that dog minds is a revelation. You can't tell me he hasn't human intelligence. His owner can even make him lie with his feet in any position he wants. All he has to do is say "Shame" and the dog positively wilts.

I'm beginning to wilt, too, so I leave them and wander on to—

Fox

NOW, at Fox, there are also three pictures working. One of them is "It Had to Happen" which stars George Raft.

This is another of those stories with nine million twists and quirks to the plot, so you just can't be simple and brief about it. Suffice it to say that George Raft and Leo Carrillo come over as immigrants on the same boat with Rosalind Russell, who is a multi-millionaire. She attempts to dodge reporters by sneaking out through the steerage. George and Leo annoy her by trying to help her. George annoys her some more about a year later when he holds up her car while handling the red flag for some street excavations. At the same time he holds up the mayor's car and the mayor is so impressed with him, he gives him a job as his behind-the-scenes assistant.

Three years later we find George a great power in city politics, which just goes to show you there's no limit to which an honest politician can't aspire—if he's in the movies!

He makes Rosalind's husband pay back four million dollars he'd swiped from the laboring classes, so Rosie loses all respect for her husband. She and George both have horses entered in a race at Saratoga and that just gives you an idea of what happens when you're an honest politician. Well, Rosie and George make a bet on the race. If he wins she takes him to dinner and if her horse wins he takes her. Her horse becomes injured just before the race but George, through knowledge acquired as a stable boy in Italy before coming to this country, heals it and her horse wins. No one can say Rosalind isn't a sport, though, because she takes him right on to dinner anyhow, just as though her horse had lost, which it undoubtedly would if it hadn't been for George. And here we are in a fashionable cafe or night club, with dancers swirling in all directions about them, their table on a balcony overlooking a moonlit garden and a waiter hovering deferentially near.

"Hi'ya, Harry?" George greets an imaginary acquaintance out of camera range.

"For a man who keeps his face and name out of the papers, you seem to be quite a celebrity," she smiles.

"Don't let that fool you," George warns her. "They either want something or they're afraid of me."

"But it's flattering just the same—and flattery can be quite dangerous if one doesn't know how to handle it," it's her turn to caution him.

"You know," he exclaims boyishly, his head in the clouds, "you're not doing your reputation any good by being seen with me."

"I'm probably the envy of every woman in the place," she laughs.

"You're not so bad yourself," he admits.

Need I tell you more or can you guess



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that before the night is over they discover they are madly in love with each other?

Sitting at one of the tables near Rosalind and George is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. Her name is Julie Cabanne and she is under contract to Fox. Now *there* is a dish!

My speculations about Miss Cabanne are interrupted by the voice of Miss Russell, who says like this: "Is *that* that horrible Mook person again? How dare you show up twice in the same place, especially when I'm there?"

So I tell her she's got into my blood and I can't stay away and then Raft comes up and says "hello" which pleases me because I like George, and then Rosalind asks what am I doing with a summer tie on in the middle of winter. And I'm stumped because my tie is a simple little creation of brown, orange and white stripes, printed on pongee and it just seemed cheerful to me—but not unseasonable. So I tell her I had to wear summer clothes because after I leave her I'm going over to the swamps of Cuba where it's quite warm.

"Well, don't let us detain you," Rosalind laughs and I've always said no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint.

In a surprisingly few moments I find myself in the middle of a Cuban jungle with the undergrowth so thick and the water so scummy and stagnant you expect to step on an alligator any minute.

Barbara Stanwyck rides up on a horse and gingerly dismounts. She sinks down on the ground with many a groan and twinge. "What's the matter?" John Boles inquires, rushing up and kneeling beside her.



John Boles (what a lot of pictures he is in) and Barbara Stanwyck in a Cuban jungle all for the benefit of "A Message to Garcia."

"Nothing, I'm all right," she answers bravely. "Just a little cramped in my legs." She's not used to riding. I can tell that by the way she dismounts.

John helps her over to a little cleared space and then the director says "Cut!"

"How's the big bridge player?" John grins at me, because I'd been out at his house a few nights before playing bridge with his wife.

"Didn't Marcelite tell you?" I inquire before committing myself.

"No," says John. "I don't play so I always figure her bridge is her private affair and I never ask."

"Well, she didn't even make enough to pay for the Scotch we drank," I answer. Because if Marcelite didn't tell him we lost \$25 apiece there's certainly no reason I should tell him.

"Come on," says Frances Deaner, who is towing me around today, "you haven't seen 'The Prisoner of Shark Island' yet and that's our biggest picture of the year."

So over we go to the Shark Island set. This is the story of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was convicted right after the Civil War for treating John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln.

Warner Baxter plays Dr. Mudd, but he isn't working today. He's in prison. The set I see is a little furnished suite in a rooming house in Washington where his wife (Gloria Stuart) and her father (Claude Gillingwater) have gone in a futile effort to intercede for him and make their plea for mercy.

There isn't any dialogue in this scene so I take a good look at it and beat it hot foot out to—

Warner Brothers

OUT here, "Anthony Adverse" starring Fredric March is on location. So is "Applesauce" with Anita Louise and Ross Alexander, and so is "God's Country" with Patricia Ellis and George Brent, and "Snowed Under" with George Brent and Genevieve Tobin, and "The Man with the Black Hat" with Warren William. In fact, if I had wanted to pick a day when there was absolutely nothing doing on the Warner Brothers lot I couldn't have picked a better one because the only things shooting out here today are "Colleen" and "The Singing Kid."

And even "Colleen" isn't shooting. Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie are rehearsing a comedy dance they do and that's about all there is to that. I sit around shooting the breeze with Joan for awhile and finally Oakie comes in. Why he let himself get so fat again after dieting for months I don't know but he looks like a young whale. And, in contrast, Joan looks like a shadow of her former self—the one right after she had the baby.

Eleanor Bayley and Belle Richards, a couple of the chorus girls on the set, do a "Truckin'" number for us between rehearsals that is really sumpthin'.

It's getting late so I finally tear myself away from Joan and, inasmuch as there's no way out, go over to the set of—

"The Singing Kid." What a room! Strictly modernistic. A blue upholstered divan with big white checks in it, lemon yellow upholstery on a chromium chair, and through the modernistic windows can be seen the terrace on the roof, with potted plants growing all over.

Then Frank Mitchell rushes in with a small steel file cabinet in his hands. "Boss," he exclaims to Al Jolson, "I've got it!"

"All right," Jolson says, "give it to me." "Give me a sentence with formaldehyde," Mitchell orders.

"I can't guess it," Jolson confesses. "Give me the answer."

"From all de hiding places came de Indians!" Mitchell exclaims triumphantly.

Jolson just looks at him disgustedly a minute and then repeats, "From all de hiding places came the Indians."

Mitchell laughs uproariously.

"Where did you get that gag?" Jolson demands.

"From the files," Mitchell admits, indicating the box he's carrying.

"Why you ——" Jolson bellows, snatching the case out of Mitchell's hands and preparing to belt him over the head with it.

Edward Everett Horton, Allen Jenkins and Jack Durant all run in and stop him, which is great pity because anyone who pulls cheesy gags like that doesn't deserve to live—even when it's the scenario writer's fault.



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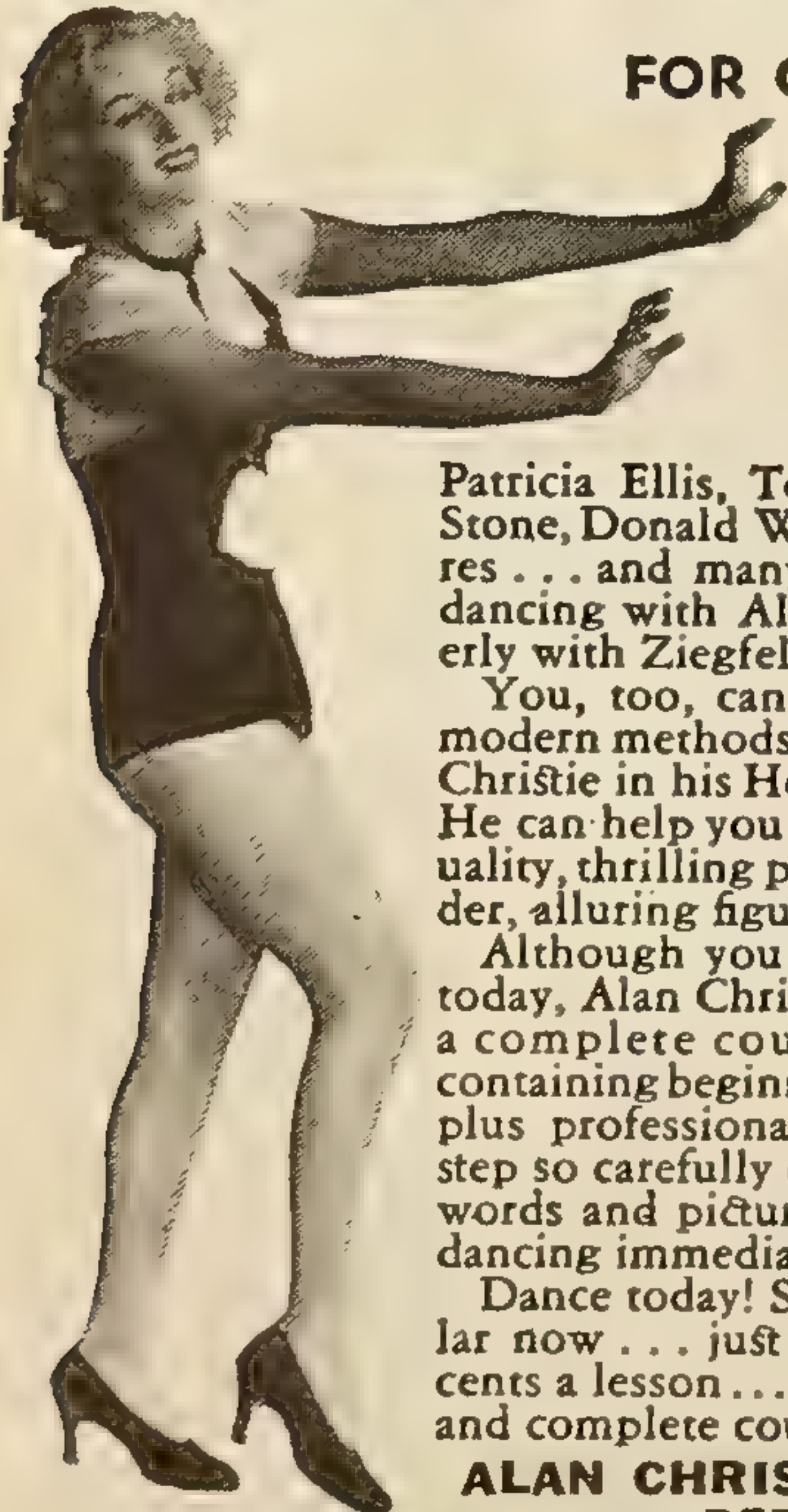
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PATRICIA ELLIS

"Still picture, please," calls the still camera man but Jolson won't pose for a still picture because he says the scene isn't important. So I just tell all and sundry goodbye and head for—

Universal

FANCY my feelings, public, when I tell you there are only two pictures in production here. One is "Next Time We Love," starring Margaret Sullavan (of which I have already told you) and the other is "Sutter's Gold" with Edward Arnold and Lee Tracy. What a story this is! It's like a three-ring circus—something happening every minute. But, ah, my foes and oh, my friends (if any), as Edna St. Vincent Millay used to say, the plot is too complicated to go into. Suffice it to tell you that Arnold was a corporal in the Swiss guards and leaves home under a cloud of unwarranted suspicion, to make his fortune in the good old U. S. A. (strike up the band). He lands in Vancouver, finds there is no boat to California and there are he and his pal Lee Tracy in a saloon and plumb disgusted. They don't know what to do until the captain of a ship (William Gould) says:

"He better go to the Sandwich Islands with me, then. That's the only way he can get to California at this time of the year."

"When do you leave?" Arnold asks.

"I'm leaving right now," says Gould, which is plenty prompt for anyone who wants to get anywhere. "You can take a boat from the islands that'll land you down the coast before spring."

"We just got here," Tracy protests to Sutter. "You don't think I'm going to leave a good place like this, do you?"

"I'm going to California," Arnold insists stubbornly.

"Well, I'm not," Tracy snaps, "so I'll just let you suffer it out alone." And with that he tips up his Tom and Jerry just like he was used to it.

"Cut!" shouts the director and all of a sudden the realization begins to filter into my consciousness that I'm through for 1935.



Edward Arnold, Lee Tracy and William Gould conspiring to put over "Sutter's Gold."

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The social sets of Hollywood are determined by screen importance. Paul Muni, Mrs. Muni, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

A Stirring Tale of the Sea [Continued from page 35]

Then began their honeymoon, at sea as a sailor would have it, the wind in their faces, the salt in their eyes.

The little Southern Cross forged south and ever south, over silky Pacific groundswells, a tubby, humble fishing vessel that cooped up in her small compass contrasting lives and clashing desires, desires that ran the hotter because they ran still and deep. From the masthead the lookout spied sardines and the nets were spread, the bait tanks were filled. They sighted tuna. Pitching and rolling endlessly they fished, double lines over-side because the fish ran large. Hatches were filled to brimming and the catch packed in ice. Fish and more fish, until there was no room aboard for one fish more!

A tiny world Mary Taylor found it. A world that centered its thoughts on fish. Day by day her unrest grew, for day by day she saw more clearly the tragic mistake she had made. It had seemed right to give Ira Morgan, in repayment for his kindness, all the happiness she had to give, but what had seemed right was not so powerful an appeal as the coursing of young blood in her veins, a pulsing that quickened whenever she found herself close to Jim Allen.

She no longer tried to hide from herself that it was Jim she loved. He was young and she was young and Ira Morgan had lived his best years. Her heart longed for Jim while her conscience kept her at Morgan's side, trying with all her strength to be a good wife to him.

In the captain's cabin Morgan's big frame crouched over his tiny business desk; Mary stood looking from a cabin port. Morgan wrote in his log book with the painful slowness of a hand used to rougher work:

A few more pounds and we head for San Diego.

Barometer falling.

He glanced up, his shrewd, small eyes intent on a glimpse of the sky. Dirty weather coming! He could smell it; taste it. Morgan grinned and rumbled softly in his throat. Let it come, all hell's furies if it pleased fate, he'd face it!

His eyes dwelt on Mary's slim gracefulness and the look softened. She made him happy. She delighted him. Never was a man luckier in love than Hellship Morgan. And yet she was strangely quiet of late, her mind seemed far away when he spoke to her. He ventured now, "Something wrong, Mary?"

She answered tonelessly, "It gives me the creeps when I think of a storm and the sharks, always following after us!"

"Don't let that worry you. Sharks al-

ways follow a fishing boat. They smell blood."

"Don't!" she cried sharply.

Morgan pondered over her queerness, shaking his massive head. Jumpy, she was! Ah well, women were queer cattle, all of 'em!

The hurricane broke in a rush of wind that flattened the rollers, then built them into greater swells until they ran towering above the masthead of the Southern Cross. Then came the stinging rain, cutting like the lashes of a whip, and early darkness and the awful night when the waters boiled about the sturdy fishing ship in phosphorescent lather. In the foc'sle sullen, terrified men were listening to the mischief Covanci preached. Hellship Morgan drove them beyond endurance; held his course with all disregard of safety. They must revolt!

In the wheelhouse Jim Allen stood his trick at the helm, holding her into the gale as Morgan ordered.

On deck, beside the wheelhouse door, Mary crouched, hesitating. Like the storm at sea, the storm in her heart had burst at last in full fury. She must go to Jim!

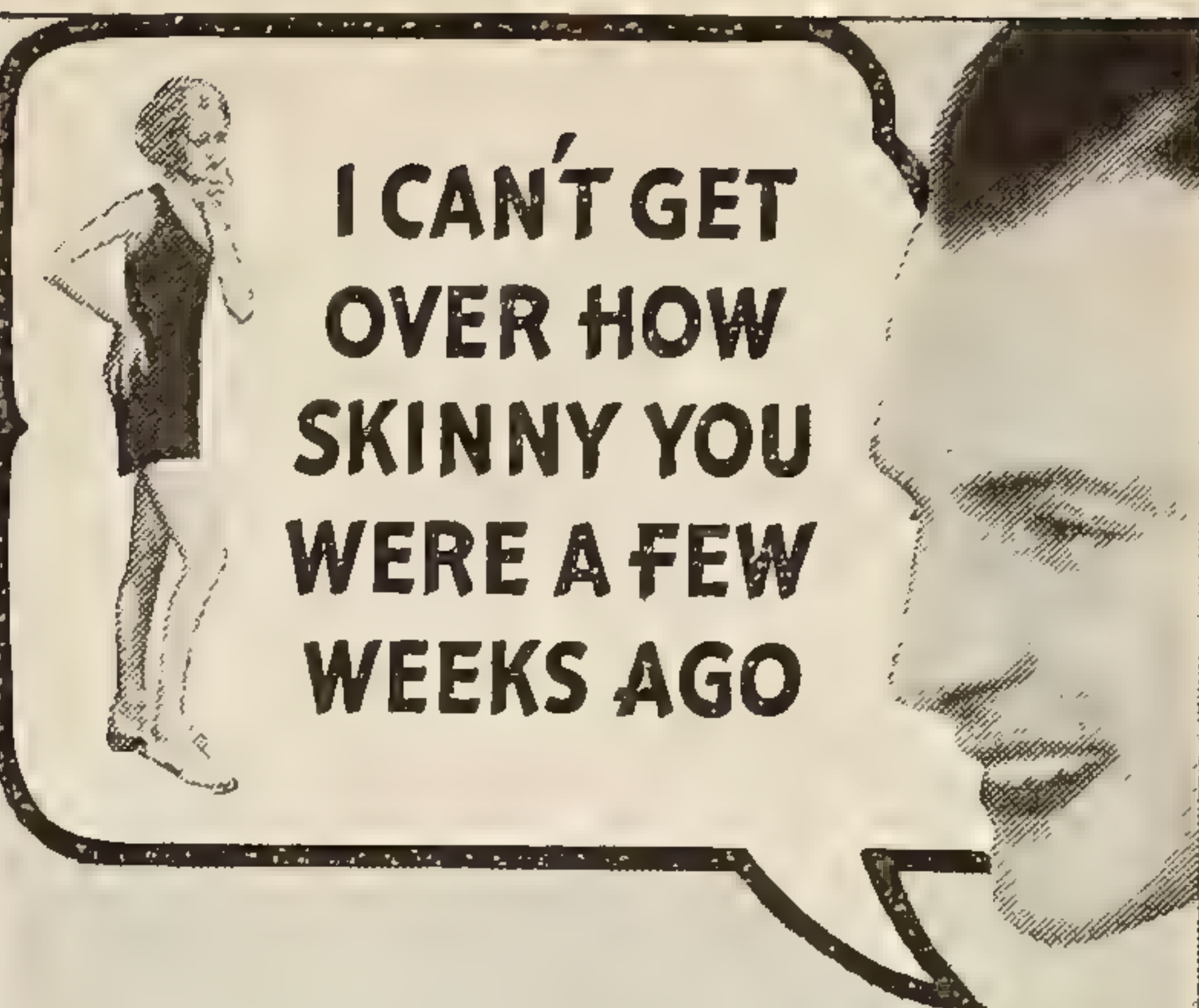
His glance at her was all concern when she swayed into the wheelhouse. Quickly his eyes went again to the compass card. He knew even before she spoke that there was tumult in her heart, but though he loved her better than his own life, he was determined not to betray the friendship and trust of his benefactor, Morgan.

While Jim held the kicking wheel, using all his strength, skill and courage to keep the ship on her course, fighting even harder to hold two lives on their charted way through the tempest, Covanci the trouble maker came on deck.

Covanci saw the captain's wife slip into the wheelhouse. Stealthily he climbed the companion ladder and peeped in. He saw Mary in Jim's arms, he heard their mutual confession of love. That Jim Allen put aside the temptation Mary offered him and made it plain to her they must follow the path of duty, affected Covanci not at all. Covanci had something on them, a valuable secret!

The trouble maker waylaid Mary when she left the cabin. Grinning insolently he explained that he knew all about their madness. The price of his silence he named as the pearl Morgan had given his wife. The terrified woman paid him the jewel to keep her secret.

Late that night while the Southern Cross held on in the teeth of the gale, Morgan clawed his way toward the foc'sle. Jim had given him word of trouble among



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the men. Covanci was drunk and haranguing them. Morgan burst into the crowded quarters and his big fists put a speedy end to Covanci's orations. He drove the crew to work and turned back to Covanci who lay stretched on deck, just recovering consciousness. Clutched in Covanci's hand he found the great pearl and its platinum chain, his wife's pearl!

Covanci screamed at the black wrath he saw in Morgan's face. "I didn't steal it...I didn't! Your wife gave it to me. By my mother's soul she did! Listen to me—"

"Talk...and talk fast!"

"I made her do it. I saw her in the wheelhouse with Mr. Allen. He had her in his arms..."

Morgan's wrath exploded then. His cowed crew saw the end of it, when he dragged Covanci out in irons and dropped him, a prisoner, into the hold.

Morgan reeled to his own cabin. He needed a drink. His mind was raging like the hurricane-ridden sea. He called Covanci a liar; he laughed at himself for a fool. Mary was different! She would never stoop...Still the ugly doubts crept back to torture him. He could not stand the little cabin any longer.

On deck he came, unobserved, close to two huddled figures, Mary and Jim. Jim's arm was about her.

"Covanci didn't steal the pearl," Mary was saying. "I gave it to him. He saw us last night in the wheelhouse. He threatened to tell Morgan. I was afraid—"

So it was true! Mary had been in Jim's arms as Covanci said! Morgan's rage flamed red as his big fist drove his false friend against the cabin wall. In that weird dusk of the hurricane his eyes blazed contempt. They met Mary's frightened gaze. "You..." he snarled. "You couldn't stay out of the gutter!"

She met his wrath unafraid. "Covanci did see me with Jim. He heard me say I love him. I've fought against it. I've tried to cut it out of my heart. But I do love him!"

It was said. The truth was plain between them. Hellship Morgan, who could take the blow of a piledriver without giving ground, rocked on his feet. His world of new beliefs crashed in ruins about him. This pair that he had saved from life's reefs repaid his kindness with supreme treachery!

His arm was raised to strike again, his lips opened to roar at them, but the blow was stopped, the words died unspoken. Suddenly the Southern Cross lurched mightily. There was a terrifying crash of rending wood and cordage. The ship fell off her course and a towering wave, toppling high above the bulwark, roared over them in green water.

When he could breathe again and move about, Morgan rushed forward to view the damage. The heavy loading beam of the derrick had snapped. The spar fell over the side and was held there in a tangle of rigging. With every roll of the vessel it swung far out only to crash back against her side like a giant battering ram.

Duty to his ship put everything else from Morgan's mind. The spar must be cut free, before its dragging weight left them helpless, or its battering stove in the stout fir sheathing.

"Pete! Joe!" he roared. "Grab a fire axe and crowbar. One of you go over the side and cut that beam loose!"

The terrified men shook their heads. "We ain't takin' any more orders from you," Pete growled. Joe added, "And if we go over the side we'll end up in the belly of a shark."

Morgan nodded. It was true, the seas were filled with shark...always shark following a fishing vessel. And yet somebody must cut loose that spar...! His

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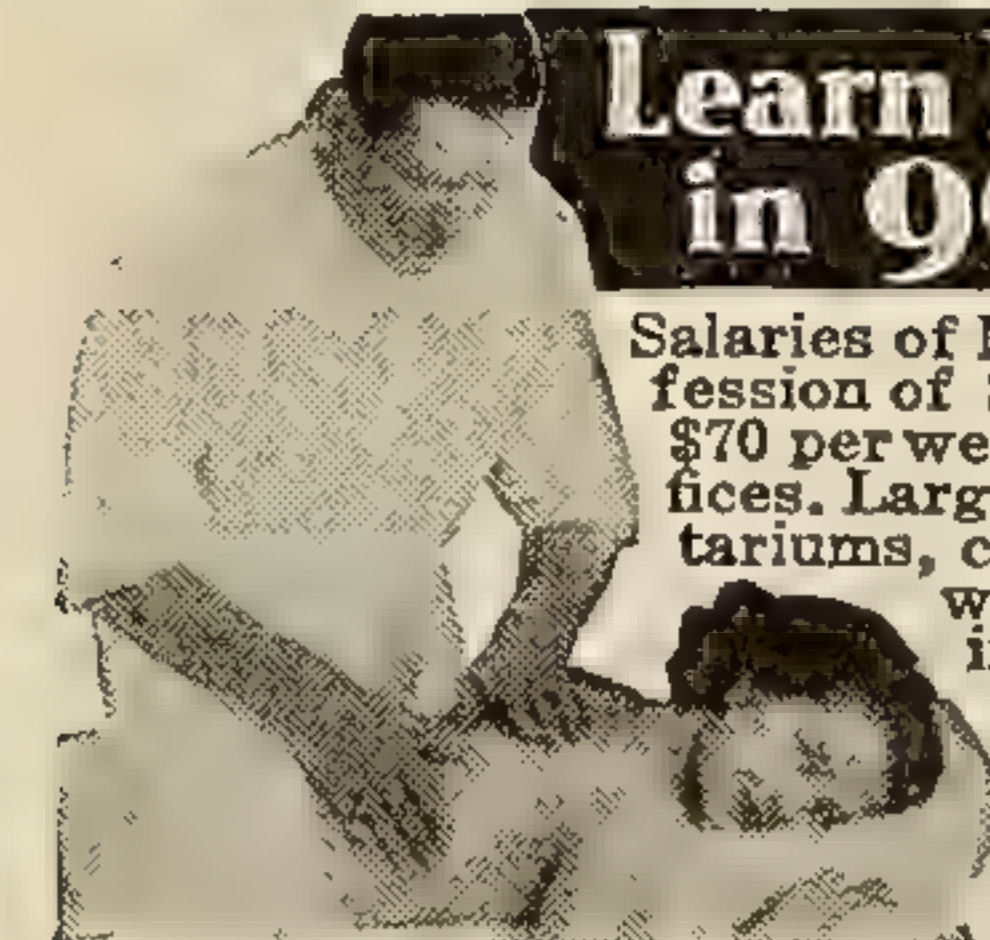
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darting eyes saw Jim Allen's desperate, set face. Malicious rage stirred him. He roared in tragic laughter. "Maybe you'll go over the side, *Mister Allen?*"

Jim's look of horror brought a fresh guffaw. He loomed big above his false friend as he shouted, "It takes more nerve than stealing a man's wife . . . and there's a chance you won't come back . . ."

Jim's eyes met Morgan's, now. There was a steady look in them Morgan could not fathom.

"There're sharks following us," Morgan taunted. "It won't take but one slip of your foot to satisfy them. What's the matter, *Mister Allen?* Lost your nerve?"

Jim's lips tightened. He made no answer in words. Instead he turned away to seize a life line. He made one end fast about his waist. He tossed the free end to the staring sailors. "Hang onto that and haul when I tell you to!" He went to the rail, swung his legs over and dropped into the tangle of wreckage. Mary, white faced, her eyes big with terror, clung to the rail above, a prayer in her heart. Morgan towered beside her, staring down at Jim, his teeth gleaming in a diabolical grimace.

Standing perilously on the tossing spar, Jim labored with axe and crowbar to clear the wreckage. The great waves broke over him. At times he was buried deep under roaring green water. But always their eyes found him at last, riding the spar, laboring fast in his brief opportunities, until line by tangled line the wreckage was coming free.

Morgan's eyes began to glint with reluctant admiration. In blind rage he had sent Jim to his death, but the fellow had nerve! He could fight the Devil himself. Morgan, the fighting man, bowed to a courage and tenacity great as his own.

A shrill scream from Mary. A gasp from the watching sailors. Morgan's big hands gripped the rail convulsively. With only one line left to sever, Jim had lost his foothold. His body dropped into the tangled cordage and caught there. He was imprisoned in the network.

Mary's hand grasped Morgan's arm. "The sharks! He'll be killed. Don't stand there. You've got to help him. You've got to!"

Morgan stared down at her. His wife! The woman he loved. She loved Jim Allen and Jim was caught down there, at the

mercy of the hungry sea and the blood-thirsty sharks that swarmed in it. She had never seemed dearer to him, more desirable than at this moment when he must lose her. He must lose her because above all he valued her own happiness—and Jim Allen represented that happiness.

Morgan made a line fast about his own waist and went over the side, as Jim had done. His strong arms lifted Jim free from the tangle so the men could haul him to safety. Then with the axe, his feet on the spar as Jim had stood, he attacked the last line. As he cut it free a great wave lifted him from the spar. He was tossed against the ship's side and the beam, hurled after him, ground his body against the planking.

When they hauled Morgan to the deck they found that his back was broken. They got him to his cabin and gave him opiates to deaden the pain. Morgan lay there, conscious, clear headed, knowing as well as every soul aboard that he had sailed his last voyage. His eyes turned to the watching faces of the two he had befriended and loved, Jim Allen and Mary.

"Leave me alone for a while. I'll rest. And Mary, hand me the log book." He took the book from her hand and smiled into her tragic eyes. "You look after Mary, will you, Jim?"

The eyes of the two men met. Morgan's look was understanding, reassuring, filled with admiration and trust. A fine man, Jim! A man to make Mary happy. Jim's steady glance said to him, "I played square with you, Morgan. We're friends again, aren't we!"

They left him alone in his cabin. Morgan's big fist curled painfully about his pencil and he wrote with painstaking care.

Returning later, Mary and Jim found the cabin empty. A trail of blood along the deck led them to the stern where Morgan had thrown himself over. They found his log book. On the last page he had written:

Back broken. Helpless. Can't go on this way. Smooth water running. Fair weather ahead.

Hellship Morgan had sailed his last hard driving voyage, leaving behind him two loyal friends. They would never forget the big man who had given them their share of the fair weather ahead.



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Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson outside the quintuplets' fence for "The Country Doctor." The babies will always be inside—prisoners of notoriety.

The Final Thing



Bette Davis creates reality in a scene in "Dangerous," with Franchot Tone.

THERE are two audiences in every picture house as a film is shown—two audiences sitting intermingled—one quite unconscious of the other. For each one of these audiences the picture is quite different.

The films are reviewed unfortunately by critics who belong always to one group. The other group has no critics—it is inarticulate, in fact the members of this group are really of no importance whatever except that no picture can be a success unless they approve of it. Which makes them pretty important after all. If we must name these two groups we could call one set of people The Critics, The Smarties, or perhaps The Educated. The other set are The Folks, The Dreamers or The Trusting Ones, whichever label you prefer.

The first—the brainy ones—see in place of a picture a *Result*. They enjoy it or dislike it according to the achievements of the talented ones who made it. These Smarties tell you of the tempo, of the direction, of the writing, of the dialogue, of the lighting and the acting. They feel it is just a job of work, and a pretty poor one, too, as you'll soon find.

Then there is the other audience—the kind-hearted, gentle, blinded ones—who feel instead of think. The only tempo they know is the beating of their own pulses. For them the story is real. The characters are alive and the plot is lived out before them. This trusting, believing audience is made up of many solitary figures. Each is alone with the picture, never coming back to his own life so long as the picture lasts. Occasionally one calls out to the character in peril on the screen, and always their eyes are wet when sympathy is called for.

Most of us, because of the great number of films we have seen, are more or less included in the first group, yet now and then we find ourselves lost, if we may say that, in the other world on the screen. And here is our point.

When the tempo, the direction, the art, the acting are at their best, more and more of us forget our technical knowledge and join the simple, emotional group and for a breath or two we believe that it is all true. Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession," Bette Davis in "Dangerous" were convincingly real.

We plead for members. We want more Trusting Ones in the theatre and ask you to cut the cables that anchor you to cynical intelligence and soar away on the carpet of make-believe. Everyone seems to know so very much and so few of us are left to appreciate the joys of imagination.

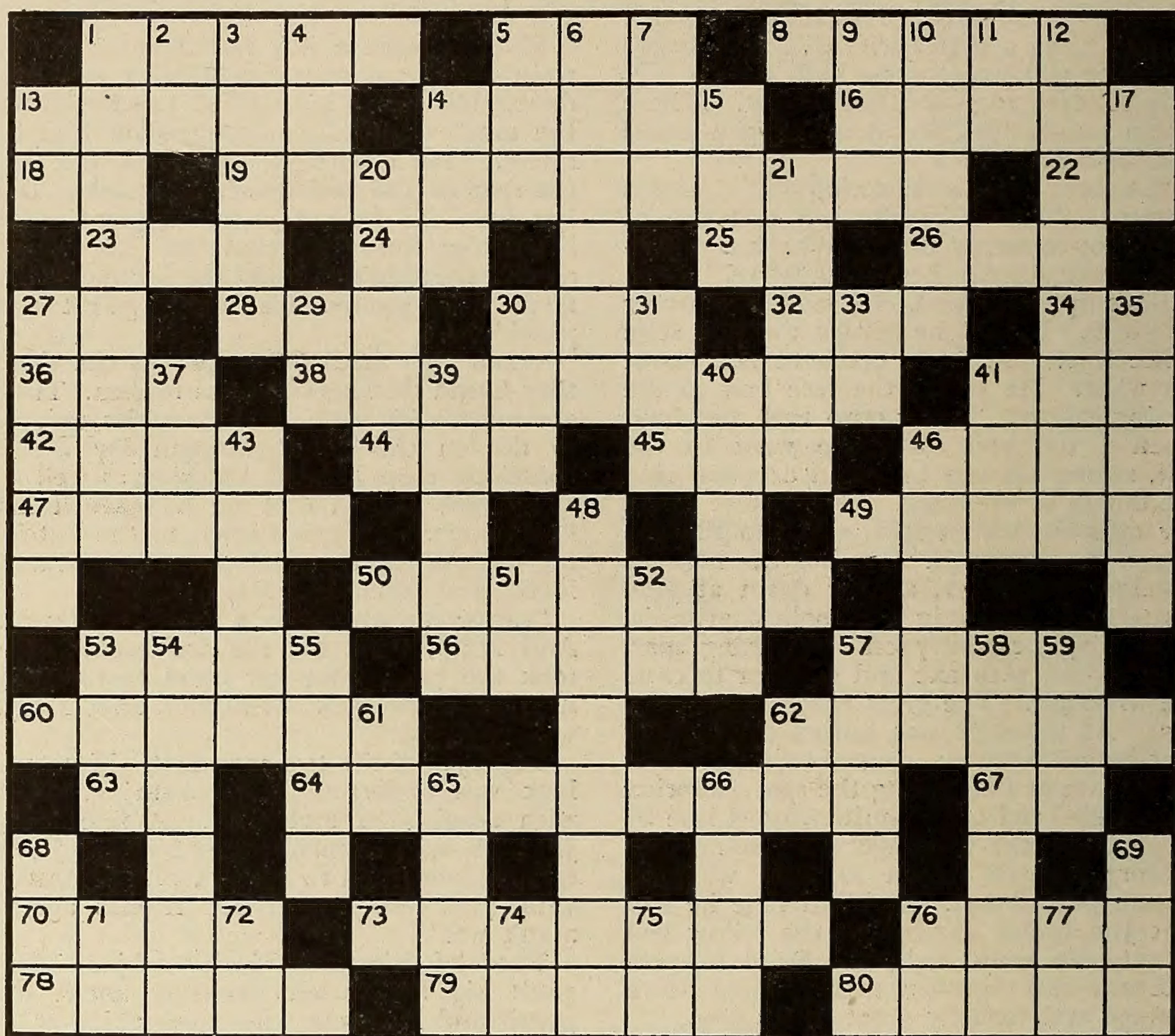
You will be sneered at for enjoying "moronic pabulum," "hokum" and "brain opiates," but let 'em sneer. What critic ever originated anything? Here's to the fascinating spooks in the beautiful darkness of ignorance!

Edw. Keen

THE EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

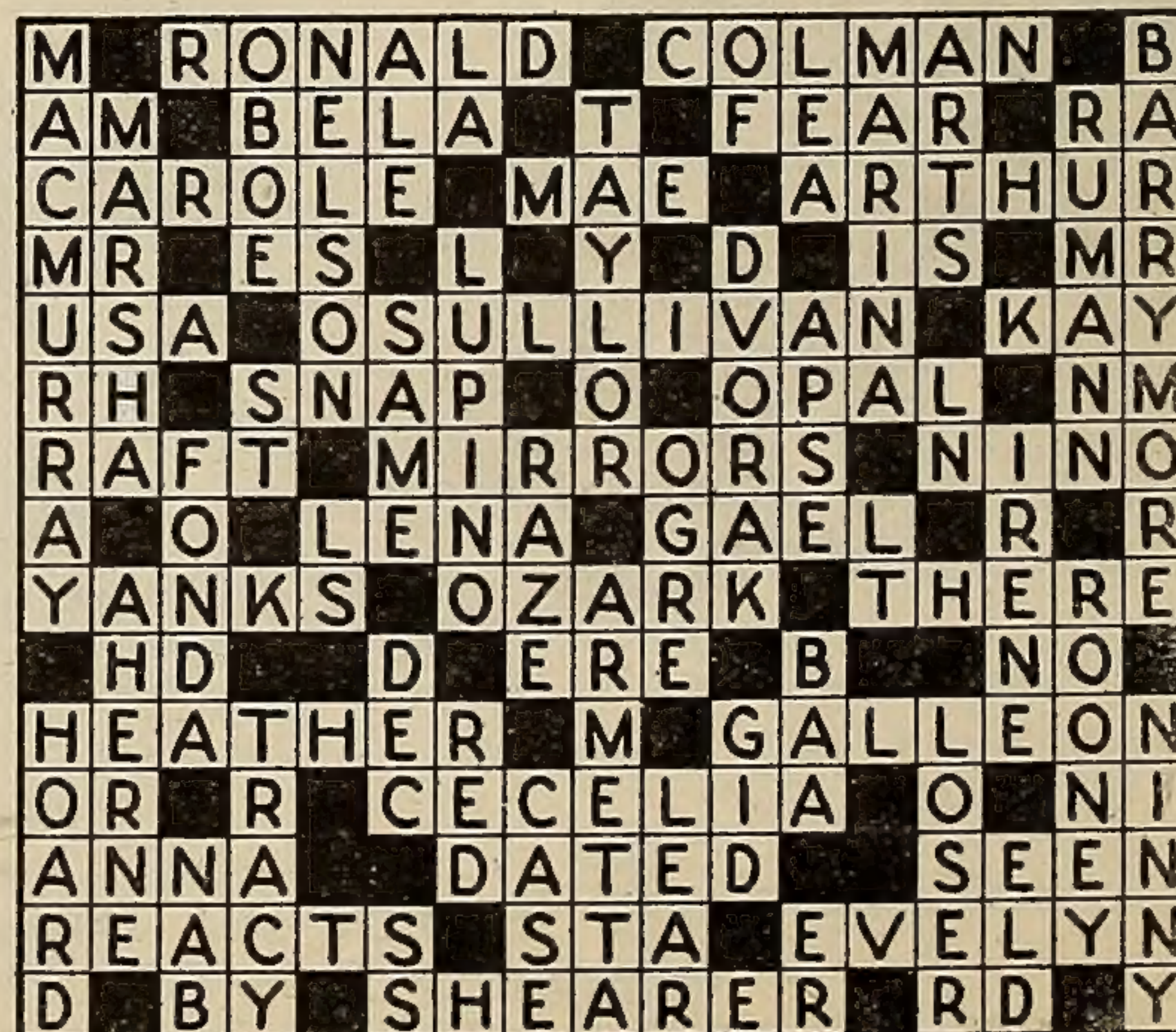
- 1 The killer in "Show Them No Mercy"
- 5 Unit of work
- 8 One of "The Three Musketeers"
- 13 To regard with respect
- 14 A feminine Indian name
- 16 He was the gangster in "His Night Out"
- 18 Because
- 19 Soon to be seen in a new Tarzan picture
- 22 Army officer (abbr.)
- 23 Golf mound
- 24 The nurse in "The Country Doctor" (initials)
- 25 The (Fr.)
- 26 Elongated fish
- 27 A prefix
- 28 Observe
- 30 Period of time
- 32 The news reporter in "I Found Stella Parrish"
- 34 A degree (abbr.)
- 36 Having lived for a long time
- 38 With Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie"
- 41 Avenue (abbr.)
- 42 To run away from
- 44 A statute
- 45 A constellation
- 46 Level
- 47 With Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much"
- 49 Anything very hard
- 50 She's under contract to M-G-M
- 53 An entrance to a mine
- 56 Prepare for athletic contests
- 57 Was aware of
- 60 Disclose
- 62 The son in "Ah, Wilderness"
- 63 Therefore
- 64 The director of "Anything Goes"
- 67 Jackie Cooper's father in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" (initials)
- 70 The toastmaster in "Your Uncle Dudley"
- 73 The mother in "So Red The Rose"
- 76 A woody plant
- 78 The director of "Sylvia Scarlett"
- 79 H₂O
- 80 In love with Carl Brisson in "Ship Cafe"

DOWN

- 1 She returns to the screen as Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
- 2 Indefinite article
- 3 The originator of radio amateur programs
- 4 Natural metal
- 5 Type measures
- 6 The master mind in "Show Them No Mercy"
- 7 An African animal
- 9 Mexican tree
- 10 She appears with Ralph Bellamy in "The Healer"
- 11 Arabia (abbr.)
- 12 Star of "So Red The Rose"
- 13 An exclamation
- 14 A serpent
- 15 Everyone
- 17 Electric Telegraph (abbr.)
- 20 That which is taken as a standard of excellence

- 21 She aids Roger Pryor in spending a "Thousand Dollars a Minute"
- 27 Takes off, as a hat
- 29 Type measure
- 30 Masculine first name (abbr.)
- 31 Collection of notable sayings
- 33 Paid publicity
- 35 Opposite Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest"
- 37 Lair
- 39 Weight for precious stones
- 40 His latest picture is "The Calling of Dan Matthews"
- 41 Son of Mohammed
- 43 He makes merry in "Strike Me Pink"
- 46 "Captain Blood"
- 48 Negotiate
- 51 The land of Abraham's birth
- 52 Islands in Indian Ocean (abbr.)
- 53 Old Roman copper and bronze money
- 54 Mrs. Leslie Fenton
- 55 Domesticate
- 57 A large vat for bleaching goods
- 58 First name of "Your Uncle Dudley"
- 59 Ensnare
- 61 Fifty-one (Rom.)
- 62 The reporter in "Atlantic Adventurer" (initials)
- 65 Name of a very famous chain of movie theatres
- 66 Above
- 68 The sap of certain trees
- 69 Mrs. Joel McCrea
- 71 Feminine first name (abbr.)
- 72 Expression of denial
- 74 Each (abbr.)
- 75 Masculine pronoun
- 76 The third day of the week (abbr.)
- 77 For example (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





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